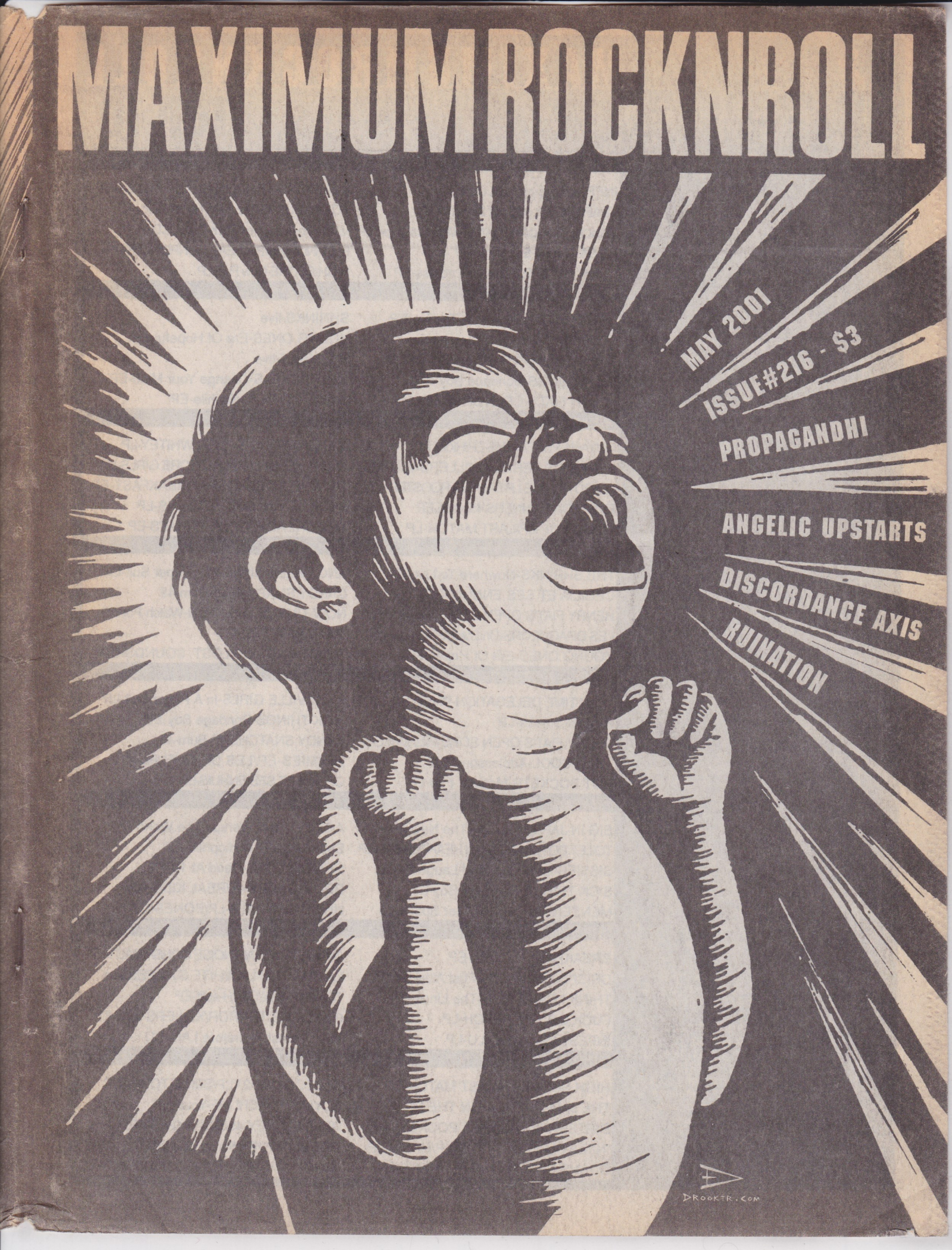
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL



MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
•US: $3 each. 6 issue sub for $18. If you're in California, send $19.49 (tax).
•Canada: $4 each (air) or $3 (surface). 6 issue sub for $24 (air) or $18 (surface). (US dollars)
•Mexico: $4.50 each (air) or $5 (surface). 6 issue sub for $27 (air) or $30 (surface).
•Western Europe: $8 each (air) or $4 (surface). 6 issue sub for $48 (air) or $24 (surface).
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•Everywhere else: $8 each (air) or $5.50 (surface). 6 issue sub for $48 (air) or $33 (surface).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues #146, 148, 150-163, 165-181, 184-215 are as stated above in subscription info. See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ NEW **AD** SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $70
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $80
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $125

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands. Send ads properly sized on paper.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Eric Drooker

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within the US, we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders. Must order five or more of the same issue.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (916) 641-8900 or fax (916) 641-8889. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
Phone (415) 923-9814
maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

- INFEST-Live on KXLU-LP
- TEAR IT UP-Just Can't Stand It-LP
- MANCHURIAN CANDIDATES/HAWG JAW-split-EP
- BREAKFAST-Eat Rice-EP
- FUCK ON THE BEACH-Endless-LP
- 9 SHOCKS TERROR/KILLERS-split-EP
- TOTAL FURY/THE OATH-split-EP
- V/A-I ThrashTherefore I Am-CD
- B. MANOWAR/PINHEAD GUNPOWDER-live
- HIGH SCORE-New Fuel-LP

JEFF HEERMAN

- THE SHRINKS-Nowhere To Live-EP
- SUBTONIX-live
- THE GENERATORS-Dead At 16-EP
- SICK THINGS-Bondage Boy-EP
- HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE-Hits Mot-EP
- SHRINKS-live
- YOUNG ONES-Era Of Hopeful-EP
- FLESHIES-live
- LES TECKELS-Change Your Mind-EP
- SMOGTOWN-Audiophile-EP

TOM HOPKINS

- GUYANA PUNCHLINE-EP/HIGH SCORE-LP
- 9 SHOCKS TERROR/KILLERS-split-EP
- BLEED FOR ME-LP/BANTAM ROOSTER-EP
- EVERYDAY SINNERS/45s-split-EP
- TEAR IT UP-LP/LAST MATCH-LP
- GENERATORS-EP/JED WHITEY-LP
- AUS ROTTEN-LP/GORE GORE GIRLS-LP
- TOTAL FURY/OATH-EP/BREAKFAST-EP
- FATAL FLYIN' GUILLOTEENS-LP
- RIVETHEAD-EP/HENRY FIAT'S-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- THE SHRINKS-Nowhere To Live-EP
- CECILIA ET SES ENNUIS-EP
- HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE-Hits Mot-EP
- LES DRAGUEURS-Un Disque Roman-45
- YOUNG ONES-Era Of Hopeful-EP
- KNOXVILLE GIRLS-In A Paper Suit-LP
- CANDY SNATCHERS-Bum-45
- NOW TIME DELEGATION-Watch For-LP
- I'M SERIOUS-film
- SICK THINGS-EP/LOST SOUNDS-CD

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

- NOW TIME DELEGATION-Watch For-LP
- HEATS-Smoke-LP
- HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE-Hits Mot-EP
- TEEN COOL-Adolessons-CD
- HOT POCKETS-Mess of Fire-LP
- KNOXVILLE GIRLS-In A Paper Suit-LP
- SICK THINGS-Bondage Boy-EP
- CANDY SNATCHERS-Bum-45
- GIMMIES-EP/LES DRAGUEURS-45
- CECILIA ET SES ENNUIS-EP

RAY LUJAN

- BIG IN JAPAN-Destroy The New-LP
- TOILET BOYS/AMERICAN HEARTBREAK-EP
- SISSIES-Look BackAnd Laugh-CD
- SICK THINGS-Bondage Boy-EP
- MENSEN-Man From Outer Space-45
- ACTION TIME-Versus The World-LP
- SMOGTOWN-Audiophile-EP
- GENERATORS-Dead At 16-45
- RED MONKEY-45/REAL KIDS-live
- HIVES-LP/HEATS-LP/BONES-LP

TIMOJHEN MARK

- BREAKFAST-Eat Rice-EP
- CRISPUS ATTUCKS-First Album-CD
- THINK I CARE-Draw The Lines-EP
- FUCK ON THE BEACH-LP
- INFEST-Live On KXLU-LP,
- (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY-EP
- LAST MATCH-LP/WHITE STRIPES-live
- TOTAL FURY/OATH-split-EP
- 9 SHOCKS TERROR/KILLERS-split-EP
- V/A-I ThrashTherefore I Am-CD

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

- HIGH SCORE-LP/LAST MATCH-LP
- THE JAM-LP/FUCK ON THE BEACH-LP
- DIRTSHAKES-10"/HOT POCKETS-45
- INFEST-LP/TEAR IT UP-LP/HIVES-LP
- DUANE PETERS & THE HUNNS-LP
- BUZZCOCKS-2XLP/SMOGTOWN-EP
- GUYANA PUNCHLINE-Youth-EP
- RED MONKEY-45/BREAKFAST-EP
- THE BLOWUP-Microscope-EP
- (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY-EP

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes.

ARWEN CURRY

AUS ROTTEN-Rotten Agenda-LP
LAST MATCH-1997-1999-LP
INFEST-Live On KXLU-LP
TEAR IT UP-Just Can't Stand It-LP
BREAKFAST-Eat Rice-EP
RIVETHEAD-City Sound Number-EP
9 SHOCKS TERROR/KILLERS-split-EP
THE HAGGARD-live at Mission Records
OHUZARU-Anyone Can Trick You-EP
JILTED-Follia Omicidia-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

THE SHRINKS-Nowhere To Live-EP
LES TECKELS- Change Your Mind-EP
V/A-Amercian Fight Club No. 1-CD
TOMMY AND THE TERRORS-CD
STEEL TOE SOLUTION-Dick In-EP
SMOGTOWN-EP/DEVOTCHKAS-EP
THE GENERATORS-Dead At 16-45
DISCONTENT-Who Killed Vinyl?-EP
ENDLESS STRUGGLE-In The Day-LP
DUANE PETERS & THE HUNNS- LP

ANDREW SCOTT

THE SHRINKS-Nowhere To Live-EP
LOST SOUNDS-Memphis Is Dead-CD
THE BLOW UP-45/SPITZZ-45
BANTAM ROOSTER-I Gemini-45
DUANE PETERS & THE HUNNS-LP
THE JAM-LP/SUBTONIX-live
HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE-Hits Mot-EP
LES DRAGUEURS-Un Disque Roman-45
THE GENERATORS-Dead At 16-EP
CANDY SNATCHERS-Bum-45

MIKE THORN

TREASON-EP/V/A-I Thrash-CD
SELF DESTRUCT-Violent Affair-EP
9 SHOCKS TERROR/KILLERS-split-EP
BREAKFAST-Eat Rice-EP/FAKES-EP
GUYANA PUNCHLINE-EP/JILTED-EP
MURDOCK/SUTEK CONSPIRACY-split-EP
WIERDOS-EP/AUS ROTTEN-LP
TEAR IT UP-LP/INFEST-Live-LP
LAST MATCH-LP/RED MONKEY-45
V/A-Algo De Musica De Un Pais-LP

MAX WARD

FUCK ON THE BEACH-Endless LP
GUYANA PUNCHLINE-Youth-EP
MANCHURIAN CANDIDATES/HAWG JAW-split-EP
TEAR IT UP-Just Can't Stand It-LP
9 SHOCKS TERROR/KILLERS-split-EP
INFEST-Live On KXLU-LP
HIGH SCORE-New Fuel-LP
TOTAL FURY/THE OATH-split-EP
OVER MY DEAD BODY-No Runners-EP
REAL SHIT-live

RYAN WELLS

HOMOPLASTIK-Livin' Bondage-EP
HEATS-Smoke-LP
HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE-Hits Mot-EP
GIMMIES-Get it Right Now-EP
THE SHRINKS-Nowhere To Live-EP
LES TECKELS-Change Your Mind-EP
RED MONKEY-Hitting City-45
(INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY-EP
WIDOWS-Bulls & Bullocks-LP
CUTS-live

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE-Hits Mot-EP
NOW TIME DELEGATION-Watch For-LP
BLEED-Motor Psycho-CD
CANDY SNATCHERS-Bum-45
MONARCHS-2001-EP/HEATS-LP
SONNY VINCENT & THE SAFETY PINS-EP
ROCK AND ROLL MACHINE-Rock-EP
LES DRAGUEURS-Un Disque Roman-45
MENSEN-Man From Outer Space-EP
GIMMIES-Get it Right Now-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

OJ Killed Elvis #4
Infinite Monkey #2
Doris #17
Fill With Punk Rock #1
Fixation #4
Get In Touch/Step Forward-split
Guillible #22/Cryptic Slaughter #15-split
Mangelslakt #3
Ripped & Clipped #1
Trust #86

ZINE SHITWORKERS

Sam Atakra
Aragorn
Michelle Barnhardt
Enrico Cadena
Robert Collins
Rob Coons
Rafael DiDonato
Jonathan Floyd
Brian Gathy
Katja Gussmann
Chris Hall
Jeff Heermann
Tom Hopkins
Kenny Kaos
Pete Ketchpel
Dulcinea Loudmouth
Michael Lucas
Jesse Luscious
Bobby Manic
Jeff Mason
Allan McNaughton
C. Nellie Nelson
Donna Poole
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Mimi Nguyen
Sandra Ramos
Trent Reinsmith
Bruce Roehrs
Denise Scilingo
Will Thundercat
Jason Valdez
Amy Watson
Ryan Wells
Jeff Yih
Henry Yu

ZINE CONTRIBUTORS

Mykel Board
Bill Florio
Ted Rall
Dave Emory
Mark Murrmann
Felix Von Havoc
Queenie
Stickerguy Pete
Dave Dictor
Jessica Mills
CrimethINC
Eric Drooker
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Steve Bennet
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Lianne Milton
Sally Washburn
Spencer Starr
Jen-i-fur
Mike Phyte
Jay Hinman

ZINE COORDINATORS

Arwen Curry
Mike Thorn
Andrew Scott

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#143/Apr '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jesus Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit.

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Sunk, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#155/Apr '96. Hockey Teeth, Turnips, Pussy Crush, Cro-Mags, High Plains Drifters, Slight Slappers, Third Degree, Anti-Flag.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Dido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '96. Blanks 77, Emily's Sassy Lime, Real Mckenzies, Millionaires, Dropkick Murphys, Other People's Music, No-Talents, Hives, Sea Monster, He's Dead Jim, Defiance, Bou Sou Nezumi, Freeze.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, 77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#167/Apr '97. Grand Theft Audio, No Fraud, Gauze, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, Danko Jones, Viceroys, Forgotten.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#176/Jan '97. Scared of Chaka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squid Boy, Izgoy, Beltones, Sky Grain, 1,4,5s, Ducky Boys, JCCCamp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxóla, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan 2000. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb 2000. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March 2000. KTMWO, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April 2000. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May 2000. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June 2000. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July 2000. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug 2000. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept 2000. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion.

#209/Oct 2000. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone..

#210/Nov 2000. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, the Pre-Teens, the Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec 2000. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#212/Jan 2000. Avail, Born Dead Icons, From Ashes Rise, the Voids, the Guilty Pleasures, xLimpwristx, Chachi on Acid.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

¡ACHTUNG!

INTERNATIONAL MRR READERS

¿THE POST OFFICE HAS DONE IT AGAIN?

YEP THAT'S RIGHT, THE PRICE OF INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE HAS NEARLY DOUBLED. PLEASE SPECIFY AIR OR SURFACE WHEN ORDERING!

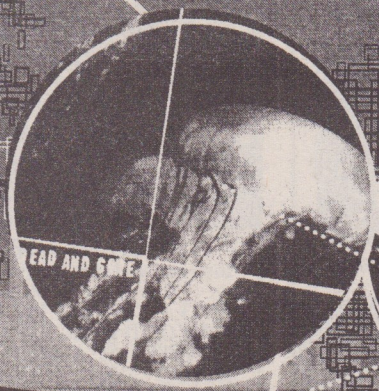
Sorry this is so expensive, we're not happy about it either (however, zines shipped by surface should still arrive before it hits newstands). You can also save money by selling MRR at shows, bulk rate boxes of 20 are available. We are investigating cheaper methods of shipping so stay tuned!

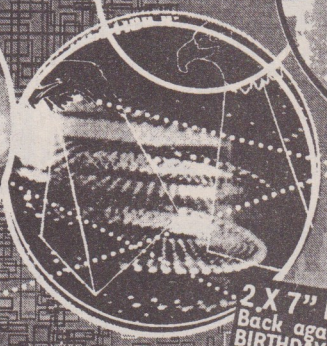
NEW MAILORDER RATES

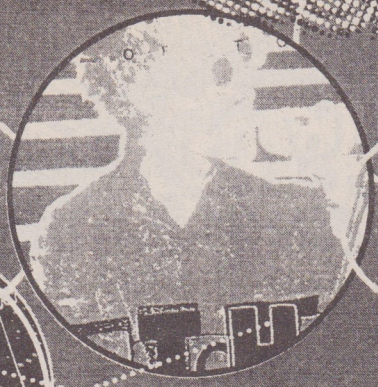
Location	one magazine (u.s. dollars) (3-5 days) Air/Surface (4-6 wks)	two zines Air	three zines Air	four zines Air	five zines Air	subscription rates (six months) (3-5 days) Air/Surface (4-6 wks)
Canada	4.00/3.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	15.00	24.00/18.00
Mexico	4.50/5.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	15.00	27.00/30.00
Western Europe	8.00/4.00	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	48.00/24.00
Japan Australia N. Zealand	9.00/4.50	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	54.00/27.00
Eastern Europe South America Asia Africa	8.00/5.50	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	48.00/33.00

Got "life"?

Gold Standard Laboratories







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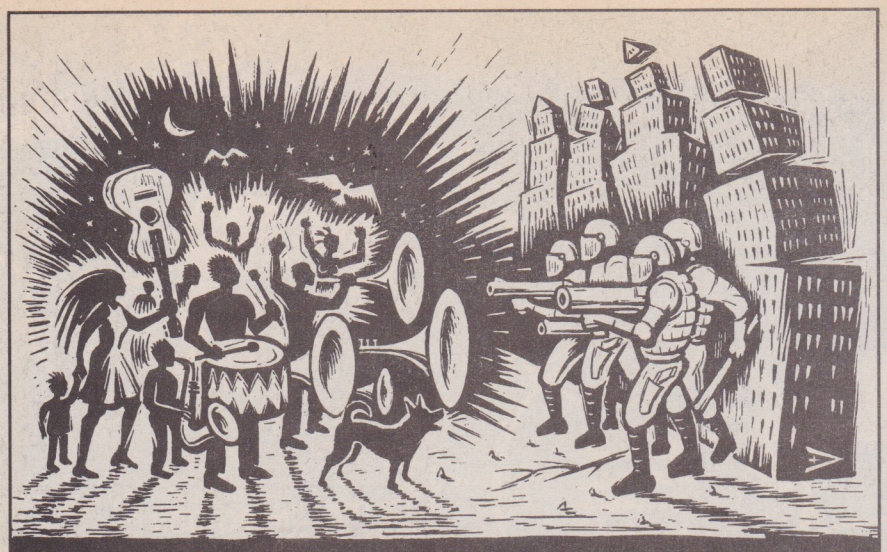

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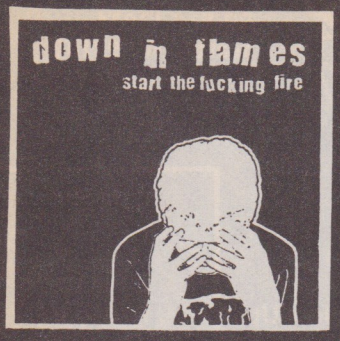

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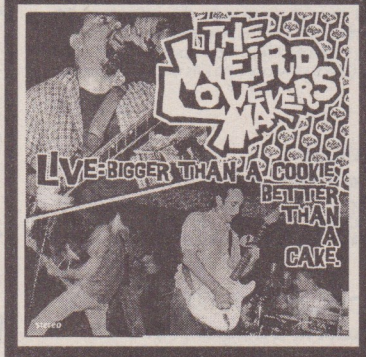

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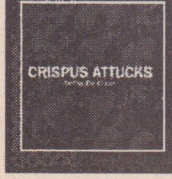

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LETTERS

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Hello readers,

I am planning a tour for the band Drunk from Oslo, Norway. I need help from you punks in Ontario and Quebec as Drunk will be in the area from August 20-31, 2001. If anyone can get them a show in these two provinces please call or email Chris @ (613) 544-6748 in Kingston, Ontario. Email is dench4@kingston.net. Hear Drunk mp3s at http://home.online.no/~rogandre/drunk.htm. Thanks,
Chris

MRR,

I recently read an interview with the band Onward to Mayhem in the Feb. issue of MRR. I have something to say about that band and bands like them. Last summer my friend from Rochester called me up and said the venue for the Onward to Mayhem show fell through so he asked if I could do it here in Olean. We have a house so I agreed. I put his band on and a couple of local bands and made some fliers and tried to do the best to get the word out about the show in very little time. The night before the show Onward to Mayhem called up and asked if it was going to be a big show because they were in Pittsburgh, about 3 1/2 hours from Olean, and they wanted to know if it would be worth it to come. I told them it was a house show, and then the phone hung up and I never heard from them again. They never came to the show. There was already an overkill of shows at the house and I was doing this as a favor for a band that I thought needed a show, but I guess Olean is not cool enough for them.

So I was reading their interview and listening to them talk about revolution and change, and I am sure they talk about it at their shows, and it's in their lyrics, and I am getting more and more pissed off. It is so fucking easy to play a show with 100 like-minded punks, and telling them we need change, we need unity, we need to get the word out. I bust my ass off in Olean. With a population of 15,000 there's nothing to do. If you want something you have to do it yourself. I play in a political band in front of kids that have no idea what I'm talking about or just don't care, but I keep talking. This small shit town has become a place a great place from kids that keep pulling forward. It's so easy to put on a pin that says I care, and play all these shows in all these cities with all these well known bands. What about all the kids in all those little towns that you stop and get gas in on your way to open for the Casualties in NYC? There are kids in those towns that need to hear the message too. They might not have the right hair or all the cool tattoos, but they have more heart than you, Onward to Mayhem. We need to let everybody in and then we can teach each other. If you are a political band and you want to reach people contact punksbeforeprofits@hotmail.com about shows at our collective space in Olean. I want to give a shout out to some bands that you can check out that came through and showed us what their message was all about - No Time Left, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, Strike Anywhere, Not, Allergic to Whores, the Devil's Electric, Operation: Cliff Clavin; that's just to name a few that I have seen come through with a message that comes from the heart. Onward to Mayhem, I think you should rethink your revolution, and rewrite your lyrics because I won't buy it and the kids in the small towns won't be silenced anymore. If anybody in Onward to Mayhem reads this, get back to me. I would love to hear what really happened. Anybody out there who lives in a small town, and is trying to make it better, please get in touch. I would love to hear from you.
Ryan Cappelletti/ PO Box 57/ Olean, NY 14760/ punksbeforeprofits@hotmail.com

Dear MRR -

I'd like to submit this sonnet I did for my 9th grade English class. Hope it makes the grade.

A simple phrase: "Do-it-yourself" was yelled
From stages, and an ethic was soon born
Of style and message ne'er paralleled,
Against a mode of pretense long outworn.
"Exploitation!" they cried; "Clear the slate!"
As "chart-toppers" were savagely defamed,
Some smelled cash and easily took the bait -
Killed by their own greed these "punkers" were tamed.
Priority one, neutralize the threat
By turning rebellion into dollars,
These ignorant shits were made to forget,
That they were tightening their own collars.
After the dropping of such a warhead,
Punk, first envisioned was found to be dead.

Anok & peace,
Paul French

PS Sonnet: a 14 lined decasyllabic poem.

Hello!

(Stuff about ordering zines edited out...) All I have in mind is that mostly the Finnish punk scene is still going great. Best band is still Juggling Jugulars, which has added a female

singer to the group making it even better, and the old band Rattus joins the large group of bands doing comeback gigs.

Bad news in Finland is that in the last two years Finland has joined the rest of the world, meaning that many people have changed their favorite drug from alcohol to heroin and cheap, strong heroin has killed many kids even in these little towns like where we live - some probably in their first time trying it. Not that this has anything to do with a punk scene. Last year was also a time when a terrible trend hit the country: Finnish-sung hip hop. Aarghh! That's easily the most disgusting "music" I have ever heard in my life... I hope it's going to its grave and quickly... That's all I have to say, have a nice day and enjoy life. Adios!
Aslak

Hey MRR,

My name is Dwayne. I'm a black anti-racist skinhead from Chicago. I am currently incarcerated in Illinois at Dixon Correctional Center. I'm writing in regards to things I've heard about since I've been here. I hear there is a strong fascist presence in the major cities. Prior to my incarceration myself and other anti-fascist skins and punks attempted to discourage this and most of the time it worked.

I feel that too many skins and punks stand aside and allow this to occur. I think it's important that the old guard stand up and fight this, it's up to them to lead the way. I know that a lot of people now know who I am and they know I'm no angel, but I've never said I was either. I've been a skin for over fifteen years and I can see that a lot of the younger skinheads are going towards fascism. I'm not sure what I can do myself because I'm in here, but I'm willing to try.

So I guess the reason I'm writing you guys *[sic]* is I's like to know if (1.) you could send me some S.H.A.R.P. info; (2.) I was wondering if you'd print my address in your zine; (3.) that you keep up the good work, your zine is what keeps me going. I've got 19 months left 'til I'm out and I look forward to each issue.
Bryant Dwayne Thomas #B-376691/ PO Box 1200/ Dixon C.C./ Dixon, IL 61021

PS The way the address appears is how it has to be on the envelope. Take care and don't forget the struggle! Oi! Oi!

Dear *Max R'n'R*,

I'm writing to commend (BM) for the review he gave Spitball in the March 2001 issue. Like the lost animal who got confused and wandered into *Max R'n'R*'s record review section and shit on the floor out of ignorance, (BM) was there to teach a well-deserved lesson and scorn Spitball for their colossal fuck up. I am glad to see your review staff are on their toes! I was laughing when they were compared to Sugar Ray, MxPx, and Less Than Jake type bullshit, but hey, you gotta tell it like it is!
Todd Cruz

Dear MRR,

You reviewed *Raw Punk Bastards* as a "wear black and swill cider" zine. We hate cider and wear blue. Thanks for the comment steering readers away from our zine and on to others. Looks like a *Heartattack* part two is happening now.... Tim Yo is rollin' over in his grave... You idiots should be ashamed of what you have done to a once proud zine.
Jason/ *Raw Punk Bastards/Skiteater* zines

Hey Jason,

Fuck you. Jeff M.

Jason,

Since when is drinking cider and wearing black a bad thing? Sorry, I meant it as a compliment- but if you'd rather wear blue (hmm... much like our "friends" the cops, the pigs, the fuck'n fuzz etc.) and drink kool-aid (like Jim Jones) then more power to you… Oh yeah, up da punx.... Mike T.

Dear MRR,

I'm just writing to inform you that 138, of the almighty DS-13 was quoted today (March 8th, 2001- 10pm Euro time) as saying that your chief - Mr. Mike Thorn– is soooo funny that he "would definitely fuck him." Just thought you would like to know. Thank you very much for your time. Sincerely,
Jess Threat/ PO Box 775/ Slatersville, RI 02876

Hey Arwen,

This is Chris. I'm sure you remember me but I figured the little people are probably a bit too hard to remember these days (hahaha). Anyhow I hope everything is going well up in SF, I'm in Long Beach now, been here for about 2-3 years now playing in a couple bands, it's going good.

Anyhow the main reason I was writing to you was that one of the bands I'm in (Scarred for Life) has been receiving a lot of e-mails from labels, etc., that have been propositioning us from our ad in BYOFL. The nature of these propositions are lame pay to play type promo CDs. These unscrupulous bastards are using BYOFL as a lead source to find suckers that will pay the zine anywhere from $40-$100 for one to four minutes of music, respectively. If possible it would be great to somehow warn people through MRR or BYOFL that it doesn't usually work that way, and these people are con-artists. It would also help to publish he names of these scumbags, so people are in the know about them.

The thought of someone offering you a spot on their comp in return for cash is ridiculous. I think there are some people out there who may be a bit naive and fall for their tricks. These people need to stay away and out of d.i.y. punk. I hope you agree. Cheers,
Chris

Dear Chrischarge ('cause that's how we used to call him),

I agree. Bands, don't pay anybody for the privilege of being on their record/CD. That stinks. And speaking of little people, if you really remembered me, you'd remember I'm not so big myself. Do you still keep your punk and non-punk records alphabetized separately? Take care,
Arwen

Dear MRR,

I love April, it's such a foolish month. April fools sucka! It's cool 'cause, it does not matter what sort of bullshit you feed people that month; they are bound to believe it. For years MRR has played these little jokes on their readers, and I can honestly say that I've fell for a few here and there. The one that really got me was when they decided that MRR would be better off as a website, rather than the traditional zine format. Before I knew it, the new issue was on the stands. OK, that was a really good one. Now you say that you have sold the MRR record library - yeah, and then the next thing you will say is that you've sold MRR to Warner Bros. I'm afraid not, folks! Regardless of the value of each and every record that there is in the collection; that collection is priceless! I've never seen that collection before, yet I am positive that it has got to be the most amazing collection ever compiled! As much as you like it or not, you did not get me this time. Yet I am sure what would be priceless to others, is the joke itself, just not me. (Ha - selling the MRR a.k.a. Tim Yo's [r.i.p.] collection; that's a joke!) Take care.
Kristopher Jolly/ 3114 School St./ Des Moines, IA 50311

Kristopher,

Selling MRR to Warner Bros. hmmm, not a bad idea... Love them Bugs Bunny cartoons... Mike T.

Dear MRR:

I have been a reader of MRR for over 12 years, but have never felt the need to write a letter. Now, I think, however, that I must write and inform your readers of an important recent moment, certain to go down in punk history. On November 8, 2000, at approximately 9:15 pm EST the Chattanooga, TN punk band, Ye Olde Buttfuck, performed live in front of nearly 80 people what is believed to be the first anti-President George W. Bush song ever written and played by *any* band in the United States. Here's what happened:

On election night, I gathered together with my fellow members of Ye Olde Buttfuck, guitarist Buddha and singer Dogtown Mitch, to gravely drink beer and watch Bush rack up the votes on tv. How had it come to pass, I wondered, that I actively wanted Gore to win? I had already found a rabid, 17-year old Nader supporter to assume my name and vote for me back in San Francisco. But in the weeks leading up to the election, that front page picture of Bush giving the victorious three-fingered "W" salute with that hateful, "take that!" sort-of tight-mouthed grin, spittle practically flying, was a glimpse of just what idealism was going to get us. It was the grin of the bully putting the boot in, the cop with the night stick, the fag bash. As much as I found it physically impossible to *vote* for Gore, I wanted ole Al to pull out a victory, so I could go back to pretending we don't have a president.

I should point out, by the way, that I have never been one of those "it's got to get worse before it gets better" people. You will note that it almost never actually gets worse for the people who say that. They really mean "it has to get worse for someone else before it gets better." This is a privileged opinion that denies that there really is a difference in what Bush or Gore think about, say, 3rd world AIDS or global warming.

Either way, it was starting to look like it *actually* would get worse before it got better, if it gets better. Mitchell was already reminiscing fondly, as he will when he's drunk, about the Clinton years. Mitch, an Arkansan himself, identifies strongly with the Clinton legacy. He says, "I know how it is for Big Bill. He was the most powerful man in the world but he just had to chase around his secretary." It's pathological, Mitch says, a sort-of failure gene, Arkansas shaped, that leads to personal, inglorious shame and ruin. "I think of myself and, of course, John Daly, the pro golfer," Mitch said. "Daly! He had it all. Best golfer on the tour. But what he *really* wanted was to *get really drunk!*"

I was thinking about Clinton, too. I had spent 8 years trying not to think about him, 'cause if I did, I'd just think of Tim Yo trying to get all the punks to vote for him back in '92 and I'd think, "I told you so." At least with Nixon, Reagan, Bush I, you had sincere, committed fascist enemies, but I hated Clinton for ushering in an era of unprecedented cynicism. He was the embodiment of a great nationwide split between what we do and what we say, and how it doesn't matter what we do because everyone knows that nothing matters, anyway. Now the young, white and hip can fill the world with Starbucks and computer bullshit and buy out my neighborhood but, hey, they're still *cool* as long as they *care* about the environment and never, ever say "the 'n' word". What a drag. Now, I remember '92, the excited buzz about universal health care and I think about what we got instead: heroin. Clinton had made himself seem not to matter. How interesting, there were really no anti-Clinton punk songs, or, for that matter, serious Clinton assassination attempts. If someone tried to kill Clinton, it would've been some lone, random wingnut and it would have only underscored Clinton's irrelevance. What happened to the anti-president punk song, though?

Every punk record had been about Reagan, 'cuz Reagan was more than a man, it was a symbol of the arms race and filling the streets with homeless while the stock market soars and filling the landfills with toxic waste. There were no real anti-Bush songs, though. Buddha pointed out that punk bands' critiques had grown sophisticated. There were songs about the Gulf War, the new drug czar (Christ on a Crutch - "Kill William Bennet" - an idea that just doesn't quite resonate this day...), even deep ecology. And, then, during Clinton, we hopped freight trains and ate out of dumpsters and started Food Not Bombs and Critical Masses. There was more breathing room, what Tim Yo counted on in a Clinton era, but strangely enough, Clinton bombed Iraq the entire time he was in office and presided over unprecedented prison construction. Was it just *perceived* breathing room?

Anyways, we were drunk and Bush was winning. Buddha said, "if Bush wins and wins again, I will be 35 years old before there's a new presi-

I said, "we better start writing that anti-Bush song. We have a show tomorrow."

Mitch said "I've got it! "Burning Bush'!"

Buddha groaned. "Oh, man! We've gone through all this *before*!" He was right. "Burning Bush" was a lousy song title in 1988 and it's a lousy song title now. Poor Bood. His last name *is* 'Bush", *too*. Four more years of this could kill him!

Finally we hit on an idea and had the new song written. Just then, Tom Brokaw, in a stunning turnaround, announced that Gore may win Florida. There was talk of missing ballot boxes. "Hell yeah!" Mitch yelled. "Big Bill's gonna steal the election, that son of a bitch!" He shook his head, grinning, in wonder. It was true; you could imagine Clinton personally going to the polls, grabbing the ballots, and driving them west of Miami to the Everglades. Bood and I were proud, too, as Floridians. Miami's dead voters had done it again!

But wait! If Gore won, we wouldn't have a *song*. *No one* would write an anti-*Gore* song! Give me a break! It was almost impossible to even form an opinion about him. W., on the other hand, had been in Chattanooga flashing his evil grin and satanic three-fingered salute on a last-minute campaign stop, *that very morning*. (Bush, cleverly, staged his one hour rally way out at the airport, beyond the reach of Chattanooga's bus system and safely away from the carless punks. I still think that if he'd appeared downtown, by the restaurants where all the punks work, our very *appearance* on film w/ Bush could've thrown Tennessee, and so it goes, *the election*, to Gore!) We decided to assume Bush won and play the song the next day.

So at approximately 7:15 pm EST we played the historic song. Was it really the first? Let us examine the record: on the east coast, shows in NYC, Boston, DC, Miami usually start much later than 9:15 pm. And, of course, that's *8:15* Chicago and the bar-dominated punk scenes of Minneapolis and New Orleans. It is possible that not a single punk song at all was played in that 7:15 pm middle time zone in that great expanse of stranded tours that entire day. Finally, it is unlikely that *any* show at all was happening anywhere on the west coast at all at 6:15, except, possibly, at SF's Covered Wagon. Could that bike messenger / death metal crowd really be expected to write and perform an anti-Bush song so *soon*? (Of course, if they did, the matter of whether then song was "punk" or not would still be open to debate, in these very pages...) No, it seems likely that our song was first. But now that Bush is actually President, there is a lot of speculation about how his presidency will affect the punk scene. On the night before his inauguration, I attended what was possibly the last punk show of the Clinton years. There were some bands, art, and a photo exhibit by Bill Daniel of old photos from early Austin punk - wild Reagan era shows filled with an obvious intensity that I can say I've never experienced in my punk lifetime. Al Sobrante was there, proclaiming that the Bush years would bring back the urgency of the Reagan years, that some good old oppression would help punk. Tom Jennings said if urgency means thinking you could die any day in a nuclear war, he had already had enough. I tend to agree with that. Still, when Shotwell started, it didn't matter how drunk and out of tune they were. I grabbed Seth Malice, who probably hadn't stage dived since Iran-Contra, picked him up and started carrying him around. Soon the whole crowd was dancing. Later, This Bike is a Pipe Bomb played their cheerful, folky punk tunes and the crowd danced more, but less hard. As they played that long, slow, sappy song about driving past the water tower, I thought, "has the tide already turned? Is it the end for cheerful and punky pop? More importantly, have we lost our vigilance? *Will this music prepare us for the reality that we could die any day in a nuclear war?!*"

I think it's more likely that "urgency" would return to punk in irony. Big Mohawks, slam dancing, Reagan jokes. Real urgency will probably take new, undiscovered-as-yet forms. Already, here in SF, some of us are squatting, doing block-long illegal murals in broad daylight, breaking into abandoned buildings downtown to put on illegal punk shows. Either way, you heard it here first. The start of a new soundtrack to a new era, what the banners the puppets hold will be saying as we duck from the falling batons for four more years: Ye Olde Buttfuck's song "Double Fuck, W." Take care,
Iggy Scam/ PO Box 40272/ SF, CA 94140

Iggy,

I don't think I'm alone when I say that the punks look forward to living under a more new and improved era of oppression under the Bush administration. The punks will be forced to be drunker, have bigger mohawks, play songs that are more pissed off, and all the while smash the state on a more regular basis just to cope. I say, bring on the "new, undiscovered-as-of-yet" forms of real urgency!
Andrew

Department of Corrections

• In #214, March 2001, Reason of Insanity was identified in the record review section as a Dallas band. They are from Lafayette, LA.

• In #214, March 2001, Mike Joyce did the LIFES HALT interview (not Mike Joice).

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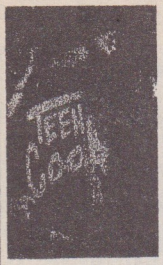

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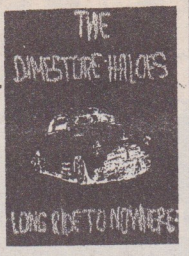

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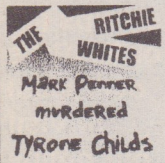

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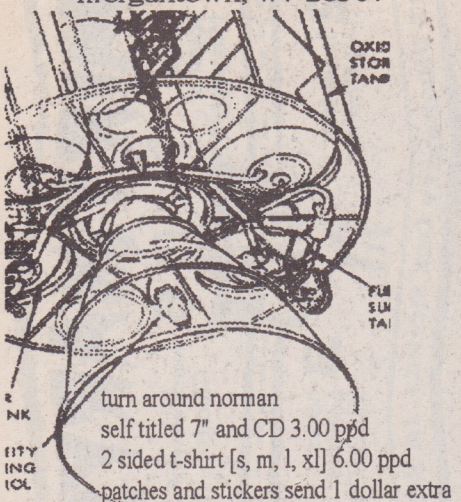

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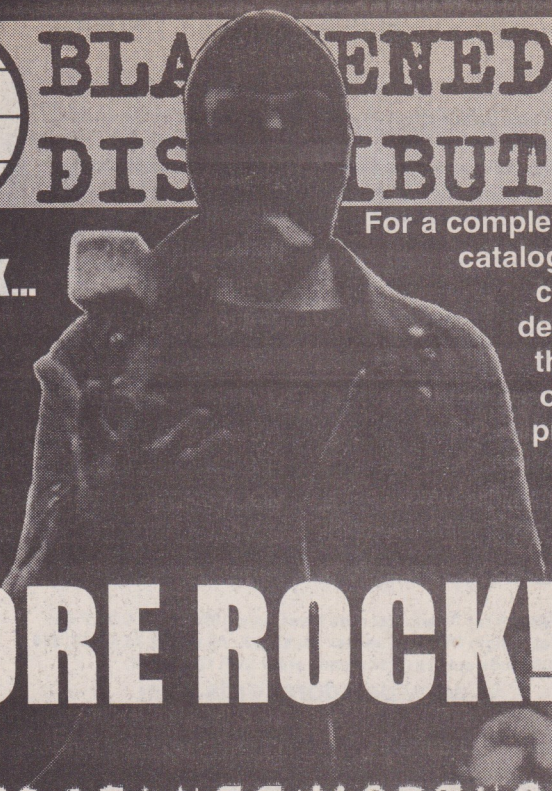

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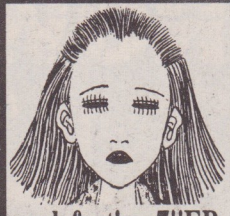

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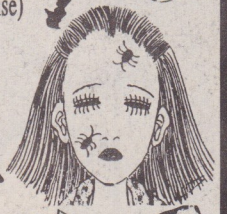

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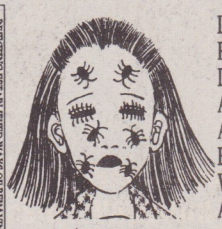

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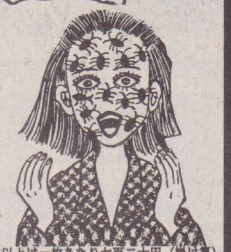

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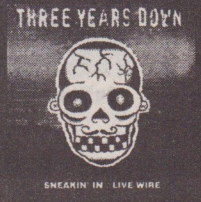

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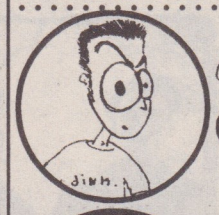

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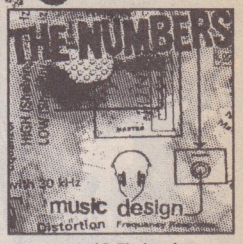

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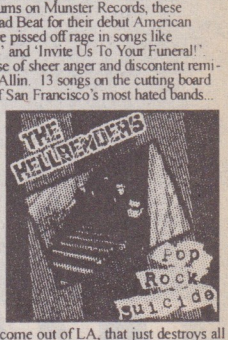
-The I don't Give A Fuck-ometer is totally in the red on this one!! After 2 completely smoking albums on Munster Records, these Spanish punks move over to Dead Beat for their debut American release. The Safety Pins are pure pissed off rage in songs like 'Suburban Twat', 'Plastic Punks' and 'Invite Us To Your Funeral!'. These guys bring a genuine sense of sheer anger and discontent reminiscent in early Jabbers era GG Allin. 13 songs on the cutting board floor including a cover by one of San Francisco's most hated bands... The Fuck Ups!!

The Hellbenders- Pop Rock Suicide LP/CD



-Every few years a bands will come out of LA, that just destroys all the bands in its path. Lotta bands playing out here, but very few grab ya by the throat. Well here they are...The fuckin' Hellbenders. They just play their meaty as fuck blood, sweat and broken guitars strings Rock N Roll. The dual guitars rip through the top on this one with the 2 guitar players completely feeding off of each other. 200% energy all the way right down to the seering Menace cover. Better act quick, 500 collector scum red wax almost gone!!

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Opinions expressed are solely those of the columnists and (thankfully) are not editorial policy

COLUMNS

So there I was at the check-in desk at the Econo-Lodge Motel on Southwest Thirteenth street in Gainesville, Florida. Standing to my right was Andrea. She liked punk rock. I could tell from the Devo and Undertones buttons on her vest. That, and I guess the dyed green bangs she wore. The clerk guy behind the desk looked at us funny.

"What was that name again?" he asked.

"Ramone," I said, "Dee Dee Ramone".

"Is that spelled capitol D, and capitol D?" he asked.

"D-E-E space, D-E-E," I told him. "Ramone, is that a Spanish last name?", he asked, "because if it is, you certainly don't look Spanish."

Ramone was my last name, I told him.

"And her?" he asked looking directly at Andrea who was busy trying to get free gum out of the Elk's Lodge gumball machine.

"She's my wife" I said.

"That would be Mrs. Ramone?" he asked. I told him yes.

"Does she have a first name?" he asked.

"Sheena," I said, "spelled capitol S, small h-e-e-n-a" I explained. The clerk wrote the name down on the registry sheet, and gave me the key to the room.

"You are in room number thirty-one. That is downstairs and to your left when you walk out of this here office. I don't want no funny business in my motel, Mr. Ramone, and I sure as hell hope you two is married, because if you weren't, well you'd be sinning. And God don't like sinners".

I assured him that we were in fact married, and we just wanted a good nights sleep. He nodded his head, and went to the back room again to watch more of "Hee-Haw". I looked over at Andrea, who was busy with her finger up inside of the gumball machine.

"We got the room", I told her. She smiled. That kinda sexy smile.

Then she said, "great, let's go, but first help me get my finger out of this fucking machine".

As we both approached room number thirty-one of the Econo-Lodge Motel on Southwest Thirteenth Street, my heart began to beat really quickly. Also my stomach kinda hurt. And I was sweating. And the one hundred plus temperature didn't help, or the ninety-eight percent humidity. "You have done this before?" Andrea asked me for like the fifth time that day. I told her that of course I did.

"Okay," she said, "you just look kinda nervous." I told her I was just hot, what with wearing this leather jacket and all. She just smiled at me. We reached room number thirty-one of the Econo-Lodge Motel, and I tried putting the key in the keyhole, but it wouldn't fit. Andrea took the key, and slid it in, easily.

"Are you sure you have done this before?" Andrea asked for the sixth time that day. I told her to quit asking me that question, that of course I have, that I was twenty-two, and how many twenty-two year old virgins did she know. She smiled as she opened the door and we felt the cool breeze of the air conditioner sweep against our skin. "Well," she said, "let's get to it!" She walked over to the bed, sat down, and began to remove her boots. I just stood and stared at her. My brain was racing. What do I do now, I thought to myself. Here I was, nineteen years old, at room number thirty-one of the Econo-Lodge Motel on Southwest Thirteenth Street, about, I hoped, to finally lose my virginity. And I kinda did, too, but let me back up a bit.

I guess I was a late bloomer. Late, hell, more like very late. Like I missed the fucking train. Totally. I dunno, I guess it was because I just never really understood sex. What it was, and how to do it. I remember as a kid, my step-mother brought home this Time-Life book about reproduction. In it, were a bunch of cut out figures, like of dogs, and cats, and chickens, and finally humans. The book explained how the "male" planted a "seed" inside of the "female" of a species. That "seed" would grow and grow, and finally a child would be born. The book explained that the "male" of the species would put it's "penis" inside of the woman's "vagina".

A-ha, I figured, that is what my step-sisters had, vaginas. I just figured they had had penises, but broke 'em off by playing with them too much, like my dad said I would if I kept fooling with mine. Anyway, finally, the book explained, a baby of that species was born. Something like that, except a little different with chickens. Because for some reason, they gave birth to breakfast, instead, or something. Anyway, I used to wonder why people, or even animals would want to do something yucky like that. I mean, I had seen what penises and vaginas looked like. Hell, I had a penis. The only thing it was good for was peeing, and making me look silly in a bathing suit when it got all stiff and stuff. And vaginas? They looked really funny. Like someone put my grandma's mouth between somone's legs, sideways. I mean, sex.

Yuck.

I think it was second grade where I probably had my first really sexual thoughts. There was this teacher named Mrs. Arcade, and she was hot. She wore that blue mascara that all grown-up women in the seventies wore, and had breasts with these things on them. I remember once asking her why she had little pointy things on her breasts, and my mom didn't. She told me that my mom did have them, but she probably wore something called a "bra", which she didn't believe in. I was with her. Who needed those "bra" things.

Also, there was Kathy Gunther. Thinking back, she was the perfect Aryan chick. She had pale blonde-white hair, and crystal blue eyes. She always wore these little plaid skirts and nice button-up shirts. When she smiled at me, I'd feel like sunshine was making me warm all over. Actually, it was, I was seated next to her in second period, and we both sat next to the window. In the back of the class room. I remember her telling me one day that although she had kissed Scott Applegate on the hill near the jungle-jim, she really liked me. I asked her if she really did, and she said yes. Then we began what would become a whole week long romance. We had this colored con-

struction paper, and we would tear it up into little pieces.

Then we'd write notes to one another and pass them back and forth. I'd write something like, "Kathy, do you, hate, like, or love me. Please circle the answer". She'd circle "like" and pass it back. Then she'd write "Would you kiss me like Scott Applegate did? Circle yes or no". For some reason, I'd circle "yes", even though I wasn't quite sure why, exactly, I wanted to kiss her. But every time I thought of it, well that thing would happen that would make me embarrassed like I was in my bathing suit. Finally, by the end of the week, Kathy was circling that she "loved" me. I was walking on air. Well not really, they didn't have "air" type sneakers yet, so I had to settle for Woolworth imitation Chuck Taylors. But those "air" sneakers are more comfortable. In fact, right now I have a pair made by Nike. But I think the air is kinda worn out. I should get a new pair, my feet kinda hurt. But they are so fucking expensive, shit. Um, oh. Where was I? Oh yeah, so I had these notes all saved in like a one pint milk carton thing they give ya at lunch in school. And I took them home and read them and read them. And, so did my brothers and sisters, unfortunately. I remember being upstairs one night right before dinner, reading a "Wonder Woman" comic, thinking how Mrs. Arcade's breasts where better than that silly woman in her American flag uniform, when I heard my brothers and sisters all singing at the dinner table. The song filtered up the stairs, under my door, and to my ears. "George and Kathy, sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G, first comes love, then comes marriage, then comes George with a baby carriage". Doh.

When I was about thirteen or so, I really got into KISS. The band. Well, it wasn't me, actually, who first got into them, it was my neighbor, Andy Evans. He got the "Kiss Alive" album, and invited me over to hear it. I thought the music was kinda silly, and not nearly as funny as the album of children's songs I had with such classics as "Great Green Gobs Of Greasy, Grimy, Gopher Guts" or "On Top Of Spaghetti", but the guys on the album looked cool as hell. There were these guys who looked like superheroes, or better yet, demons from "Eerie" or "Creepy" magazines. The comics that gave me nightmares about decapitations, blood coming out of the eyes, and good old Satan, himself. These guys looked cool. Andy again puts on side one, turns his stereo speakers toward his front lawn, and tells me to follow him. We run outside, with our hands up in the air as we hear "Ladies and Gentlemen, the hottest band in the land, Kiss!" I guess I never really grew out of that. Ask the band that can not be mentioned.

So one day I am telling my step-mother and sister, Dana, that Kiss is a great band. My step-mother laughs and tells me they suck. She says that Loggins and Messina are great, that Carole King is wonderful, but that Kiss are horrible. Then to back up what she says, she takes a copy of the New York Times' Arts and Leisure section, from last Sunday's newspaper off the living room table, which is this glass thing with all these layers and stuff. It was kinda cool to look through from underneath, cause everything looked like it was in other dimensions and stuff. My hand would look like it had multiplied by five or something. Anyway, she points out an article reviewing Kiss at Madison Square Garden the other night, and reads to me that "they sounded like a cow having an orgasm". I'm puzzled. What is an orgasm. I ask my step-mom. She looks at Dana, and they both start to laugh. Real hard. In fact, so hard that my step-mother starts to cry. She keeps telling Dana that I don't know what an orgasm is. Dana laughs as well. I ask her again what it is and she says to ask my father. When he gets home from work. I go down to the dinner table that night, and my father says to me as he puts sweet potatoes with marshmallows on my plate, I understand you don't know what an orgasm is. My step-mother bursts out laughing, and Dana joins in as well. My other brothers and sisters are totally in the dark. My father then tells me that we will have a little talk after dinner. Through-out the entire meal, my step-mother laughs every time she looks at me.

After dinner I go to my dad's study, where he is smoking a pipe. "George," he says, "haven't I already told you how babies are made?" I tell him that he has, that the man plants a seed inside the woman, and it grows, and finally she has a baby. He just looks at me. "Didn't you read that book with the cut out figures?" he asks. I told him I did, and that it said that the man plants a seed inside of the woman, and then she has a baby. "Oh," my dad says. "Well," he continues on, "if you rub yourself in the right way, it makes you feel good. Do you understand what I am saying?" he asks. I tell him not really. "Well, damnit George, rub yourself nicely and you'll feel good. That is all I have to say. There is nothing wrong with it for a boy your age. You should know this, " he explained. I kinda nodded my head, not wanting to argue with him. "Well, that's it then, now go upstairs and do your homework, " he said. I left him smoking his pipe, and wondering to myself what the hell rubbing myself had to do with orgasms. Whatever, I kinda knew my dad was nuts, anyway.

Later, in late ninth grade, or early tenth, my friend Eric Boyer got me these "Hustler" magazines. They were alot more exciting than the "Playboys" Donald Bradford had had in eighth grade. I remember I used to hide the Hustler magazines in a stone wall out in the woods behind my house so my parents wouldn't find them. Then I'd go out there alone, when no one was around, and read them. There were these pictures of woman with their legs spread open, and their vaginas showing. I could even see inside some of them. And they had hair around their vaginas. So now it was like my grandpa's mouth, sideways. Or Enrico and Dominique's mom, these two Italian kids I knew. Anyway, there were also pictures of men in there, and they were having sex with these woman. I used to get really turned on and rub myself. Only, I didn't really know how. I mean, all my father had said was "rub yourself nicely and you'll feel good". So I rubbed myself. Side to side, then I'd roll it like I was playing with play-doh, or I'd rub the little top thing which made me shiver a lot, and sort of tickled. And it did sort of feel good. But that was about it. Sex, to me, was completely over-rated.

Then one night, I'm laying in bed, reading a novelization of "Spiderman".

A good book, if I do say so myself. In the novel, Spidy is being chased around New York by Doc Ock, who is bent on killing Spidy's girlfriend, Gwen. Now Gwen is one hot mama. I know 'cause I have seen her in the comic books. She has blonde-white hair and blue eyes. Come to think of it, she looked a hell of a lot like Kathy Gunther. Anyway, Gwen also has nice boobs, and a great ass. I mean, for a cartoon, that is. So I am reading about Gwen, and imagining her fine soft hair, her gentle curves and her smell. She would sure smell great. I imagine her hair, sweeping across my neck as she kisses me, whatever that felt like. I started to think about her fine butt, and how nice it would feel to touch. Suddenly I realize I am rubbing myself, but this time, up and down. And it feels real good. Real good. So I continue to think about Gwen and move my hand up and down. UP AND DOWN. That is what he meant. Not side to side, or rolling it like play-doh. Anyway, I think about Gwen taking off her shirt and suddenly I feel this really weird feeling. Like everything is shaking and I'm going to explode. I stop breathing as my hand continues to

go up and down. Suddenly it happens. It being that all this white stuff spills out of my penis. "What the fuck" I think to myself, and my hand, now out of total control, keeps going up and down. Here I am, sixteen years old, and all this white stuff is coming out of me. Then my heart starts to race. "Holy shit", I think, this is it. Now I have done it. I have really done it now. I broke something. I'm gonna die. All this milk has come out of me, the milk I drank with dinner. I no longer can pee, I broke myself. Geezus. I stare down at my stomach which is covered and looks like a small pond. I then stick my finger in the white stuff, then bring it to my lips. "Funny," I think, this stuff tastes like Clorox. The stuff I use to bleach my sneakers. Shit, I think, I must have drank some by accident. I am definitely going to die. I sit up, and the stuff goes all over the sheets and my legs. I somehow make it to the bathroom and hop in the shower and rinse off. Then I go put water on my sheets and try to clean them off before someone sees them. This stuff is all sticky and Clorox smelling and shit. God, what have I done. I finally get most of it off my bed, then wonder if I should go downstairs and tell my Dad to take me to the hospital. That I just broke something, and that I am probably gonna die. But I decide not to. Maybe, It'll fix itself, I think. In fact, maybe if I tried it again, it wouldn't happen, and I'd be all better. I tried it again, and it happened again. And, man, did it feel good. This time I thought about this girl, Monique, a French girl who was on my bus.

The next day at school I told my friend, Chris, what had happened. He told me that I had had an orgasm. "That's what an orgasm is!" I exclaimed. Chris just looked at me funny. Then I tried to think how that had anything to do with grown men wearing devil make-up and playing loud music. It didn't add up. But that didn't matter. I learned a new trick. A trick I would practice and practice. Sometimes six times a day. And I am still practicing.

Anyway, so I meet this girl named Andrea up in Tallahassee, some years later. We are both at this shitty redneck bar, where a silly cover band is playing Tom Petty and Elvis Costello songs. It is "Punk Rock" night. Right. I am with my pal Louis, and we are both dressed as "The Blues Brothers". We both have on dark jackets, hats, and sun-glasses. Trick sun-glasses, the kind that light up little red lights, by this wire thing that goes to your pocket. Anyway, we are dancing with each other, cause we were too scared to ask any girls to dance. We are having a great time, and Louis makes me swear that if I get drunk, this time, he'll drive. I tell him, "Louis, we are on a mission from God, don't worry about it. We are working for the penguin." He nods his head, and says, "Okay, Jake". I tell him, "Ya got it, Elwood."

Eventually this punky girl walks up to me and asks me to dance. I am stunned. In shock. But I say yes, and we dance to some lame song by The Jags or something. Then she asks me where I live. I tell her my parents house is here, in Tallahassee, but I go to school in Gainesville. She asks me how old I am, and I tell her twenty-two. I am really nineteen, almost twenty. I ask her how old she is, and she tells me twenty-three, it turns out later she is twenty. Then we start to talk about punk rock and stuff, and she asks if she can come visit me at school. I tell her that that would be great, and wow, um, wow. She smiles and I give her my address and dorm phone number. She kisses me really hard and tells me she'll see me next week, and to save it up for her. What ever that means.

The whole next week in my dorm I am walking around with a hard-on. I was finally gonna get laid. I just knew it. She, Andrea, was going to drive two hours south, to see me, George Tabb, here at the University Of Florida. And we were gonna have sex. I just felt it. I mean, why else would she come to see me. I knew she wanted to do it, and I could tell she had done it alot before, she just acted like it. Yeah, this was great. Now if she would only call and tell me she was on her way.

Finally, about four o'clock on that Friday afternoon, she calls and says she is on her way down to Gainesville, that she had a late class at FSU or something. I tell her I can't wait. After we hang up the phone, I jump in the shower, and clean up for like an hour. Then I get dressed in my most studly duds. I put on my red corteroy pants, and my cleanest Ramones T-shirt. And my Nike All-Courts. I blow dry my hair, then use the pick to make my afro as nice looking as possible. I look in the mirror and realize I look fucking great. I put on my "Saturday Night Fever" record, just for the hell of it, and think I am as good looking as that John Travolta guy, any day.

As I am dancing around the room to "Disco Inferno", my KKK roommate, Jim, walks in. "What the fuck are you doing, Jew?" He asks. I tell him there is a girl on her way down, and I am gonna get laid. He tells me to "turn off the nigger music", and then asks where I am going to fuck her. I tell him, "right here, of course!", pointing to my dorm-room bed. He shakes his head no, and says his Dad is coming to town tonight, and is sleeping in our room. Doh. I ask, no, make that beg Jim and his dad to go elsewhere. He says, "Not tonight". So we make a deal, I explain that the girl will be here for the weekend. That tonight, I will get a hotel, but tomorrow, I get the dorm room. We fight a bit, but he finally agrees.

Finally, Andrea shows up at my dorm, and all the guys on my floor are looking at me. And her. And whispering to one another. They knew she was here to have sex with me. They knew 'cause I told them. Anyway, I explain to Andrea that my KKK roommate, Jim, had his dad coming into town, and ask if it is okay that we go to a motel, and that I will pay for it. She says, "sure, let's take my car". I tell her that is a good idea, since I don't have one. And off we go, to the hotel motel thing.

So there I was at the check-in desk at the Econo-Lodge Motel on Southwest Thirteenth street in Gainesville, Florida. Standing to my right was Andrea. Wearing some punk buttons, one which read "Orgasm addict". I explain to the clerk guy that I am Dee Dee Ramone, and this is my wife, Sheena. Finally, after some hassle, we get the key to the room and make our way to it.

After we enter the room and Andrea starts taking off her clothes, I really realize that this is it. This girl really wants to have sex with me, and finally, I was gonna lose it. I am no longer gonna be a virgin. I am finally gonna be a man.

Andrea gets all her clothes off and slides under the covers. I take off all my clothes except for my underwear, 'cause I am embarrassed, and do the same. Then Andrea yell for me to get into the same bed as her. Oops. I do. We start to cuddle and kiss and it feels real nice. Real nice. I gently kiss her neck and make my way down toward her breasts. I kiss them and think of Mrs. Arcade. She strokes my back and runs her hand over my chest and down my front. Wow. We start to get hotter and hotter, and much more passionate. I finally reach down there, and find it all wet and hairy and stuff. But neat. And somehow, very familiar. Then I remember what Tommy Rice told me about vaginas. I kiss her more and she tells me she wants to "make love" now. This is it, I'm am at the no-turning around point. Finally, finally, I was gonna be a man. So I tell her, okay, and get on top of her.

She then asks for the seventh time, "Are you sure you have done this before?" I assure her that I have and kiss

her. Then she again asks me to "make love" to her. I say I will, but think to myself, what the fuck do I do next. So I kiss her some more, and touch her breasts again. Finally she says, "George, to make love, you have to take off your underwear". Oh yeah. I take off my underwear, and she gently guides me in. We go at it for like two hours, and it is great. Except I can't have an orgasm, the thing that Kiss sounds like, 'cause I'm too scared. Finally she asks me if I came, and I say I did. She tells me that I am really a stud, and she has never been with a man that could stay so hard for so long. I just wish to myself that I could have come.

Later that night, and all the next morning, we have sex. And again, I can't have an orgasm, while she has like ten or eleven. She again thinks I am a stud, and I think she really begins to like me.

The next night, in my dorm, we have sex again all night. This time I kinda hear the guys on my floor outside the door listening in. Andrea keeps telling me to "fuck her harder" and stuff like that. This goes on for literally hours. My arms are exhausted, my chest hurts, my penis is sore, and still, I can't have an orgasm. Of course, by this point, I am marriage material to Andrea. The next morning, as she is getting dressed to leave, to make her way back to Tallahassee, she begins to cry. I ask her what is wrong, and she tells me she thinks she is in love with me. She tells me she has never had a guy like me, a guy who could satisfy her over and over, and a guy who could stay so hard for so long. I don't take it as a compliment, and secretly curse myself for being so uptight that I couldn't come. I tell her she is great also, and that she compares very well to a lot of the girls I have slept with. She hugs me, tells me she wants to see me again next weekend, and kisses me goodbye.

As she leaves the dorm-room I feel a sense of sadness. Here I was, having sort of lost my virginity to this girl, and I couldn't come. I really felt frustrated, and felt I could not completely feel for Andrea, and that it was my own fucking fault. If I was just less uptight. If I had known what I was doing. If I could have gotten rid of this god-damned hard-on. Then I figured it was time. I had had sex the whole weekend and not come. My penis really hurt, and I knew I better get on with it. I locked the dorm door, and laid on my bed, unzipped my pants and started to play with myself. Without Andrea around. I suddenly felt that feeling again, like when I was thinking about Gwen from "Spiderman" and Monique from "the school bus". My body started to tremble, and this time when I had an orgasm, I swear I heard Kiss music, and had had visions of Cows having sexual intercourse. Anyway, I shot my load so hard it hit the ceiling. I just lay there, looking at the ceiling, penis in my hands, exhausted. Suddenly I heard the dorm room lock turning. Oh no, Jim!

I quickly zipped up my pants, and made like I was reading a text book or something. Jim walked in the room, saw me on the bed, and asked how it went with the "girl". I told him it went fine, of course. He went over to his bed, sat on it and asked me to describe what it was like. As I told him about it, I hoped like hell he wouldn't look up at the ceiling, and see that I was about to get a big drop of Clorox smelling stuff on my head.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. My e mail is eleveninchesofpleasure@georgtabb.com
2. If the above story sounds like you have heard it before, you must be really old.
3. Lots of great bands around lately, including Tang, The Chickenhawks, Worse, The Shy Guys, Fleshies, and so much more.
4. MRR should set up a "napster" type site, and put all of Tim's old records up on it so all the punk is free!
5. Hello to my friend, Carmen and Dean, and their lovely dogs in England! Cheers!

I hate job interviews. I hate the formality, the stress and the 35 minutes of irrelevant questions. Trying to decide what to wear took me four days. Cuz unlike Tom, Chaz or Skip, I have to worry about what I'm wearing. We all know the only point of interviews is to see how attractive you are, because if you are 200 pounds overweight with a gap the size of Kentucky between your front teeth, then you're not going to get the job. And if you are tall, sexy, beautiful and intelligent, then forget it because that is just too intimidating for anyone to deal with. So I tried on everything in my closet, to put together the perfect outfit- nothing too risqué, but not too boring either. Something between the 40-something professional they want and my 20-something dilettante self. And although nothing screams slutty secretary louder than Bebe, I go with it anyway cuz I am, after all, trying to make a lasting impression.

I'm nervous from the very beginning cuz no matter how much I went over all those pre-rehearsed explanations of my job history, nothing ever really sounded right. Everything sounds so fake and rehearsed and I begin to wonder if I'd get points for originality.

Yes, I am proficient at Word 6.0 and Filemaker Pro... no I don't have any experience with that system, but I'm a fast learner. I try not to spend too much time at the copy machine. No, it's not the monotony that bothers me, it's that I always get this overwhelming urge to photocopy my cunt and this would, of course, excite me very much and then I would undoubtedly start to flow and then I would be worried about leaving a wet spot on the glass top and that would be very difficult, indeed, to explain to a repair person...

But I chicken out and give all the stock answers and try to distract the interviewer by crossing and uncrossing my legs. Which works, of course. And then my mind starts wandering again, because all of a sudden I notice that the man asking me all these personal questions is fucking beautiful and has a hungry look to him. Not hungry like he hasn't gotten laid in months, but hungry like he wants to get laid right now.

No, I've never slept with an employer before. Yes, it's against my belief system to stick my thumb up the ass of a possible employer at an interview. But no, I don't strongly feel one way or the other about oral sex and I guess you are right, marble is a very erotic stone. Slippery and cold. Yes thank you, I would like for you to massage your marble paperweight into my vagina.

How do you tell a possible employer that you quit your last job because your last boss was the biggest dick ever to walk the face of the earth? You don't, cuz you don't want to appear too bitchy or difficult to get along with, so you resort to the safe answer, "lack of communication," which really is a good answer because it shows that you are concerned with positive interaction with your boss. But the whole time I was sitting there, I wanted to tell this man the truth, that my last boss had overactive sweat glands and wore a toupee and had two sports cars, like it's even necessary to have more than one car and everyone knows when you have a toupee because your hairline looks like shit. That the bastard would be

gone all day long, while I did all of his work, underpaid, overworked, which or course is a given, but I have to sit there and say "lack of communication" so I don't appear too jaded or lazy.

At this point of the interview, I have no recollection of what I said, because all I could think about was straddling him in that big leather chair and tying his feet down with his belt and letting his arms roam free, so he could stroke my body, but only to my command, of course. Straddle him and fuck him as hard as I could, while he tried to ask me questions about my work history. I must have said something that was a little too close to what was on my mind because I didn't get the job. I did get his home phone number and an invitation to go out for drinks but I never called cuz the thought just made me go dry. It was one of those fluke "fuck now or never" type situations which somehow loose their appear as time goes by.

Oh well. You win some, you lose some... And that, I definitely lost, but I did look fabulous. And that's the most important part. Anyway y'all, brush up on your people skills, but don't forget to try them out on yourself before you use them on others. Play hard, play often and play nice...

Scott, I was wondering if the Los Huevos record you have for sale are the same people who cover stuff from The Balloon Farm because I saw Los Huevos live but I'm not sure if its the same people.

—Dan

Dan, The band who covered the Balloon Farm stuff, etc. was Sir & the Young Men, who are no longer a band. I "sang" for Sir & the Young Men and also sang for Los Huevos (who are about 2 years gone). Woodhouse, who played guitar for Sir & the Young Men, played drums in the last line up of Los Huevos. The last Los Huevos line up also included Jason P. who plays bass for the Pretty Girls, who, by the way, Woodhouse also drummed for, until he was replaced by Ed C., who was the long time Nar drummer and also drummed for Los Huevos for about 8 months. The Pretty Girls lead guitar player, Tristan, played bass for Los Huevos for about 3 years before he was replaced by Jason P. Tristan also played guitar in the Yahmos (are you getting all this?). The Rev. Ed Hunter, who now sings for the Kernals, played guitar in Los Huevos. Ed H. & I were the only original members of Los Huevos. Ed also played guitar way back when with Pounded Clown, who included Vince from the million-sellers Cake. Vince played trumpet on one cut on Los Huevos's 1st record. And that is the Los Huevos rock star connection. Wait there is more. Woodhouse was not Sir & the Young Men's original guitarist. That was Jef! from Milhouse SMF who are now Milhouse USA, cuz their bassist Lori (also in the Riff Randals with Candice from Milhouse) quit and was replaced by Dave Smith, who is in No Kill I, who are now The No Kill I and who also contain Ed H, Mike from the Bananas, Karen who was once in the Skirts (with Geri who was in Salmonella with Woodhouse and Tim W. and before that James from the Yahmos and Kendon from the Kendon Smith Movement [who has Nic from the Yahmos and Reggie & Chris from Scenes from the Struggle {Nic & James from the Yahmos were in a band with me called Ben, whose sole mission was to cover the Michael Jackson song "Ben"}] and, a long time ago the Surrogate Brains but they were from Stockton so so much for that) and Dave from the Lizards, who was also in Pounded Clown. Woodhouse, was, for about a year, in the Lizards, as was Donnie Jupiter from the Twinkeyz, Sacto's 1st punk band. Hal drummed for the Lizards (as well as Pounded Clown and then Sewer Trout before that) until he was replaced by Matt K Shrug of the Shrugs who also have Tim of the Troublemakers as a member. Jay O. who now plays bass with the Lizards, played for years with the Sea Pigs who had Dave Sea Pig, aka Fag Boat, as guitarist. Dave Sea Pig now plays guitar in the Kernals with Mike K who played bass in Pounded Clown and once filled in on bass for Los Huevos (as did Hal on drums). Charles plays drums for the Kernals and was the drummer for Sir & the Young Men and currently drums for Milhouse USA. Charles used to play bass in the Readymades, who, were for about two days, called Randi Readymade, and had Richard on guitar (and Jef! on drums). Richard played bass for Sir & the Young Men and had played with Woodhouse before in a band called the Surprise Packages, which was a project of Tim Troublemaker's. While Woodhouse was in Sir & the Young Men, he revived Karate Party, with Marie, who is in Rock the Light (with DP who is in the Big D with Danny and Jay B of the Four Eyes), on bass. Karate Party's original bass player was Brian W. who was in Los Huevos for about 3 months and then in a band with Los Huevos's drummer, Bryan H., called Day Care. Moreover, Marie plays in the Bright Ideas, who are lead by Scott Miller who also co-lead Nar with Ed C (Los Huevos, Pretty Girls) and is not the same Scott Miller as the guy in who was in Game Theory who were from Davis so they don't count. Miller did a one-off called the Ski Instructors with Tristan, Ed and Jason D, who was the original bass player for Nar and was replaced by Scott Mauer who Miller was in Bagpipe Operation with. Tim W. (ex-Salmonella) plays drums for the Bright Ideas. Tim also worked with Scott and Tippy & Jay B, who are in the Rhodadendrums, in the Mail Order Brides. Tim originally played bass not drums and that was in the Tiki Men, whose members were Scott Miller (also in the Bananas with Mike C and Lisa who is married to Davey from the Four Eyes, which also counts Jay B as a member) and Micah. After the Tiki Men, Micah led the Lazy Js with Tristan, Jason P. and Ed C., those 3 now 3/5 of the Pretty Girls. And Tim White was the original bassist for the Knockoffs, who only count Tom (originally Cap't 9s—again Stockton so don't ask) as an original member, Dan R being shared with the Secretions, who have their fair share of members one of which was Morgan who is now in a band with Charles ex-Sir & the Young Men. The Secretions' sole original member is Mickie Rat, who was in the Phlegmings with a bunch of folk including Phyllis from Berkeley's Tourettes (and before that Raoul) who is now in Out Hud with ex-Tourette Mollie and Justin, Nic & Tyler (the last two being from the Yahmos). Justin, Nic & Tyler are in New York now (the city, not the band) but are still in !!!, who have two members left in Sacramento: Mario, who I was in the Popesmashers with (and who Mike G from the Yahmos played with) and John P., who played guitar and sang with me in The Shitty Things, who recently broke up. Neither the Shitty Things nor Sir & The Young Men have released anything and I am currently not in a band, though I am doing a long distance "band" with Lars from the A-Frames, whose second record I put out (with Sakura Sanders) and who are putting out Los Huevos's last recordings on their label, Dragnet. Hope this answers your questions.

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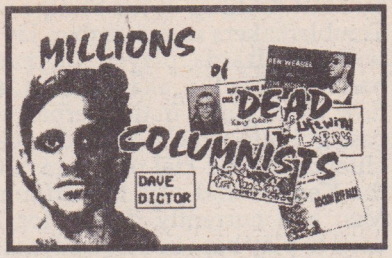
For answers to life's other vexing questions or if you want to send me stuff, the address is Scott Soriano, 1114-21st Street, Sacramento CA 95814, USA or scotts@sl.net Please DO NOT send me playlists, tour schedules, advertisements and other garbage.



Originally printed in *Pink* zine #2/Winter 2000

MDC: Insight into the Mind of Dave Dictor

What's the current lineup?

DD: Well the lineup is me on vocals, Matt Van Curra on bass, John Soldo of Crackdown fame on drums, and Eric Mucho on guitar. My thoughts were that Al, my lifetime drummer, was gonna join us out here, but he never made it. He's in Portland, Oregon, which can be a vortex kind of town.

How and when was MDC originally formed?

DD: MDC originally formed out of the Stains in Austin, Texas in 1979/1980. We went out to the West Coast in 1981 and met the LA Stains when we both opened for Black Flag at the CooKoo's Nest in Costa Mesa, south of LA.

Who are your musical influences?

DD: Musical influences is such a loaded question. Shoot, AM radio in the '60s was really pretty great. I loved Otis Redding, I saw little Stevie Wonder with Sly Stone in 1969. But I guess ya mean as the band was getting together in the late '70s. It was also an exciting time if you lived it, all that boring classic rock led to disco and that all sucked, but then Patti Smith, Elvis Costello, Talking Heads, of course The Ramones, who I saw back in 1978, Devo, Sex Pistols, Clash, Dead Boys, etc. and the Austin scene was very fertile with the Dicks and The Huns and forty other bands, and then I found Crass, and then *Fresh Fruit* (DKs), then Black Flag toured through in a van, doing it underground which was a brand new thing. Our guitar player Ron loved the Bad Brains and The Who. Al on drums loved Billy Cobham and was Gene Kruppa style trained and he is a natural lefty. If you ever saw Al's paradiddles they are upside down, inside out, fucking unique.

Who are some of the newer bands on the scene who you dig?

DD: Newer bands, ahhhh, I really like the Toxic Narcotic/Aus Rotten /React bands. I'm a crusty at heart, it's where I'm most comfortable. I love Tribe 8 a lot too. I like things that are rough and sincere

How do you feel about the current scene opposed to how it was in the "old school?"

DD: Not to sound like an old jaded fuck which I am sure I will come off sounding like anyway, the current scenes are like retreads of retreads of days gone by, nothing is gonna take the place of 1979-1984 punk hardcore. That all went down the tubes though, so what the fuck? There was a time when I thought (we thought) that we were all one: Bad Brains, Misfits, DKs, DRI, Agnostic Front, and then it became apparent we were not all the same and things splintered and through the years kept splintering till here we are Warped Tours, Sick of it Alls, Green Day at Woodstock, and Blink 182 showing us their ten sports cars on MTV. We could philosophize for hours about it try to be a band for all seasons, yet realize MDC is an old time political, crusty punk, hardcore band. The other night we played a bar in Long Island in Port Jefferson station and there were three times as many bar flies as MDC friends. But it was very cool cause it was a challenge not to play to all these folks that knew us. So we started talking about the cops not earning their money in Long Island, about how the cops were waiting for us to DWI at the end of the night while there was probably a dozen Mafia poker games going on at that moment, shit that just rang true to this straighter than usual crowd and then all at once, they dug it, were hooting and hollering like when the Blues Brothers play rawhide in the redneck bar. That was fun, everyone is not so stupid, take the chip off your shoulder and people are ready to hum dead cops...So I guess this is an appeal for common ground...to look to our commonalities in these music scenes.

What's the most common misconception people have about MDC?

DD: Aaashhhhhh I don't know...people ask me all the time what happened to the old singer of MDC...it's kinda funny about gossip ... I know a ton about what people say about Biafra or Ian Mckaye but people don't share with me about me.

Are MDC's lyrics autobiographical?

DD: Well most of them aren't, some are...some of them are straight up reality checks ..like... "Business on Parade" ...it's a business swindle... but ahhhhh "American Achievements" (the institutionalized kid) and "I Remember" (police killed my father and I'm an outlaw too) aren't. They are kinda what-if tales or stuff we heard about like in "Drink To Forget" about this crazy Vietnam vet we met on the streets in Madison, Wisconsin and asked why he was so crazy and we got this earful. Did the name of the band stem from a personal experience? Well, we lived in Austin, Texas from 1976-1982 and that town was like an oasis compared to the rest of the shit that happens there. Like the Klan, the Montrose section of Houston and the killing of farmworkers... There are whole towns that the mayor, the police chief and the judge are in the same family ...like the King family who own Purina dog food and own a 60 mile block of land south of Galveston. They run everything...it's why Bo Diddley wrote the "Midnight Special." it's something to experience...it's a big scary state ...a lot of people here have never been anywhere else.... plus a friend of mine and Al's, Tate Bryant was shot in the back by a cop after robbing a drug store at college in Tampa Florida...he died for 75 Quaaludes.

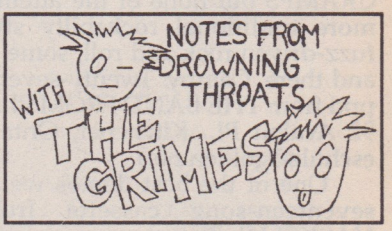
Any plans for new recordings or touring?

DD: Hell, always, but it's been happening slowly .... I work and go to school, plus I'm a single parent to a teenager, which if you are one you can relate. Come summer I free up a whole hell of a lot, my son visits family in Oregon for seven weeks... and we look to tour with Toxic Narcotic, maybe with Chaos UK in the USA, and I'll be able to get moving on a busier schedule maybe Europe...for now we practice once sometimes two times a week and play out twice a month. Doesn't sound like much, but I'm busy... and releasing this MDC, Now More Than Ever anthology with four new songs by December, 30 songs in all, on CD, 12" and cassette.

What's your view on people eating animals?

DD: This 44-year-old dude is a 26- year vegetarian, did a vegan thing for four or five years... but going around pointin' your fingers at people can be polarizing and people need to change at their own pace...I've lived with confirmed meat eaters and watched them evolve into vegetarians despite witnessing them pound on their chests and listen to their testimonials about how they love steak and no one's gonna stop them, then watch them unable to eat their yogurt cause they eat so little dairy and their stomachs can't handle it.

What's the weirdest thing that ever happened to you or MDC?
DD: A lot of weird things have happened through 1400 gigs and 20 years of touring as Millions of Dead Cops. Some are people power with the authorities backing down, others are horror stories, cops threatening us with death, locking up parts of the band without arresting us, having to get lawyers and file writs of habeus corpus, forcing them to charge or release us, tours ruined, thousands of dollars in bail, lawyer money, lost gig revenue... My favorite is the human stuff that happens. When it works out in a positive way, like at the US border coming home from Canada, being sent with this young border guard to get butt searched by his older, superior, and me just softly saying, "This isn't right and do you really want to finger my butt?" then talking and realizing we have the same birthday and just killing five minutes, and not doing the search, then coming out of the room and him telling his boss all clean...little victories but all the same victories. A lot of little anecdotes where the big bad man didn't really want to act like the big bad man when it came down to it.
Do you believe inanimate object have souls?
DD: Yeah why not, music has soul, art does...the pyramids. The tomb of Hebron, cave people art in the caves of Spain and France... an on going spirit... and at other times I see people as soulless. I can go back and forth on this topic, I'm feeling somewhat hopeful lately.... Back in the day in 1982, I thought music was gonna change the world and good shit was gonna come out of us doing all this energy...then by the '90s I lost all that, now I wonder why a comet doesn't put us all out of our misery...like worrying about global warming, the last great American whale or the rainforests, its so fucking sad. And who is behind it all, why the illuminati and its black helicopters is gonna do whatever it wants and snuff whoever they feel like snuffing. If they can lie to us about the Kennedy assassination and Martin Luther King for forty years and then the truth just comes out, then they'll lie about AIDS/Ebola and whatever the fuck else they want to. I kinda believe this cult created God so they could revel in their antichrist and their fucked up death rituals. That sounded weird to me once, but then I think about it late at night in bed and after a while it doesn't seem so far fetched.
Do you believe in God and/or Satan?
DD: Ahhh father sky, mother earth.
What's your pleasure?
DD: Music is pretty fucking great, I've been strumming guitar for 30 years and it's a nice feeling to cheer people up and help them feel less lonely or more empowered about stuff, as for fantasy, I'm not sure any more, I was in a relationship for years and years and watched it unravel due in large to my own desire to get to an altered/fantasy-like state that eventually made a lot of things come crashing down. Can I trust myself with my highs, my fantasies, demons? It'd be nice to raise my kid, get him going on something he digs. A lot of cobwebs there that need light and time to heal. I fantasize about being an archeologist someday, or studying animals somewhere. Getting into a relationship that was tight, that shared a mutual love/work interest with someone and for it to be loving and secure yet free and beautiful!
What's your view on the welfare system?
DD: Shit I loved welfare in SF, I stayed on General Assistance for quite a bit. It always freaked me out about people hating welfare people. Savings and Loans scandals involving multi millionaires for billions of billions of dollars, and everyone doesn't blink at someone on welfare with a Cadillac, kill em all. I've spent about a year of my life in Holland and Germany and to have friends get grants to be an artist is quite a beautiful thing, not everyone needs to be a worker had work for the sake of work is stupid for me it might work for some people, but not me. And I raise a kid and it is a struggle on one adult's salary (if it's under $30,000 a year). I've been working my ass off to pay for health care, dentist, rent an apartment, insure a car...we all know this.
What's your view on violence at shows?
DD: Violence at the shows has always been a fucking horrible deal unless like in the very beginning that it was about protecting ourselves from outside rednecks. I'm glad I missed the NY Eastside bullshit for the most part. It was very sad; being even an outsider and bear even a tiny witness to what took place during the 1989-1990 fag bashing hate core thing or whatever it was. A few times we skipped playing NY because it was so awful—power to the ABC No Rio people that created a safe place to regroup.
Have you ever pissed on the grave of a dead cop?
DD: Never pissed on a cop's grave. I was arrested in NYC in the subways for graffitti-ing Millions of Dead Cops stuff, spent three days in the tombs (NYC holding center not shown on Law and Order), what a treat. We played with the DKs back in '83 at the Lincoln memorial, 5,000 people, riots, it was very intense.
Any last comments?
DD: Enjoy yourself, your health, be true, be blue, it's your life, you get only so many minutes. Don't get old before your time, stay an artist and a free thinker, dream of a better place than this, and kill the cop in yourself. Hopefully sooner or later the rest will follow.



Well, this is our last demo tape column. It's time to hand it back to the amazing Ms Yanke. It's been great sitting in for her while she took a couple months to build a nest egg and play the stock market back East. But, it's probably a good thing that she's taking this column back while it was still shiny and new to us and not just another deadline. Even though this column is changing hands again, the address stays the same: PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. Don't send her any corporate rock crap or advance copies of "official" releases. Just keep sending her your best DIY recordings on cassette or CD-R.

We received a shitload of hardcore punk rock this time 'round. Edmond, Oklahoma's BURNPILE sent in a cassette full of hardcore thrash that reminded us of early CHRIST ON A CRUTCH. Anger, anarcho-punk rhythms, a commitment to straight-edge, and just a touch of metal/crossover thrash. The whole thing set to 240 beats per minute. Awesome. And, unlike a lot of bands that claim the edge, Burnpile also have some great lyrics full of desperation and a dark outlook that almost borders on what you'd expect from a death metal band. It's a hell of a combination. (BURNPILE, c/o Ross Adams, 201 W. 6th, Edmond, OK 73003)

CAPTAIN COATHANGER are a hardcore band with more of a late-eighties feel to them. Take that old school sound being made popular again by bands like the GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS, add a lot of low end to the vocals, and throw in a little bit of skate punk and

metal/rocknroll, and you can get an idea what their five-song CD-R is like. (CAPTAIN COATHANGER, c/o N. Gates, 25562 Dana Mesa SJC (San Juan Capistrano?), CA 92675, elninomuerto@aol.com)

England's WINNEBAGO DEAL are a hardcore band with much more of a rock and roll feel to them, kind of like POISON IDEA after their total thrash period but before they became totally self-indulgent bar rockers. There are also some pretty noticeable TURBO NEGRO influences in this three-song cassette. The production is raw and high-energy, with the vocals sounding like they were recorded through a phone line. Song titles include"Nitro Ground Shaker," "Harold's Dewlaps," and "Redneck." You get the idea and you know if this is your thing or not. (WINNEBAGO DEAL, c/o Ben Thomas, 12 Spare Acre Lane, Eynsham, Witney, Oxford, OX8 1 NH, England)

San Francisco's MISO MILITIA fall on the more-snotty-than-raging end of the hardcore spectrum. Their five-song demo reminded us of that TRAITORS/FORCE split EP, or what you'd get if both those bands became one. Spastic and fast and indignant with lyrics along the lines of "If you weren't such a fucking moron/ I think I'd like you." ($1 plus two stamps from MISO MILITIA, 2026 Green St., San Francisco, CA 94123, benbagel@gamebox.net)

THE EVILS' seven-song CD-R falls firmly into that category of bad boy rock whose aesthetic revolves around skulls, flames, and blood, but with a handful of patriotic images thrown in as well. Lots of guitar licks and vocals that sound like SAMHAIN-era Danzig. (evils@rockandrollsf.com)

THE BAND FROM PLANET X sound exactly like you'd expect this two-piece unit to sound: like THE CRAMPS but none of the attempts at eeriness and with more traditional rockabilly style vocals. Psychedelic, fuzz-driven rock and roll, some sixties surf rhythms here and there. Campy. Twenty-seven songs on one CD-R. ($5 ppd from THE BAND FROM PLANET X, c/o Eric Schulz, 92 Avalon Pl., Kitchener, Ontario, Canada, N2M 4N7, eschulz@golden.net)

One of the best demos we saw this month was the seventeen-song cassette from Oakland's EDDIE HASKELLS. These guys are good, very punk. At times their songs had a street punk feel to them, with catchy guitar riffs and singalong choruses. At other times, their songs were almost straight-up hardcore. In all cases, there was an underlying old-school feel. Punk in every direction and fucking awesome, too.(THE EDDIE HASKELLS, c/o Rich, 77 Glen Ave. #208, Oakland, CA 94611)

The "Cheap Guitars and Cheaper Fun" CD-R comp comes with the latest issue of "GarageLand" zine and features 7 punk-rock-and-roll bands, including SHOOT 'EM DOWN, THE 3D'S, THE BITTER PILLS, THE RUNAROUNDS, SUCKERPUNCH, LOS MUERTOS, and UBANGI STOMP. Ass-grindin' party music, soulful 60's garage rock, and stripped-down, minimalist rock and roll. Consistently good across the board with Shoot 'Em Down, The Runarounds, and Los Muertos contributing some especially fine songs. ($5 ppd from GarageLand, 1214 McKinley Ave., Huntsville, AL 35801)

THE EX-IDOLS' CD-R, "Whoweare," was the hardest release for us to review this month. About half the songs have that particular strain of pop influences that for early NYC punk bands came across as paying homage to traditional rock music but over the decades came to inspire legions of so-called pop-punk bands. These songs are pop-punk all right, but more in the vein of old-school, mid-tempo power-pop and in a more primitive, less derivative incarnation than some bands these days. The other half of the songs, the ones Jax liked best, are straight-up rockers with drums like an oncoming train and speeding guitar lines. Shit, there's even a rock ballad or two on this. (www.ex-idols.com)

From the emo end of the spectrum this month we received a really good five-song CD-R from Cleveland's PROLETARIAN ART THREAT. The songs are pounding, thundering, and fast, reminiscent of bands like RYE COALITION (when they decide to kick the music into gear) or NATION OF ULLYSSES, but with more emphasis on rock and roll. The vocals were incredible, intelligible despite the speed and emotion of the singer. Barely restrained chaos as music. Fucking terrific. (Ron Kretsch, attn: PROLETARIAN ART THREAT, 941 Jefferson, Cleveland, OH 44113, proletariat@mindless.com)

RED REACTION sent in a two-song gem for review this month. From the hand-stamped sleeve to the punchy rhythms that know just when to catch and grab and kick forward, this CD-R reminded us of that genre of punk that borrows just the right qualities from emo music and turns them its own ends. Like VERBAL ASSAULT, but with angrier, more passionate vocals. Excellent. (RED REACTION, c/o Bill, 20 Vernon St., Holyoke, MA, 01040, EndxRacism@aol.com)

And, speaking of emo, OUTPLAY sent in a demo CD-R full of that clean aesthetic and fast, tight, and highly melodic music that we'll always associate with straight-edgers in their post-teen years. Aside from Outplay's consistently fast, high-energy music, what makes this CD-R stand out from others of its ilk is the way that Outplay have used dual-vocals. One singer holds tightly to melodies while the other hammers out lines like the singer in a crust band. This is one to send on to Tom Hopkins. (OUTPLAY, 498 Oak Ave #5, New Orleans, LA 70123)

England's OFFTARGET sent in a three-song CD-R from that same realm of emo. Emo and indie rock and pop punk (of the JAWBREAKER variety) are all sewn up with tight rhythms. Musically, FUGAZI and FUEL are all over the place, while the vocals reminded us more of LEATHERFACE or even NIRVANA with their gruff-yet-whined style. If we had to some this one up in a word, it'd be "Bivouac." (OFFTARGET, c/o Paul Rivers, 15 Captain Walk, Two Mile Ash, Bucks, MK8 8HH, ERngland, offtarget@cybertown.com)

Wow. Suddenly, it's so quiet. No more demos to review and no more on their way to us. How sad. Just like the first few moments after the last song at a high-school dance. Keep sending those demos in to Erin, though. You know the address: PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207.

SISTERS ARE DOIN IT FOR THEMSELVES! That's right girlfriend! It's time we said it loud and we said it proud! Ack! It's Monday! Mondays are the WORST! That ain't gonna stop us girlfriend! HELLO! God can somebody PLEASE get me some chocolate? I mean I need it but DO I REALLY NEED IT? HELLO! I might as well just slap this fudge on my thighs because THAT'S WHERE ITS GONNA END UP ANYWAYS! ACK!

Gossip time! Hello! Tom and Nicole broke up! He's MINE! Attention Tom Cruise! Brad and Julia? A couple? I bet they had SEX! How about those Temptators from Temptation Island? Give me a few minutes alone with

that hunk Danno and I'll be covered in CUM! But what about that Tom? Who cares? DANNO!! DANNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Danno! Danno takes what Danno wants! Danno is the alpha male! Danno only cares about one person! Danno!

OSCAR TIME! By the time this comes out the Oscars will be over so I thought it'd be fun to give you MY Oscar predictions! Best picture: Steel Magnolias! Best Actor: HELLO! Clooney! Best Actress: Meg Ryan! Did you see You Got Mail? Adorable! Fucking goddamn Christ shitting adorable! Too bad her costar was that fat blob Tom Hanks! Hello? Is this bad casting I'm speaking with? It is? Great, I'd just like to say HELLO WHAT WERE YOU THINKING? Best supporting actor: Benicio Del Toro! Arrrribaaaa! Undale undale e-i e-i uh ooooh! I don't know what movie he was in BUT WHAT A GREAT NAME! 'Hola senor my llamo Belicio Del Toro! Matador y romancer of women!" Toro! Toro! Best supporting actress? That adorable little Crouching Tiger girl! Hello! What I would give to fall in love with a mysterious bandit who steals my comb....and my HEART! Wait! Ack! Who needs men! Hey I lost 200 pounds since my divorce....200 pounds of worthless MAN! HELLO! Best supporting actress: I vote for JULIA ROBERTS for her role in Notting Hill! Ha ha ha that Hugh Grant! FORGET ABOUT IT! HAHAHAHAHA!

Now its time I brought up a few fucking fashion trends that make me fucking want to vomit all over myself. I CANNOT STAND this whole "glam cutesy metal slut" look. All those fruity Paul Frank t-shirts with little cute skulls on them are fucking retarded. In fact I'm just sick of the whole goddamn glam thing. "Oooh I'm a big glamorous glam-glammy glam star! Look at my ridiculous bedazzled Judas Priest shirt that I paid $50 for at Fred Segals. FAAAART! I'm into being GLAMOROUS! La La La I'm a big fat glitter shitting retard, someone stomp-fuck me! La la la! Look at my shiny boots and my funny makeup! I'm a glitzy STAR who's on top of the world and drinks out of the fucking gutter! Looky loo! I'm dancing on top of the big blocks at a club! Everyone wants to be me! La la la la! My crap is shiny and I rub it all over my face!" THAT'S YOU! GET READY TO FUCKING DIE! YOU DON'T MAKE FRIENDS WITH SALAD! YOU DON'T MAKE FRIENDS WITH SALAD!

Here's the typical goddamn GLAM outfit: some dumb shirt which is either a 'funny' metal shirt from the 80's or some studded shirt that says "lil devil" or 'porn star', or 'slut'. Why not just wear a shirt that says "filthy fucking rapist!" that would be fucking cute too? Anyways then for pants they have some tight ass denim jeans or some red 'molested child' jeans with rips in the knees. Then its tons of jelly bracelets, spiked wristbands, shitty makeup and a haircut that looks like you just spent the night getting buttfucked and you're doing the walk of shame back home. ARRRRRGHHHH!!!! It's boring, it's just fucking booooring and it just makes you look like you're a filthy fucking diseased knobhead. If you're going to wear shirts with skulls on them you'd better at least be tough too. So from now on whenever you see some indie rock nerd sarcastically wearing a Manowar shirt you fucking give them the slapping they deserve. Some of us truly enjoy Manowar's music and ideals. All other wimps and posers leave the hall. 4446 Finley Ave #201 Los Angeles, Ca 90027 jringhoff@email.msn.com. Oh and a few more things 1) HAIL AND KILL, 2) PACIHL MEANS YOU'RE FUCKING DEAD.

"Our long national nightmare is over."

—Gerald Ford taking office after Nixon's resignation, 1974

Our long national nightmare is merely beginning.

Under occupation by a criminal gang of usurpers, the political instability resulting from a botched election plunging the economy into a crisis of unknown proportions, the Fourth Estate's credibility destroyed as it deliberately ignores the biggest—*the only*—story that matters, the American system of governance is in the midst of its greatest crisis of confidence since the Civil War.

Yet: To read the paper or listen to the radio or watch TV or surf the Web, you'd never know that anything was wrong. If no one talks about the problem, maybe it'll just...go...away. Welcome to Ostrich Nation.

For the first time in the history of this republic, most Americans do not recognize the man residing at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue as president. And try as he might to act like one—proposing bills, giving speeches, bombing enemy nations—George W. Bush simply doesn't possess the strength of personality or the force of will to convince us otherwise. Oddly, Bush's authority relies on Democratic politicians and supposedly liberal journalists, all of whom fear that unmasking Bush as an emperor with no votes risks dismantling their own tenuous hold on power. If presidential elections result in illegitimate presidents, after all, the same can be said of congressional races. Eventually, all of the fictions that hold our society together—that we're all created equal, that a rectangular piece of paper is worth a dollar—could collapse. People questioning everything is called revolution. When the mob comes looking for your ass, it doesn't much matter if you're a wealthy white conservative corporate suck-up or a wealthy white liberal corporate suck-up—you end up twisting in the wind either way.

But crises deferred are not crises departed. At some point during the next four to eight years, someone will dare to note that Bush is more Resident than President. In a perfect world this would happen soon, or better yet that the Generalissimo would go back to executing Texas prison inmates, but our national predilection for procrastination makes it likely that in 2004 we'll undergo the farce of a reelection campaign for a guy who was never elected in the first place. Whether in 2005 or 2009, some new Democrat—or, conceivably, a Republican—will determine whether the Y2K election fiasco ultimately culminates with sociopolitical implosion or allows the grand American experiment to continue.

First and foremost, the next legitimately-elected president—if our system can still produce such a creature—should upon assuming office sign an executive order invalidating all laws, executive orders and regulations passed during the Bush regime. The Bush Residency, while a fascinating subject of political study, ought to be expunged from the official historical record. Since he was installed by a rogue Supreme Court in an illicit extraconstitutional maneuver, George W. Bush represents a grotesque detour from democracy. Accordingly, his name must be purged from lists of elected presidents, never to be immortalized by statues, images or his name on airports or schools.

Furthermore, the men and women who served as political appointees in the illegal Bush interregnum

should be banned for life from government service. Their opportunism and vacuous cynicism hardly rises to the level of treason, but their singular lack of integrity—amply proven by working for a "president" who assumed power through sleazy back-door deals—must not be rewarded. This particularly includes Dick Cheney and members of Bush's pseudo-cabinet.

Finally, those five members of the Supreme Court who conspired to install an unelected Republican as president should be brought up on impeachment charges. Only a full Congressional investigation, with its careful review of documents and eyewitnesses, can reveal exactly how and why these jurists abdicated their duty to the Constitution in such a transparently political ploy and whether any of them deserves to keep his job. The public deserves to know exactly what happened that fateful weekend the nation's highest court suspended the vote count in Florida.

President Clinton's successor (who has, of course, yet to be elected) will face an enormous challenge. He (or she) will have to restore trust in democracy, the economic system and in America itself. It will be extraordinarily tempting to "just move on," in the popular parlance of idiots, and "get over it." History moves on, but unaddressed problems fester with ever-increasing malignancy the longer they're ignored. Wiping the slate clean is the only appropriate response to a presidency that never was and never should have been. It shows respect for the law and an understanding of history, not to mention a maturing of our political process.

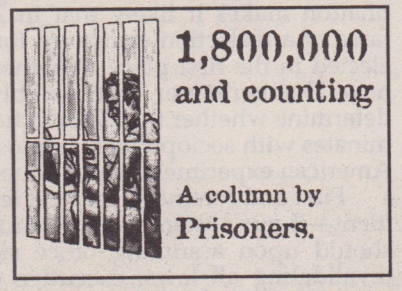
Naturally, there is no fucking way that this will happen.

I have two books coming out in May, at your local comic shop and online:

"2024", a hardback 96-page graphic novel (NBM Publishing), updates George Orwell's "1984" to the present in a similar format to 1998's "My War With Brian."

"Search and Destroy" (Andrews & McMeel Publishing), a paperback 160-page collection of my cartoons from 1995 to 2000.

If you want signed copies of one or both books, send $16.95 per copy of "2024" and/or $10.95 per copy of "Search and Destroy" plus $3.95 priority mail shipping FOR EACH BOOK to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108. Remember—books come out in MAY, not before.



Who is a Punk?

On almost a daily basis, this guy and I discuss Punk rock. And what it used to be like back in Los Angeles where we both grew up and became involved in the scene during the late '70s. Talking about the legendary Germs, and watching Darby fucks shit up at the Masque.. Every day this guy and I bring up a new memory about the old days of the great LA punk scene. But what makes this interaction different from the usual dredging up of long-dead days is this guy. He is a cop. He is a correctional officer and I am his prisoner. What the fuck? This guys isn't some poser jock who used to beat up kids at gigs, but a true old-timer punk rock motherfucker who still spins his DOA 45's and Discharge singles on Clay. He is the keeper and I am the kept.

So I wonder, who is a punk? Does this mean that we have punks in congress, or punks working at NASA? Who is a punk? This pig who keeps me from escaping is a punk and it was hard to swallow at first. I've never encountered this type of shit before. I wanted to deny his background and label him a fake and a poser, but what gives me the right? Am I more punk rock than this man with a badge because I'm a convict and he is a cop? This guy has been involved with punk rock for the same 20 + years as I have and it was wrong for me to discriminate in my mind against this person, this punk rock cop. I hate cops. But I don't hate this guy. And what the hell? Maybe we will have a punk rock president one of these days. Jello Biafra? So every day this guard comes to my cell and we talk about the old days and the new scene. I offered him a copy of MRR, but he declined. He already has it. Fucking cops.

Y-2-Kaos. I'll let you know what kind of shit broke loose inside of this prison in the next prisoners column. I"m anticipating a futile uprising. Nowhere to run.. maybe I'll get lucky and just sleep through it. I'll wake up, it will be the middle of January 2000 and that punk rock guard will let me go - or at least bring in the 9 Shocks Terror EP or some Kings of Punk to rock in the New Year.

I remember the first show I went to, and the first show I missed due to incarceration. PIL and the Plugz played at the Olympic Auditorium in LA in 1979. Watching Johnny on stage oblivious to the barrage of spit assaulting him was an amazing sight, especially for a 13 year old high on acid for the first time. I was fucking appalled! The next day at Bancroft Jr High School (in Hollywood) I cried during lunch break. This punk rock stuff had shattered my view of the little world I lived in, and opened my eyes to a weird, fascinating alternative where I could express myself and even spit on Johnny on stage if I wanted to. So I cut off my long hair and replaced my Led Zeppelin shirts with ripped up shit from the thrifty shops around town. Within a month from that summers night in '79 when I became punk rockitized I was sneaking into shows at the Whiskey and Starwood, and hanging out with Darby and other punks in the City of Angels. My roots had been established.

The first show I recall missing due to incarceration was 'Damaged' and 'Fear' at CBGBs. The night before the show I had been shot with a .357 Magnum in Battery Park and was in Bellevue prison ward recovering. This was in 1984.

Now, 15 years later I consider myself to be very fortunate. I've missed a lot of shows, but I'm still alive and that in its own is amazing. With 3 bullet holes, numerous stabbings, and 17 years of sticking needles in my arm I have grown pretty humbled and grateful.

Prison holds a lot of dark and creepy characters as you all know. It is home to a host of sick bastards and I've lived in the same cells with a few notable numbers. Wally Kelbach was hands down the winner of the Sick Cell mate Award. I only lived with Wally for 2 days, but 48 hours was enough. Wally committed 6 murders in a 5 day killing spree 2 days before Christmas in 1966. He was sentenced to die by firing squad but escaped the bullet when the US Supreme Court overturned all death sentences in 1972. Wally murdered in cold blood 6 kids, cutting off their genitals for the final touch of his sick ass little spree. Now Wally is a fat old man who has spent 34 straight years in prison and will die here.

I'm a firm believer in Human Rights and let's just say that my flag is black but I'm swinging both ways on the death penalty issue. Free Mumia and all political prisoners, kill the rest?!? I'm sure a lot of Anarchists would like to slap my hand for saying this, but then they never had

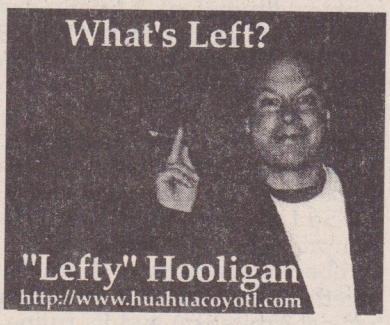
to live in a cell with some cold blooded murderer or creepy child molesters. I'm not talking NAMBLA shit here, I'm talking about hard core baby rapists. Line 'em up and shoot them. I'm in prison because of my heroin problem, and have done 14 years on and off, mostly for my addiction and I see child molesters getting off in a few years. There's over 1,800.000 motherfuckers locked up in various holes in this nation, and more than half are in for non-violent property crimes. Prisons are full, and the system is full of shit. This problem isn't going away any time soon and the prison system is growing like malignant growth on the tax payers ass. I'm not telling you something that you don't already know. Time marches on. Prison has become home and there's a whole lot of people in this house.

Well MaximumRocknReaders, it's time for me to call it a day and end yet another splatter of words for the prisoners column. Stay strong, stay active, and don't get caught! Much respect to MaximumRocknRoll, Dave Dictor, and all of the Punx and Skins world wide.

Punx for life.

Jimi Germ

You can contact me at: James Owens, ID# 50700, Purgatory Correctional Facility, 750 South 5400 West, Hurricane Utah, 84737 USA



I take off May 1st every year, in honor of International Workers Day. You know, May Day. I'm a commie after all, and while I don't want anything to do with the strident military parades that were the staple of May Day demonstrations in Leninist-style Communist countries, past and present, I still respect the history of American labor struggles for the eight-hour work day at the end of the 19th century that crowned the first of May a workers' holiday that's celebrated around the world.

I take a vacation day or conveniently call in sick on May 1st when it falls in the work week. At my present job for a liberal hip capitalist, I'll take a day of "personal time." The point is, not to go to work on May Day. The point is to make every work day May Day.

As a commie, I'm all for workers emancipating themselves as a class and abolishing wage labor. This resolute working class stance is what I've distilled into the "Lefty" Hooligan *nom de guerre*, although my personal experiences with class are a bit more complex than the Hooligan line would have you believe. Take my personal circumstances and aspirations, to start.

I do wage labor 7/40. Nothing new here. I've been a wage slave all my working life, when I wasn't actively avoiding work. This time however, I'm a well paid wage slave. By the skewed standards propagated by the American ruling class and accepted by most American workers, I'm solidly middle class, and that's if I had a wife and two point five kids. I could easily earn half again what I'm now making, except that I've chosen to trade off for a much less stressful IT job with a hip, slightly new agey publishing company. Even getting paid less than market value, I could shave a decade off the forty plus years capitalism claims for our survival. I'm tantalized by the possibility of retiring early to a life of writing by combining my current good fortune with a couple of job related IRA's and 401K's and what my parents left me when they died.

Wage labor is what defines me as working class. Wage labor is a statement about my relationship to the means of production in Marxist terms. I own nothing except my labor, skilled though it is, which I sell to somebody who owns a factory or other business for a wage in order to survive. Marx initially based the movement toward communism on what he considered the vanguard of the entire working class, the industrial proletariat which he saw as constantly expanding so that society would eventually be divided into just two conflicting classes; the industrial working class and the capitalist ruling class. Toward the end of Marx's life however, he studied the growing importance of white collar workers and "commercial wage laborers," and came to understand the significance of these flourishing upper strata of the working class to advanced capitalism in western Europe. Marx fully grasped that capitalism, instead of polarizing society, was actually multiplying society's middling layers and blurring the line between the working class and the middle classes, which in Marx's day consisted of small shop owners, craftsmen and artisans, professionals, teachers, managers, engineers and government workers.

It was Lenin who made a fetish out of industrial workers and fulminated against the "labor aristocracy" based on the backward conditions of Russia at the turn of the last century. Not only did Lenin convert Marx's original premise—that capitalism would polarize society into two warring classes—into a law carved in stone, he also contended that higher paid workers such as union bureaucrats in particular and unionized workers in general could be easily bought off and pitted against the union rank and file and non-unionized workers, to the benefit of capital. Thus Leninism in the United States is in the sketchy position of trying to organize a vanguard out of the industrial proletariat, which amounts to merely ten percent of the workforce, or of dismissing white workers altogether as unrevolutionary because they've been coopted by the spoils of American imperialism. So while I am thoroughly working class by Marx's broad criteria, narrow-minded Leninists would consider my working class credentials marginal at best, given my income and the color of my skin.

These "objective" class standards must not be confused with "subjective" class consciousness. Workers certainly can be deluded with false consciousness, as is the case with most of the American working class where even burger flippers at MacDonald's consider themselves middle class. And while few would dispute that my long-term desires to abolish capitalism, wage labor, class society, the state and national borders are communist, there is the little matter of my more immediate rebellion against work. Marx, no less than Lenin, considered work to be central to human existence, and so my lifelong efforts to avoid wage labor as well as my current efforts to retire early are suspect, and perhaps tainted by *bourgeois* sentiment. according to my detractors. It took a renegade Marxist, Marx's brother-in-law Paul LaFarge, to acknowledge the strong working class hostility toward work in his book *The Right to be Lazy*.

While my stance is solidly working class then, my personal class circumstances and aspirations are more complicated. This is partly due to the complexity of American capitalism and the US class structure, but it also has a lot to do with my family background. Both my parents were born in Poland; my mother into a European middle class family and my father into minor aristocracy.

After both endured forced labor in Nazi concentration camps during the second World War, my father joined the US Army and my parents immigrated to America. I was around by then, and we were a very poor, working class family in my childhood. My father worked as a guard at night while he attended college, and we lived in low income, racially mixed Daly City neighborhoods until I was six. Thanks to the GI bill, my parents always owned their own home, and then my father got a job in government civil service. We moved to southern California, and it was uphill from that point on. My parents were middle class by the time I was a teenager, and upper middle class by the time I left home. They were the quintessential American rags-to-riches immigrant success story. Not only was I raised by parents with European non-working class sensibilities, I've also experienced the spectrum of American society from working to upper middle class in growing up.

I have very mixed experiences with regard to the various elements—class background, class circumstances, class aspirations and class stance—that constitute a Marxist definition of what is working class. I like to think this has helped me avoid the absurdities of a crude, dogmatic, vulgar Marxism. I also like to think this has helped me appreciate the proletarian revolt against work that both Marx and Lenin ignored. It's possible to find aspects of Marxist thought that dovetail nicely with a class wide rebellion against work of course. Marx considered the working class's self-emancipation of itself as a class to be simultaneously the self-abolition of itself as a class. The elimination of wage labor went hand in hand with the reduction of socially necessary labor—the labor required to keep society functioning—to a bare minimum according to Marx. And Marx's use of the term praxis to signify the means by which we define ourselves, our society and the world goes far beyond mere labor to encompass all productive activity, to include play, creative expression, even reflective meditation.

Yet Marxism has its limits, precisely because Marx placed such an inordinate emphasis on work as crucial to human identity. The brilliant post-Marxist, Andre Gorz, takes to task a number of Marx's other assumptions, such as the working class's socialization of the means of production, in his hard-to-find book *A Farewell to the Working Class*. Clearly, I'm willing to admit to limitations and complexities that bring Marxism up short at the beginning of the 21st century. So why then do I bother calling myself a Marxist at all?

Jeff Bale once remarked in an interview with Rev. Tinear in *Angry Thoreauan* #26 that I was "continually refighting Marxist ideological battles from the 1920s and 1930s. Why would somebody who is intelligent bother doing that? After all, those ideas were reactionary and stale even in the 1930s." Never mind that this comes from someone who declares himself a radical individualist and who back-handedly defends capitalism as the worst possible economic system, except for all the others; philosophies that were born in the 18th century and came into their own in the 19th. Jeff Bale is quite wrong on purely factual grounds, as usual. Needless to say, my uncompromising critiques of Maoism and "socialist struggles for national liberation," both of which arose after the second World War, would not have been possible in the 1920's and 1930's. Nor would my highly critical analysis of Leninist anti-imperialism along cyberpunk lines in my review of James Cameron's *Dark Angel* in March. And my enthusiastic championing of the still inchoate working class revolt against work is hardly Marxist orthodoxy, then or now. So why is my commitment to Marxism subject to such opprobrium?

It can't be because Marxism is a 19th century political philosophy and therefore hopelessly outdated. As I noted above, Bale's philosophical antecedents go much further back than that. Perhaps it's because I'm unable to conceive of "innovative and non-formulaic, non-dogmatic approaches to political and social issues;" a crime I share not only with Jeff Bale, but with almost everybody writing in the field of political commentary these days, by the way. No one, to my reading, has managed to escape the dead weight of thinking conceived in the 18th and 19th centuries. Both modern liberalism and conservatism have their origins in this dim past. Twentieth century Leninism built upon 19th century Marxism, and even that ostensibly 20th century phenomenon known as fascism had distinct roots in the previous century. Let's not even talk about that shambling, hoary shibboleth called anarchism. Various fascistic, libertarian or conventional attempts to combine left and right haven't managed to create a dynamic new synthesis in any dialectical sense. And postmodernism is a bad joke masquerading as an academic discipline. While historians can still debate whether the "modern era" began with the French Revolution of 1789 then, there can be little controversy over the philosophical straight jacket in which that era has left us.

I'd like nothing better than to transcend these philosophical limitations. I briefly describe entirely new leftist movements in the early 21st century based on political ecology in the second novel I'm currently working on, in which the overarching metaphor of symbiosis becomes fundamental to their politics. I'm not a Karl Marx however. I don't have his intellect, discipline, tenacity or political skills, so I'm not likely to transform my science fiction fantasy into a full blown political philosophy.

So I still see in Karl Marx the potential, not only for a comprehensive world view, but also for working people to liberate themselves through organizing and fighting together. I still see in Marxism the capacity for revolution against capitalism and its ruling class, and for abolishing work. I don't follow Marx blindly, nor do I apologize for the absurdities that many Marxists have made of Marx. I've been known to revise and reject aspects of Marxism, such as historical progress and transitional stages, that are simply untenable. I've balanced my Marxism with a wide range of other political sources—left, right and center—as I've balanced my life with a healthy sense of humor and the absurd, so much so that I sometimes call myself a Groucho Marxist. Nor does it escape me that Marx once said: "I am not a Marxist!" I'd be lying however if I didn't own up to how much Marx has influenced my political thinking.

Perhaps, when all is said and done, it's the sheer bugaboo of Marxism that has Jeff Bale's undies in a bunch. It certainly seemed to be a factor during a general *MRR* meeting in 1994, during what Larry Livermore recently called a "crisis at *Maximum Rocknroll*." That was when Tim Yo cut back *MRR*'s scene coverage to only music Tim considered punk, and formally removed Jeff Bale as an *MRR* columnist for being too right-wing. *MRR* was not a democratic institution at the time, and in this it resembled Mordam Distribution or Lookout Records. All three threw a sop towards democracy with general meetings and such, but all three were also run autocratically by single individuals who ultimately made all the organization's important decisions. I was doing a fledgling news column for *MRR* in the old news section around the time of that pivotal meeting, under Tim Yo's instigation I might point out. Tim wanted to feature a lot of small news stories done in three dot journalism style, with plenty of sar-

casm and acerbic humor, and also plenty of left, left analysis. Tim was a Marxist, or more precisely a Maoist, who didn't write columns very frequently or very well. I didn't think much of Tim's Maoism, and no doubt Tim considered my brand of Marxism infantile ultraleft drivel in the details, though in the broad condemnations of capitalism and its ruling class we were allies. I wasn't even a real columnist back then, but I was completely anonymous under the name "Lefty" Hooligan.

Imagine my surprise at that meeting when the debate about Bale's removal got vehement, at least from Jeff's and Larry's corner, with accusations that Tim had a secret agenda to convert the magazine into a propagandistic, RCP rag through yours truly, "Lefty" Hooligan. It was clear from Jeff and Larry's perspective that Marxism automatically equated to propaganda and RCP lunacy, and that one articulate Marxist was enough to transform *MRR* into a clone of the *Revolutionary Worker*. With such an exaggerated Marxist bogeyman in mind, it's little wonder that it took Jeff Bale another five years to realize I wasn't a Leninist, and this despite the obvious evidence in my columns. If Marxism elicits such overblown hostility and fear from the likes of Larry and Jeff, I'm prouder than ever to call myself a Marxist.

By the way, at least two of the three above named punk rock institutions have gone much more democratic in their working structures since 1994. Can you guess which remaining one is still being run autocratically by a single individual?

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com.

Why is it cool to like folk? Ani Difranco? I remember once I made a Frank Sinatra joke and someone in my car thought I was talking about Phranc. I thought to myself, "I can understand not being into making jokes about Sinatra but why the hell would Phranc even be something someone I would hang out with think about at all." The only reason I knew who the hell Phranc was is because she was on Howard Stern once so he could goof on her. Now. THE ONLY REASON YOU SHOULD KNOW WHO ANI DIFRANCO IS, IS BECAUSE YOU READ BILL FLORIO'S COLUMN AND HE GOOFED ON HER.

I was thirteen years old working in a repair shop, pulling gum and dead bugs out of old projectors and this girl who worked in the office was like, "I'm going to see JT! JT!" This girl was only three years older than me and I asked "Who the fuck is JT?" Basically the usual conversation I'd have with her was "You live where? Chappaqua? Where the hell is that?" She said, "JT. You never heard of James Taylor?" I said "Who the fuck is that? I heard of MDC and THE MENTORS and THE MEATMEN and Venom from listening to the radio at four in the morning but why would I listen to something called James Taylor? I asked my dad who said he knew who he was but he didn't like listening to him because his songs were popular when he was in Nam and brought him bad memories. Then he switched Gary Pucket back on. By the way Ayako's cell phone in Tokyo rang a Gary Pucket song one morning and I found it quite surreal.

Anyhow, this girl was a lameo. I mean, they kept the classic rock station on all day long in the shop, and they never ever ever played James Taylor! And no one was complaining, I mean everyone in the shop was ten or twenty years older than me and they were going to see Mister Mister with the Bangles and AC/DC. I just concluded that Chappaqua had fucked with her head and she was just a loser.

Now lets flash to the present, good punk rock is really hard to find, really, good music is hard to find. I don't mind this too much, I still have records I bought three-years ago that I still haven't listened to but I keep running into people who like Ani Difranco and think that it's punk rock. Hmmm, the first time I heard about her was a time I got hate mail from a Riot Grrrl. It was a two page letter in unreadable scrawl, defending Spitboy against my attacks in Greedy Bastard.

Just so you know I still defend my stance on Spitboy. Just to restate, ANYONE WHO WEARS A SPITBOY T-SHIRT IS DISHONEST. At this point in time I doubt they even still make those T-shirts. Ok I just checked ebay, someone named future41 is selling it for $5 and no one has bid on it in 5 days. Phew, I'm glad I got the message through. Oh wow I just checked what else this person is selling and they all fall into the dishonest 1994 emo-phoney category.

OLD GLORY RECORDS T-SHIRT (Just a note the person who runs this label's dad owns a private jet and he let Kevin Egan of 1.6 band jerk off next to him into an old sock)

DO THE RIGHT THING T-shirt original Spike Lee (Hmmm, oh yeah)

GIRLS AGAINST BOYS T-SHIRT ORIGINAL DC PUNK (Hmmm the DC part is even debatable I'm sure they live in Maryland)

JUNCTION T-SHIRT Origl Emo Delta 72 Dischord (Wow a band even worse than Spitboy)

Ok, so you got this future41 person who obviously just got laid off from a gonechapterelevenwebpagemaking company and he needs to sell all the embarrassing things he bought five or six years ago so s/he (this is the new PC way to say he/she it is more compact tho, plus even if it is a he it has an ebay list like a she tho it says DC area so...) doesn't have to ask the parents for rent money, again. This is the type of people that have killed punk rock.

Oh yeah, so this Riot Grrl writes me this hate letter and I write her back saying, "What!? I can't understand anything you wrote." She wrote back apologizing that she was drunk and that she was from Buffalo. So I asked her for a date. She suggested we go to the worst Chinese place in NYC. I excused her because she was from buffalo and she also went to NYU. Although I showed her where a better Chinese place was, like in Chinatown not University Place. She told me she liked Ani Difranco and said she was trying to start up a riot grrl chapter in New York because she didn't have any friends. Anyhow, I kinda felt bad for goofin on her, but if I had heard Ani Difranco , I probably wouldn't have felt so bad.

Oh crap, I was talking about non-baby boomers listening to folk music. Ok, if you're under the age of 50 and you are listening to Folk you have got some serious problems. I mean I can excuse some of the recovering substance abuse users who also have to chant and pray to keep their itch off but really now THERE IS NO EXCUSE!

Your dad's telling you to turn off that crap because he thinks its just weak. Rock N Roll is supposed to be some-

thing that your parents don't like but my parents listen to much more rebellious stuff than you do and that's a fucking problem. I'll take some good Death Metal over JETS TO BRAZIL any damn day of the week. I'll take some 50 year old woman screaming LOVERBOY covers in German over THE GET UP KIDS right now. Shit that sounds good actually, don't forget I made it up. But Del Shannon's Kazoo solo in So Long Baby is so much better than anything that passes for punk nowadays and that's just sad.

Ok, thirteen year olds have the worst taste in music, (and movies PG-13 ugh!) and I've edited Bar Mitzvahs where the kid thinks he's all cool because he asked me to dub Dave Matthews over him doing his Haftorah portion. Now that's lame but everything you do when you're thirteen should be embarrassing when you're 14. Hell, once I decided to use a vinyl cushion as a masturbatory device and ended up losing a large piece of skin off my youknowwhat. But if you're 20 years old dye yer hair a funky color and listen to Ani Difranco, lesbian or no lesbian (not all gay guys like show tunes) you have got one big problem. If you make fun of Hootie and the Blowfish yet listen to THE PROMISE RING you need someone to set yer house on fire or smear dogshit on your car seat. bill@candids.com Write me or bite me.

Thwarted again. After my trip to San Francisco, where spring was already blooming, I was wanted to come home to Richmond's early spring and get busy planting the garden. Inspired by all of the cool plants in the Bay Area, I wanted to get started at home. And a message about the organizational meeting for the community garden got me all ready to go. But the spring weather was quickly pushed aside by winter cold and a threat of the big blizzard of the century. In my now-typical cynicism, I didn't believe it. I mean, it hasn't snowed yet this year (or in the past three). Why would I start to believe the forecasts now? But it really started to materialize and they got to talking about three days of solid snow. I couldn't help but get excited and think that maybe indeed I would have a snow day to indulge in some reading and get some more reviews done for *Slug & Lettuce*.

But it was not to be. The sun is out. Now, don't get me wrong—I'm thrilled. I worship the sun. But every time there has been a forecast of snow, it changes overnight or in a matter of minutes, sometimes into rain, or just simply passes us by. It's snowing in the north and they are having their snow days. I can remember a couple biggies like this when I lived in NYC. In '93 we had over two feet of snow—the kind of snow that is unbelievable and relentless—dumping inches by the hour. What fun it was. Subway lines shutting down and the quiet that spread across the city as all you can hear is falling snow and the fog horns from the river in the background—an ominous sound—that still reminds me of a good snow storm. And then a few years later in '96 we got another biggie, which again was over two feet of snow. I was in Brooklyn that time with a friend who had never seen substantial snow—and we had a blast trekking through the middle of Greenpoint's usually busy streets like we owned the place. And then the neighbors starting fighting over the areas that they had dug their cars out of. When you're in a contained space like that there is no where to put the snow—they ended up plowing it into the river. As soon as one person digs out a car, they bury another. It was kinda funny to watch from a distance as the neighbors all but got into fistfights over parking places.

Now I'm missing out on the fun of snow and it's still way too cold to get planting the lettuce. Though the flower bulbs are starting to poke their heads out and any day now I'll get a good surprise of a field of daffodils downtown.

I did get an awesome dose of energy from my week in the Bay Area. Once again, it was cool to see so many people involved in so many things. Working totally punk jobs and creating their own punk businesses. Of course, with the rents rising out of control, I don't know how anyone can manage it. I got on my recruiting kick, trying to get everyone to move to Richmond. Just think what the difference in $4000 to $300 a month rent would do! But you would miss out on all those great bookstores and good burritos and those rad trees. It's funny though, after so many years of the East Bay being this place that magnetically drew punks from across the world, these days that magnet seems to have shifted north a bit. No one can afford to live in SF anymore—sort of like Manhattan. But even Oakland and Brooklyn are getting almost unaffordable as well. Does this mean we're going to see a rise in small town scenes getting more popular? Well, we already are.

Several times while I was in California, I found myself in amazingly beautiful places: the Redwood forests, the ocean cliffs, the hills of Sonoma Country and the Berkeley hills, and I thought, Fuck punk rock, this is the life right here and now. There is nothing better. I could forsake everything to spend all of my time in this amazing place. And even as I thought that aloud, Karoline said, "But you don't need to." And I know she is right, because I can bring punk rock to the forest and I can bring the forest to punk rock, as many have, as we were doing right then and there. It's interesting to note how sources of inspiration change. Where as once a sea of angry punks in a filthy city lot inspired me with purpose, now a days I find a lot more inspiration in a forest of trees or a field of wildflowers or a majestic mountain. Or the color of new spring plant life. But it's the contrast that really fuels me. Going from one extreme to the other. Walking from the hill top down to the punk club for a show. Or leaving the punkest show on earth and hopping on a train the next day and heading far away from the city. The juxtaposition and bridging of contrasting worlds brings energy to the opposite and makes both extremes all the more meaningful. At least it does for me. I couldn't have one with out the other. California got me so into walking and exploring and eating healthy food that I wanted to forsake all of my schedule and routines to live in my car again and just follow my whim for a road that looked good to take. But I had to get back home to many things, and getting down with the land was one of them.

"This is a song about fists in the air and tears running down the face," said Moe from Zegota as they played their last song. Yeah! I thought. Fists in the air and tears on the face. What a powerful image that evokes. So much of a statement about passion and struggle.

The activist forces are rising to battle the FTAA in April in Quebec City. One of my favorite writers, Starhawk, who has written a number of books including

my favorite, *The Fifth Sacred Sign*, was scheduled to be in Richmond. I had always hoped I'd have a chance to meet her. In one evening I got to see Starhawk talking about how she came to be involved in activism via the WTO protests in Seattle and the current battle against the FTAA. Her thing is to bring magic and ritual to activism, and she led an energy raising against corporate globalism. And following in the timing of a perfect world, I was just in time for the punk rock show at the local info shop where the CrimethInc crew and the band were talking about doing the same thing. Bridging the sea of activism from two totally different perspectives. That is just the sort contrast and juxtaposition that I love, 'cause it brings two parts of my life come together united with one purpose.

Starhawk was talking about how for so long we have looked to some future time when things would get crazy, when the earth would really be threatened, when life on earth would be endangered. As she told a story about places in the world where water is being controlled by corporations; where water is owned, controlled, and for sale; where you can only get the water you need if you can afford it. And we all need water. She laid out the future for us with this story, showing that this is the way of corporate globalization. That time off in the future is now before us. We must integrate changes into our lives if we want to attempt to maintain life as we know it. Especially if we want to preserve resources and maintain balance and autonomy in our lives. Freedom? Makes me think of a story I heard on the radio about how pay phones are being removed from city streets at an increasing rate. Have you noticed? The bottom line is that the phone companies are losing money now that so many people have their cell-phones. One of the arguments made for keeping them was that of safety, due to the number of people who use a public pay phone when they are somehow in danger. And I couldn't help but thing that if "we" follow on the same path we're already on that won't matter, because in a short while there will be security cameras on every street corner anyway. Scary thought, but sadly more real than we might believe.

Starhawk asked us what was the most important thing in our lives. What do we care so much about that it's worth fighting for? And what are we doing in our daily lives to appreciate that which we care about; to preserve what is important; to make sure that it will be safe and preserved? Are we taking the right steps to support and keep that which is important to us? Are we supporting our cause? Are we defending it? Are we fighting for it? Are we making it happen, whatever it is? Not that is has to be a cause; but what are we doing to support what we care so much about?

Sometimes we have to remember how to appreciate, without a fight. Activists all too often need to fight against something and for something, but sometimes just appreciating what we have or what is in front of us is important. Do we actually appreciate what is worth fighting for, before it becomes a fight? Or are we lured to the "fight" and the fight alone. It's important to implement that which is important and meaningful into our lives—so that we can be excited about what we're doing and do what we believe to be meaningful. Likewise, it's important to work towards preservation and sustainability long before it becomes a fight. If we live by example we can hope to become what we wish and dream. Now is the time. Fists in the air and tears on the face.

Chris(tine) c/o Slug & Lettuce, PO Box 26632, Richmond VA 23261-6632

So for all 2 of you who read this here column of mine, you may be wondering, "where was your column in the last issue? My life hangs in the balance...." At first I opted to change my column schedule into an every other month sorta thing. Well, now I've opted for the ultimate sell out.....I'm going to stop writing...at least temporarily.

Why you may ask? I admit, writing a column takes only about 1 hour of my time, and a little mail ordering on my part to include some foreign records/zines/tapes in the column, but in the most part, it was only a little dent in my busy schedule.

Here's the dealios...first off, I'm swamped with work/band/label/life. I work 50 hours a week, run a label by myself, and have 4 bands all playing the same time.....but again, the column didn't take too much time. But it did take inspiration and commitment. The more swamped I get, the less inspired I am to write about some little facet of hardcore that I find amusing. And it's not just the column that has been effected. I recently decided to go exclusive with EBULLITION for my label 625, just because I could not deal with how to ship 15 40lb boxes every weekend to 10 different distros. It was killing me.

More importantly, I'm out of SF for over 3 months. Starting June, WHAT HAPPENS NEXT and LIFES HALT go on a US summer tour. Once this is over, I strap a backpack on my back and head to Europe with my girlfriend...so I wouldn't be able to write during that time anyway. When I do get back, I am planning on writing again, I just need some time away from the column to plan my travels.

Lastly, when I was asked to write, their wasn't any column who would pick up the rejected "metal" sounding stuff....or anyone that focused on the straight edge scene. But now Rob C has returned, as well as Mike Thorn has started writing too.....both of them combined cover the area that I did.

So in the meantime, if you want to get a hold of me, write an email through my website (www.625thrash.com) or (and better yet) if you live in the US, come to a show and say what's up! I'm looking forward to meeting all the new pen pals and seeing all my old friends.

So again, if ya want any news on future 625 releases (which include WHN Second Year CD, WHN / LIFES HALT split Lp, FACE OF CHANGE 2xEP, ETA collection CD, SOCIETY OF FRIENDS LP, LIE LP/CD, REAL REGGAE CD, plus a gazillion comps....and mind you, this is all BEFORE TOUR!) check the website. Until October, I'll see ya in the pit! -Max/625

I come all the way to Illinois to study philosophy, to delve into the greatest thought ever put to paper, so I can say things like, "as Nietzsche said..." and the coolest thing I've herd anybody say (no offense to Nietzsche) comes from Mike Tyson—a man who's teachers once thought he was retarded. He actually said it some time ago, during his salad days, but I just saw it yesterday. Tyson has

beaten his opponent. Badly. Knocked him out. Asked to comment on the beating, Tyson says something about regretting the fact that he handled his opponent too gingerly. Then Tyson says, "I wanna rip his heart out. I wanna eat his children" EAT HIS CHILDREN! AFTER knocking the guy out! Just astonishing, brilliant, and really pretty Nietzschesque.

Ok, hate crimes. I hate them. It is, just like so totally weird to me that the only people who understand the nature of hate crime legislation are right wing nuts like David Horowitz. This is not going to be a long column because the issue is so damn simple. You have a criminal act. Say, a beating, i.e. assault. The penalty for the crime presumably accounts for the moral repugnance of the act itself, the harm to the victim, the need to deter such acts and the cost to society. A "hate crime" is the same act, at least partially motivated by the fact that the victim belongs to a designated group. If the punishment is greater FOR THAT reason, the ideology (that members of certain groups deserve to be beaten for whatever reason) is being punished. Thought crime. Totalitarianism. Indisputable.

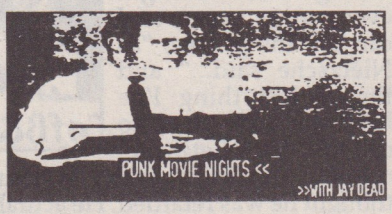
Now, if a crime is particularly brutal, of high cost to society or repugnant-well that's why they have flexibility in sentencing (mandatory sentencing blows for being myopic in this respect). Such a crime may warrant the maximum sentence. To go beyond that because of the ideology of the crime is, as I have said, to penalize thought or ideology.

Let's use Mathew Shepard as an example. Apparently, his murder is especially bad because it sends a signal to all gay people that they are at risk of similar treatment because they are gay. But this point is already covered by the previous paragraph. A high cost to society carries a harsher sentence. Other groups are justifiably intimidated because of their vulnerability to crime: old people, women, people in rough neighborhoods. No group reacts with more fear and horror to individual crimes than do parents towards crimes victimizing children. Statistics tell us that kidnapping by strangers is extremely rare (most of those missing kids were kidnapped by parents). Nonetheless, as kids, we were told, ad nauseum, to beware of strangers and their candy. Every Halloween parents check the trick or treating hall, even though the danger from lightning and shark attacks is higher than that from poison candy. One razor blade in one apple (although, as far as I know, this has never actually happened) generates more fear than any murder motivated by bigotry.

Ok, to sum up and repeat myself, the only thing unique to hate crimes is the ideology behind them. Adding jail time to a crime because it is a hate crime is putting people in jail for their ideologies. Putting people in jail for their ideologies is a totalitarian practice. Hate crime legislation is totalitarian in character. Oh, and it's also sort of totalitarianish to accuse people who don't agree with your totalitarianism of being heretics, or in this case racists, as pretty much seems to be the norm on this issue. Maybe that's why right-wing nuts are the only ones who aren't being pussies on the issue, because they get called racists anyway.

Write to me. skipyskip@aol.com

PUNK MOVIE NIGHTS



I just returned home from working the door for an afternoon show at Mission Records in San Francisco. This morning I was trying to deal with a migraine headache that turned into flu like symptoms, and then after puking for fifteen minutes straight went back to being just a run of the mill migraine again. Somehow I managed to swallow a bunch of over the counter medicines with a large cup of Peet's coffee, which I had to drink before the scary effects of caffeine withdrawal set in, compounding my misery. Somehow I managed to get to the show and work the door effectively for approximately five hours, and by the end of my shift I was pretty buzzed by all of the free d.i.y. medical attention I received (Lots of beer followed by whiskey and Coke) from the various punk acquaintances who showed up for the gig. All in all it was worth it, and every band played so well that I'm optimistic for the first time in along time that the Bay Area has yet another bright moment or two left in it's underground before the yuppies claim the gutters and scabie colonies as well.

Oh, hey, it's Punk Movie Night!

VIDEO ACTIVE • Toronto Videos Activist Collective

This is a compilation tape that features 13 video shorts documenting various forms of political activism that have taken place recently in Canada. *VIDEO ACTIVE* begins dramatically with a film called *HOMELESS ON THE HILL* that documents the actions of homeless and anti-poverty activists as they attempt to protest their governments policy towards the homeless. There is a good mix of both young and old who are inspired to take to the streets with banners, chants, and further motivated by a recent death of a homeless friend that many of the persons involved had known. If you've ever been active in any political cause, and had an occasion to publicly demonstrate, then much of this film will take you into familiar territory. That doesn't however negate any of the excitement, and sometimes even anger at that the scenes depicting confrontations between protesters and police. In *HOMELESS ON THE HILL* this tends to result in unarmed, peaceful protesters having to endure ridiculous amounts of pepper spray (or mace) that are repeatedly sprayed directly into the faces of protesters by the police, who pretend to reluctant even after they are caught on camera spraying activists who aren't even in the vicinity of the metal barriers which mark the line that police do not want the protesters to cross. In other films, the police empty their canisters of pepper spray so fast that they return to their trusty nightsticks, which they use to beat any helpless protester who happens to fall or get separated from the pack senseless. It is a brutal reminder of why the underground and those who are politically active tend to both fear and hate police of any kind with a passion.

VIDEO ACTIVE doesn't just cover group activism, but it touches upon the personal side, and the human emotions that often cause us to become interested in one particular story or another. You know, that one cause which seems to resinate a little bit stronger when you first learn the details of a particularly ignorant injustice that has taken place. In the film *SHADMITH MANZO PERFORMANCE* we learn the story of a Mexican transsexual woman's fight to remain in Canada, where she can live without fearing for her life each and every time she leaves her home, as she did in Mexico. At the beginning of *SHADSMITH MANZO PERFORMANCE* we see evidence of her new freedom in Canada as she plays violin on a sidewalk during a local Gay Pride Parade, but while the song can still be heard in the background, we begin to watch a number of events unfold that ends with the deportation of Shadmith back to Mexico by the Canadian government. Once in Mexico, all of Shadmith's rights, and the freedom she previously experienced disappear. At first she is forced to become a prisoner in her home,

but later she becomes a prisoner, literally, in a men's prison. I wont get into any more detail about the case, although many of you may know this story already, but I will say that the film doesn't end on the depressing note you may assume it will when watching it.

There is a lot of information, and many stories documented in each of these 13 films that could serve as inspiration for you in your own efforts to questions authority, and the accepted injustices that take place all around us on a daily basis. Not to mention that each video comes in a 2 color silk-screened bristol box.
($20 ppd, Satan Macnuggit, 3584 John St., Vineland Stn., On L0R2E0 CANADA • satanmacnuggit@tao.ca)

EDITED FOR TV • Collage Films by Jonathan Culp

The coolest moment on this video, which features 7 films by Mr. Culp, comes when *DOWN WITH FUN* completely disrupts your concept of time and space. It's basically a music video set to 1970s footage of skateboarders, back when surf style skating was all the rage. It's funny, it's cool, and it made me wish I could go back in a time machine just to visit. It's just a nice piece of editing and sound synching, and it alone makes this video worth purchasing. Of course you'll get all of the other films, one which is entitled *CHEW IT SOMALIA!*, which highlights the fact that colonialism isn't just a chapter in your high school history texts, but something very real and still tangible in our present history. I enjoyed this tape from beginning to end, but most of all for the scenes of 1970s skating, and all of those crazy surfers doing their handstand tricks while wearing short shorts and tube socks.
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BARK • A Film by Jonathan Culp

This is Jonathan Culps take on the narrative film style, and *BARK* proves to be just as competent - and even good in some places - as his work on *EDITED FOR TV*, which is more abstract in it's style. BARK tells the story of one young woman who spends a drunken night with her friends boyfriend, but when she wakes up the next morning she isn't quite sure about what happened between the two of them. When creepy boyfriend invites her over to retrieve the necklace she left behind the trip turns into two days of stealing and life on the run, even it is all more of a childish fantasy than a real crime spree. the creepy guy uses intimidation, and he preys on some preexisting dysfunctions that he recognizes in his naive victim. Of course he is even more screwed up than she is, and it all dawns on her when they finally begin to get hot in heavy on an abandoned farm. Every shot is nicely framed, and the writing is very concise and well planned out. The male lead here is perfect, but his co-star doesn't seem too convincing as the vulnerable character she was written as. This is one of those shorts that could easily be stretched into something close to a full length independent feature.
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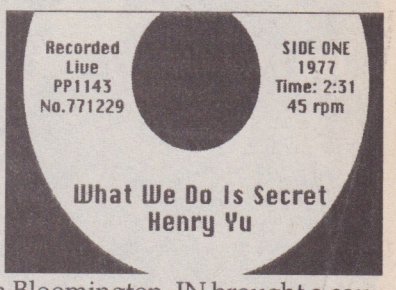
SATANIC ATTRACTION • Directed by Fauzi Mansur

If you are a b-movie/ horror film fan, and it's getting to the point where you feel as if even b-movies aren't the load of humorous crap they once were, then discover the world of d-movies. What constitutes a d-movie? A d-movie is the result of what happens when you take a c-movie, and then you badly dub that movie for a foreign market. The script is usually ruined even before that because the translation of the script from one language to another is done via one of those little hand held dictionaries wealthy people take with them when they go on vacation overseas. In a nutshell, everything is so fucking awful that it almost starts to turn that corner where it threatens to become almost decent. It never does however because it's garbage, but the best of these films do become killer cult c-level movies that if observed at the right moment, or at the proper level of intoxication, will transcend their utter mediocrity, becoming an almost great b-movie on the level of *SWEET MOVIE*. SATANIC ATTRACTION almost turns that corner, but the attempt to splice together one too many recycled ideas from much better films just highlights how idiotic the plot really is. Quickly, you have a radio show that is hosted by a pear shaped blonde woman who reads, and sometimes improvises, stories of a brother who was married to his sister in a satanic ritual when they were children. The sister meets her untimely death in her late teens, and the brother is forced to murder girls who are the same age as his sister was when she died. He collects their blood and feeds it to his dead and decaying sister, and that combined with ancient satanic rites (Good ol' ancient satanic rites...)will apparently bring his sister back from the dead. His sister is pear shaped blonde who may or may not be on the same page as her brother when it comes to this resurrection thing. The pushy and very pregnant (With twins) reporter in a sports bra manages to almost figure this all out, but in the end it is the guy who lives on the boat and wears a sea captain's uniform, even though it turns out he is a police detective. That is all trivial because in order to properly complete the resurrection the toe headed evil brother is instructed by the satanic priest to murder two or three more pear shaped woman, drain their blood into a bucket, and then bring the blood back to his sister who is hypnotized and resting in a coffin. Is their a double cross in the works? Who knows, but one thing is for sure and that is the stupid radio show will never end?
(Complete Entertainment, 9650 De Soto Avenue, Unit C, Chatsworth, CA 91311)

That's all for this month's column, but I can't urge you enough to send me your underground films or videos for future Punk.Movie Nights columns. Once again, I can review Super 8 mm, and if you include return postage I will return them. For past columns - and more info about that show(if you care) - you can sign on and point your browser to www.wethepunx.com. To send me anything relevant to this column, write: Jay Dead, PMB 419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709. Paz.

Midwest Can Be Allright



My brush with Indiana began in the year one: I was actually born there (at the same hospital as Axl Rose and even in the same year, whoa hey), but I left in '63. Then 1982-ish, my friend Yuval from Bloomington, IN brought a coupla recs into our college radio station. THE PANICS 45 and the GIZMOS "Never Mind" EP as I remember. Later on that year we visited the lovely Yara (ex-PANICS) in Hoboken, while Jim and Carol regaled us with Bob Richert (Gulcher Records honcho) stories. And then I found out that my TA in computer music was none other than Brad Garton, aka Mr. Science, of DOW JONES AND THE INDUSTRIALS. Wow. 1985, Yuval tips me off that Dale Lawrence, ex-GIZMO has some stuff worked up by his then combo THE SATELLITES. I send $11 to order a copy, but he stiffs me (tho I got an apologetic letter from him at the time.) Worse yet, my own dub of the SATEL-

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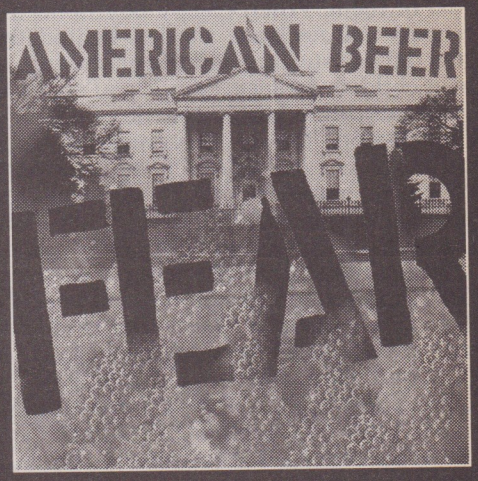

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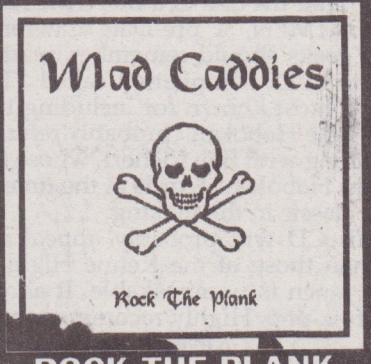

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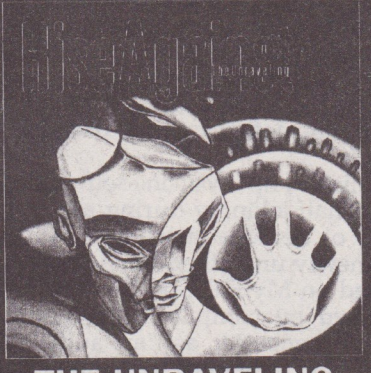

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LITES demos got accidentally erased in the mid-90's when a stoned girl in Vancouver BC tried to make a copy of it and hit the wrong button…

Fast forward way too many years. Killed By Death dredges up the stuff, and the punk renaissance brings Gulcher recs honcho Bob Richert outta the woodwork. A relaunch of Gulcher unleashes vintage GIZMOS on the world once more, firstly with the proto attack of the Kenne Highland's GIZMOS, and this month with a 7 song raid on the vaults from Dale Lawrence's GIZMOS.

What, two GIZMOS? And they didn't share a single member? Don't ask me how it all happened, but the first GIZMOS were a long-haired, bell-bottomed, t-shirted, DICTATOR-worshippin' bunch of hooligans that celebrated our nation's bicentennial with tongue-in-cheek misogyny, caveman humor, schoolboy nazi musings, fringe element protopunk garage thuggery and a hep following (Meltzer liked'em). A few years later, 1980-ish, the other GIZMOS appears on the scene in the same town with the same band logo (aesthetically pleasing enough for a fine tattoo), tho a much cleaner cut, well-er scrubbed quartet of kids, these Dale Lawrence-led GIZMOS were.

The discography of these boys back in the day: "a 7" EP ("Never Mind The Sex Pistols, Here's The Gizmos") half an LP (a split record with DOW JONES AND THE INDUSTRIALS), and a track on the Red Snerts compilation. The new CD EP takes their comp track (and its title as the title, "The Midwest Can Be Allright") and adds 6 demos never before released.

Musically, Lawrence's GIZMOS manages to establish a vibe completely unlike the other GIZMOS, a younger, naiver non-fuck you sound built around Lawrence's strong songwriting skills and easygoing melodic voice, and it drips with midwest sensibilities. Punk it definitely ain't.

Fans of Lawrence's most noted later combo, VULGAR BOATMEN will notice an early working of "Please Panic", later the title of a BOATMEN album. (Speaking of the BOATMEN, a pre-Dale Lawrence-led BOATMEN, record geeks should remember, made an appearance on the Florida LP compilation called "The Land That Time Forgot", most known for including tracks by THE EAT). "Hard Line Hoboken" probably refers to their stay in that town along with Bob Richert, whose Gulcher records was recast as Hoboken records at the time. "See About You" is a pure classic in the making.

This CD will probably appeal more to BOATMEN fans than those of the Kenne Highland GIZMOS, since Dale's touch is unmistakable. It abounds with excellent gritty folk pop. Highly recommended.

Revenge of the Nerds

I remember being really frustrated when I read THE FEELIES first LP being described as "avant surf" music. But I couldn't think of anything better. It wasn't until after hearing THE EMBOS (the loving nickname of THE EMBARRASSMENT) equally indescribable (but totally different sounding) punk/wave chug when I (or someone I just shamelessly co-opted) came up with the "Skewed Pop" genre, a catch all of sorts for anything tuneful yet obtuse that defied organic description, arty but but not art-rock.

"Blister Pop" was one self-description an EMBO once offered half-jokingly during a college radio interview. A couple of decades later, it's finally stuck: as the title to some newly unearthed vintage recordings from the band released on My Pal God Records (www.mypalgod.com). Described by compiler and onetime EMBOS producer James Rosencutter as "an authorized bootleg album", **Blister Pop** attempts to happily coexist with the 1995 Bar/None double CD retrospective "Heyday 1979-83" by collecting songs that didn't make the former, in many cases because no studio versions existed and also probably to keep the number of covers low.

A third of the tracks are covers. As musical influences, some are obvious: the SEEDS nugget "Pushin' Too Hard" and the CHAMBERS BROTHERS' "Time Has Come" both belie the mid-tempo chug. But I don't see it with trad stuff like "Pretty Woman" (Roy Orbison), "On Broadway" (?), Maybe Baby (Buddy Holly) and "No Reply" (Beatles). (Interestingly, it's their cover of Michael Jackson's "Don't Stop Till You Get Enough", found on 1983's Retrospective Cassette that, after getting the EMBO treatment, sounds most like an EMBOS song.).

But of course it's the EMBOS own unique tracks that are the real treat on **Blister Pop**. "Pod Man", recorded during the same sessions as the 12" Cynykyl EP is a missed classic, as is "Proof", played live at KMUW. Punk collectors who love the EMBOS most for their punkish chug classic "Sex Drive" should check an earlier punked out version of "Elizabeth Montgomery's Face" and the 1979 track "Song For Val". There are also a couple of songs later reworked by guitarist Bill Goffrier's post-EMBOS band BIG DIPPER, including "You're Not You Anymore" (later renamed "You're Not Patsy", and "Faith Healer" (often seen on MTV's late 80's indie video program, "120 Minutes").

Blister Pop is a must for any EMBOS fan, and while I'd steer the uninitiated to the "Heyday" retrospective first, this'un nips on its heels. Regards to Jon Solomon of My Pal Records for keeping the torch lit and James Rosencutter for a well assembled set.

The usual

As usual, email me at specialcharge@yahoo.com. Oh yeah, I'm driving down to LA to see the DOGS do a gig later in March and hang with some record scum. Ciao manhattan.

Stop jamming my mailbox with letters calling me a sell out and a traitor. Last months column about buying records for wealthy investors was of course an April Fool's joke. We have a thing in the US called SARCASM. I've detected elements of sarcasm in England, but in other parts of the world I don't think sarcasm is as highly regarded. Lesson one, don't believe everything you read. Lesson two, sometimes people write stupid, silly or funny stuff to make a point. Guess what point I was trying to make? Buying records because they will appreciate in value and enhance your portfolio is STUPID. Collecting records is cool, you get to listen to records, learn about music, build a collection that covers a certain time, place or genre, become and expert etc. You won't get rich. If you want to speculate, please play the stock market! Yes I have lots of records I bought for a few bucks that now sell for over a hundred. That's not why I bought them years ago. I bought them because I liked the music, the message, or the guy with the mohawk on the cover. Are they worth more now, some are some aren't. If I'd invested an equal amount of money in tech stocks I'd be a millionaire. I rarely buy more than one copy of a record, and I have to laugh at people who buy like 10 copies of the new Charles Bronson record to

sell on Ebay in 6 months. I'd rather buy one Charles Bronson record and nine other records by nine other bands I might like. Enough of that.

Hardcore is starting to show its age. Recognize that it's over 20 years since Bad Brains, Teen Idles, Middle Class and Discharge spearheaded the medium. Consider that in 1980 boring old hippy music was only 10 or 15 years old. Much ink has been spilt on 77 punk. I have a whole shelf of books on the 77-79 period, although I must admit most of them are just photobooks or focus only on the Sex Pistols. When was the last time YOU listened to the Sex Pistols? Talk about an over rated, dated band. Their music is OK, and without a doubt they were really important in a wider cultural context, but the music just hasn't held up. Not so for the first wave of Hardcore. The 80-84 period of hardcore is one of the greatest, most creative periods in the history of rock music. And only a few of us even give a fuck. So many rock critics and academics have cranked out book after book comparing '77 punk to Da Da, Situationism or the Lettriste Internationale. They all sort of universally agree that punk died in 79, only to resurface with Nirvana in the 90's. What? Personally, I think Hardcore has affected more people than any of the avant garde art or music movements of the 20th Century. The Dirty Rotten LP means more to me than the Bible the Mona Lisa, or Shakespeare and definitely more than any marginal art movement trying to make a statement or whatever. Yet as a musical or artistic medium, social movement, or subculture hardcore punk has been totally dismissed by rock critics and academics. Why? Because these jokers are all totally square. They are not moved, touched or reached by hardcore, to them it is just a bunch of noise. Most of these people are looking either for "talented songwriting" or "artistic progression" in other words watered down shit like they play on the radio. One cat once said that all rock critics love Elvis Costello because all rock critics look like Elvis Costello. Pretty much every book written by rock critics or academics has missed or dismissed hardcore completely while gushing over totally unimportant fringe art rock or commercial radio friendly pabulum. These jokers tend to equate commercial success with artistic validity. I doubt someone like Greil Marcus has ever heard Minor Threat or Discharge and even if they had, wouldn't understand the power or the significance such music would have to tens of thousands of kids over a 20 year period. Am I really bent out of shape about this situation, not really but here's the point. The history of Hardcore can only be written from the inside. Squares will get it all wrong. Like it or not hardcore is a valid American musical form just like Blues, Zydeco or Bluegrass and isn't going to die out, ever. One shining ray of hope is Mark Anderson's Dance of Days, which I hope will be published soon. I haven't read this yet, but I've known Mark since he first moved to DC and I think he's one of the only people who could successfully write about DC hardcore, the first, best hardcore scene, in its heroic era. (thanks for letting me sleep on the floor when I was homeless Mark) So the challenge to us is to write the histories of Denver, Oslo, Sao Paulo, and Melbourne hardcore. Or at the least assemble the primary source materials for the next generation to write it. Hardcore record, zine, and video collections will be the archives of our movement for the future. This original documentation becomes rarer and more inaccessible each day, so lets preserve it and keep it alive. Of course lots of people collect records. A few collect old flyers, some collect old zines, live tapes, radio shows, set lists etc. This stuff could be more important than you think one day. Which brings me to:

MRR Radio Shows! I'm still trying to compile an archive of the MRR radio shows. Especially the early 80's shows that document the most explosive period of hardcore. Since this won't be published until two months from now, I can't really say for sure what shows I'll still need by then. If you are a former MRR DJ, collector, or fan who taped the shows at home, write me c/o Havoc Records, P.O.Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408 USA. or E mail MRR and have them forward it to me.

I hope everyone has been following Stuart of Game of the Arsehole's hardcore history columns in these pages. It's up to guys like Stuart to start to connect the dots between a few rare old records and the fabric of the movement that developed around the world in the early 80's. I've been trying to do as much in this column over the years. For all the old guys who were there, its time to write it down before its lost forever.

For example, a project I've recently undertaken is a discography of Minnesota Punk. Hopefully this will be completed by the time this reaches the newsstand and you will be able to check it out at www.havocrex.com or www.extremenoise.com. I tried to dig up basic information on every punk and hardcore record released in Minnesota from the first Suicide Commandos record from 1976 to records that came out this week. There have been numerous projects like this already, although most have focused on the late 70's and early 80's. The very best are Suomi Punk, 1977-1998 by Jarkko Kuivanen (Finland), Pogographie, German Punk and Hardcore Discography 1977-89 by Ralf Kirstan, Smash the State, Canadian Punk Discography 1977-92 by Frank Manley, and of course the Flex book and web site compiled by Burkhard Jarisch. There are several such discographies on the web accessible from www.collectorscum.com but these focus mostly on 77-80 punk and not so much on hardcore. Isn't it about time there was a discography book for Sweden, for Australia, and so on? Why not start such a project for you city, state, country. What about a bibliography of zines from your town? A list of shows? A web site of gig flyers? Lets document and celebrate our movement and what makes it great. Write it down now or lose it forever.

The punk slump.

In the last year several distributors have gone under and record sales for larger labels have plummeted. MRR's circulation has dropped, as have other zines. Boo fucking hoo. Remember punk before Green Day and the Offspring? I was hardcore when hardcore wasn't cool. That long tedious period between 1986 and 1992 when hardcore punk was uncool, unpopular and the flame was kept burning by the true believers. Remember how big a deal the Born Against/ Rorschach tour was? That's because they were two of the first successful DIY hardcore bands to try something like that. So what if Lookout ships fewer units? So what if tired old band like AF and Suicidal quit doing reunion tours? Hardcore is back where it belongs, in the hands of the fans. We are better organized than ever and Doing It Ourselves on the underground without anyone's help. Look at the fine roster of labels that are cranking out totally top notch hardcore right now: Prank, Sound Pollution, 625, Deranged, Six Weeks, Tribal War, Clean Plate, Mind Control, Ebullition, Lengua Armada, etc. etc. If you love hardcore music you are probably buying at least 10 records a week, and they are all fucking good. Left alone punk will continue to grow and thrive. Ten years from now we'll talk about how great the bands and gigs were today. The extra bodies at shows in the late 90's helped pay the bills, but where are they now? Who really needs the posers anyway? I'd rather sell 500 records to kids who really love and appre-

ciate the music than 10,000 to people who just bought it because its cool and their friends were doing it.

We were talking above about DC Hardcore, the firstest with mostest when it comes to hardcore music. One record that I've been listening to a lot lately that I fear has fallen off a lot of people's radar screens is Marginal Man's first, Identity. Identity was released on Dischord in 1984. This was Dischord number 13, and one of the last good records on Dischord before they entered the indie rock nose dive from which they never recovered. Marginal Man was one of the most intense of the more melodic hardcore bands of the period. Ironically at the time people called this emo-core or emotional hardcore, although it bears no resemblance to what they call emo today. To me Marginal Man are a straight up melodic HC band along the lines of Seven Seconds, SNFU or Dag Nasty. However, Marginal Man had deep introspective lyrics that were deemed at the time "emotional" as they dealt with the human condition rather than politics or social issues. If you have any doubts about how Hardcore these guys were just look at the photo on the insert! Talk about air, Cappo never jumped so high! Of course three of these guys had been in Artificial Peace another great DC hardcore band, who had a more thrashy sound. Not to put Artifical Peace down, but they were one of many thrashy HC bands in DC while Marginal Man really had a totally intense and original approach. This record has only 9 songs, so I guess technically it's an EP, although the songs are a little long for hardcore. While musically Marginal Man are not nearly as thrashy as many of their contemporaries they have a ton of power, aggression and yes emotion in their sound. The songs are catchy, yet hard driving. Melodic yet aggressive. A finer melodic HC record has not been made. I have to wonder why SNFU and Dag Nasty got so huge and this LP which stands way over those bands albeit worthy efforts fell into obscurity. Growing up in DC Marginal Man's live show was not to be missed. I still have a copy of the LP I bought at the record release gig, 4$. Marginal Man put out a second LP called Double Image which I believe has recently been re issued on CD, but I don't think it is half as good as Identity. From what I recall hearing these guys interviewed on WMUC back in the day, Marginal Man is a psychology term for an alienated person, an outsider who doesn't fit into society. And looking at the band's lyrics you can really pick up on this point of view. Marginal Man's lyrics are poetic and anguished in same way those French dudes you study in college are, but to me they mean so much more because they are set to music that really grabs you. I'm sure Dischord has let this classic go out of print on vinyl, but I imagine it's still available on CD. Guitar player Kenny Inouye of Marginal Man was the son of a Senator from Hawaii who was some sort of famous liberal. He and some other guys used to set up gigs at the University of Maryland in an art gallery. For a while I lived a few blocks from these guys, but I don't think they liked me and my friends because we went to a party at their house and made fun of them for eating sushi. All that aside, Marginal Man were one of DC's best hardcore bands in an era of great hardcore. From what I read in an interview with Good Clean Fun, Kenny Inouye is still around the DC hardcore scene. Who knows what happened to the rest of these guys. Who knows what happened to all those super creative and talented people who were drawn to hardcore in its early days then left music. Are they still being creative and talented? Are they dead of drug overdoses and car crashes, are they raising kids in suburbia, are they dotcom millionaires. I don't know, but I do know this record rocks. Don't end your life without giving this record a spin, who knows it might prolong your dropping out of hardcore for another year or two.

I don't regret who I am
And what I've done
At the start it was all just for fun
But now things have changed
It's just not the same
It's a part of me that I can't let go
It's from my heart, these things that I feel
Nothing is fake, it's all for real
Identity, Identity

Although my due date was a little over a year ago and my baby is now a toddler at almost a year old, I feel compelled to write about the topic of natural childbirth. That's because there seems to be a backlash happening against the increasing popularity of women reclaiming what has been absent from their birthing experiences for decades, the right and expectation to be in control of their own labor and delivery. It's very discouraging to see this desire for a safe, natural birth dismissed as "crunchy earth mother" or "New Age Goddess" stuff. OK, so maybe there are some hippified types who are into the natural childbirth thing, but my guess is that the majority of the women seeking this path of laboring and birthing with the least amount of interventions possible are the same women who wish to be in control of all other aspects of their lives as well - which certainly doesn't imply barefoot tree hugging.

***

It never entered my mind to seek prenatal care from a hospital based obstetrician. I automatically sought out the services of The Birth Center, which is a renovated old home less than a mile from our house where two midwives have established their practice. The Traditional School of Midwifery of Florida is also located in my town and therefore, this community seems more in tune with natural childbirth than others.

Today, 95% of American women go to the hospital to have their babies delivered. Few know that births attended in birth centers or at home by qualified midwives have better outcomes. In the hospital, 25% of laboring women will deliver by cesarean, 80% will use some form of drugs during labor or birth, and one-third are pulled out or cut out. There's no medical justification for this.

In America, an important and potentially empowering event has been turned into a medical phenomenon. Pregnancy is treated as an illness and birth, a surgical procedure. While at the lab to get some blood drawn for an anemia check, I had to fill in a little box on the blood form that was marked "nature of illness" with "pregnancy." That felt very wrong and I was offended. Pregnancy is not an illness.

Some of my concerns with high tech. birth are: Why do women have to give birth while on their backs? Why isn't food allowed to be eaten during labor? Why is being strapped to a fetal monitor necessary? Why can't a woman get up on her feet?

Labors go faster when women are able to move. A laboring woman needs to assume any comfortable posture, but being strapped to a fetal monitor makes this impossible. Electronic fetal monitoring seems to make sense, but upon closer examination of the facts, it seems

unnecessary. From the first study done in 1975 to the ninth study completed three years ago wherein 65,000 labors were evaluated, all have proved there to be no difference with baby outcomes. However, the maternal outcomes yielded three times more cesareans done on the moms who were strapped to a fetal monitor.

It has also been proven that an animal who is stressed in labor will stop laboring. If labor doesn't stop completely, then elevated adrenaline levels will interfere with the normal labor process. This a natural protective mechanism recognized in all mammals.

Picture this: You're forced to wear a chintzy hospital gown in a small room where it's cold, white and sterile and you can hear the sounds of other women in labor. You are out of the comfort of your own home, receiving medications you were otherwise advised to stay away from during your entire pregnancy, you will probably be cut from your vagina back towards your anus and you're forced to stay in bed due to being strapped to an electronic fetal monitor.

Sounds stressful, doesn't it? Given that scenario, it's not hard to understand why many labors are diagnosed as "failure to progress" and women are whisked away for major abdominal surgery called cesarean. Granted, there are circumstances that wisely call for the intervention; however, these percentages are nowhere near America's current 25% rate.

Each woman alive today is a product of 30 million years of excellence in childbearing. If not, then we'd die out. We have an incredible line behind us of vaginal birthing. So what's happened from 1975 to now so that all of a sudden, 25% of American women can't give birth vaginally and need a cesarean? How can that be when women are born with the body knowledge to have babies?

Hospital birthing is so out of hand because it lacks an essential component of maternity care. 100 years ago, this country lost the balance of midwifery. The American Medical Association all but wiped out the practice of midwifery into a status of illegality. Without midwives, an unbalanced overuse of technology has taken over.

Birth has been taken away from women and given to a doctor to manage and deal with. Women are encouraged to put themselves in the hands of the OBGYN, instead of being encouraged to believe in themselves and in their bodies. Women are scared into handing over the control of their own bodies.

If a woman is well attended by another woman like a midwife and/or a doula, and is also able to focus in a relaxing atmosphere, she will know she can give birth normally, naturally and under her own power. A woman will have tremendous ability the rest of her life as birth reveals unknown power. Birth is more than just a physical experience. It's a time of amazing empowerment.

Each state has their own laws concerning licensing midwives. If you're pregnant and are choosing to have the baby, make a few calls to find out what the laws are in your state and what services are available in or near your area. Also, if you don't have insurance and don't qualify for Medicaid, choosing out-of-hospital birth is considerably less expensive than a hospital birth. (On average, 80% less) Even after seeking out the information and you decide that you would be more comfortable choosing a hospital based obstetrician's care, then please, trust your instincts and honor your fears. They're definitely legitimate. But at least after learning all available options, you can say that you made your own choices and didn't just blindly follow what has become relatively unquestioned, standard birth practices initiated by a bunch of rich, predominately white male doctors calling themselves the AMA.

Note: Because of my state's laws governing midwifery, when I went two weeks past my due date, my midwife was required to transfer me to the hospital. There, I still received the support of my midwife as a doula and during labor, was able to avoid any pain medications such as an epidural. So, after all was just said about the virtues of natural childbirth, even though my birth wasn't as "natural" as I had hoped it would be, I still believe it's the ideal and encourage more women to seek it out.

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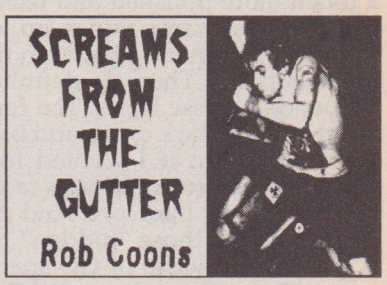


I want to start this column off with a couple of really awesome things I have seen on the internet recently. First of all, you have to check out the new 16 video for "Damone." Southern California's own 16 pay homage to *Fast Times At Ridgemont High*'s infamous ticket seller, Mike Damone. Not only does the song totally kick ass, but the video needs to be seen to be believed. The entire video is made up of clips from the movie. And it is so well done that if you are a fan of either the band or the movie then you should check it out. It can be found at www.loudnet.com/videos.

The other really rad thing I found recently is www.planetkrulik.com/index2.htm. This is a link to the website of Jeff Krulik, who made the cult classic *Heavy Metal Parking Lot*. He has his movies available to view at his website. If you have never seen *Heavy Metal Parking Lot*, then you should. Back in 1986, he went to a JUDAS PRIEST concert near Washington DC. He then interviewed various people in the parking lot, asking them a variety of ridiculous questions. Without giving too much away, let me just say that this film kicks total ass and will give you a new appreciation for metalheads. Not only that, but he has a slew of other films to watch, including *Neil Diamond Parking Lot*. Be sure to check it all out!

It looks like SHIKABANE is coming over to the Bay Area for a couple of shows in May. If you have never heard SHIKABANE, then you can only start to imagine what they sound like when I tell you it is a sweet combination of traditional Japanese punk (see ASSFORT) with blast beat mania (see SLIGHT SLAPPERS). Even with my disappointment in their recent release on MCR, I can only imagine that their shows here will completely devastate me. I buzz for weeks with anticipation of seeing my favorite bands. I think this was most apparent when GAUZE came over to the USA a few years ago. I have never been so jacked with excitement to see a band before. (Nor have I been since that particular show) You know how it is. You sit there and listen to their records over and over again, clearly imagining exactly what the show is going to be like. If you live for punk rock shows like I do, then you know exactly what I am saying.

Speaking of live shows, one of the most brilliant bands I have seen in some time played about a month ago. Gilman had one of their faux metal shows recently and the headliner was BARRY MANOWAR. For the

uninitiated, this basically involves the band doing a fine mix of MANOWAR covers and BARRY MANILOW covers done MANOWAR style. Anyway, these fine young men jumped up on the stage in their neon pink, green and purple sweatsuits. And proceeded to kick the asses of all in attendance with killer renditions of all of our favorites. They ripped us all a new one, sweating and swaying with the best of them. They even covered my favorite MANOWAR song, "Gloves Of Metal." Sorry you weren't there, as this was a one time only show for these true connoisseurs of metal. Hail and Kill!

COUNTERVAIL – "In The Event Of An Unscheduled Landing" CDEP: COUNTERVAIL keep pace with their prior material. But this time they sound a touch more polished and technical. On this four-song CD they really mix things up with solid time changes, smoothly alternating between full-on hardcore and soft mellow parts. There is definitely a touch of BOTCH influence in these tunes. The fourth track on the release is a deep and dark drum and bass cut. Granted, it was a good song. But if I wanted to hear drum and bass I would buy a drum and bass record. People get hardcore records to hear hardcore! And then at the end of the CD there is one of those "hidden" tracks. This instrumental is basically a waste of CD space. Stick to the hardcore guys! (Status Recordings, PO Box 1300 Thousand Oaks, CA 91358 / www.statusinc.com)

HIRAX – "El Diablo Negro" Picture Disc EP: OK, let's just get straight to the meat of the record here. This is exactly what you would expect....simple straightforward metal/thrash that skips the guitar solos to make sure the pit keeps spinning. The one thing that is obviously missing here is Katon's high-pitched wails. His voice sounds kind of gruff and deeper now. Gone are the high pitched wails that made everyone love HIRAX in the first place. While the music plugs along rather solidly, the lack of Katon's patented vocals left me wanting more. By the way this is on Deep Six Records, but you can order it from....(Black Devil Records, PO Box 1474, Cypress, CA 90630 / www.hirax.org)

V/A – "It's All Fun And Games Till Someone Loses An Eye" CD: Wow this is one gritty dirge-filled compilation. From the EYEHATEGOD influenced tunes of LEECHMILK, to the blasting grind of FAT IN A BUCKET you are in for a treat. Most of the bands on here would fall into the southern fried doomcore vein. The complete line-up includes WEEDEATER, SOCIAL INFESTATION, DOLORES, FAT IN A BUCKET, SOUR VEIN, DYEVYAT GRAM, CHOPSLEY, MOLEHILL, ICEPICK REVIVAL, DESTINED TO FAIL, TRENCHCOAT, ANTAGONY, HAWG JAW and LEECHMILK. There were a few obvious variations in the recording quality of some of the bands, but overall everything sounded pretty good. And I really liked the SOCIAL INFESTATION tracks. I have liked all the stuff they have put out and this is no exception. Overall this is a great compilation that won't break the bank. ($5 ppd: Bobby Begeron, c/o Paranoize Records, PO Box 15554, New Orleans, LA 70175-5554 / paranoize @hotmail.com)

AGGRESSIVE PATHOS – "Constructive Confrontation" CDR: This 24-song CDR is a no-bullshit straight up grindcore release. AGGRESSIVE PATHOS is a two piece band that cranks out mid-pace to fast mincecore, with snarling vocals. The lyrics are all hateful and full of violent references. (Though they do a cover of "Roam" by the B-52s) Overall this wasn't bad, but I was left wanting more. It was a bit too basic to really push it to the edge. (Seanocide, 15289 Youngwood Drive, Whittier, CA 90605 / @aol.com)

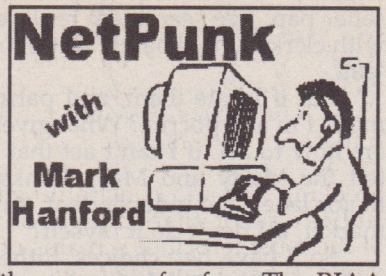
MARTYR AD – "The Human Condition In Twelve Fractions" CD: Well I mentioned this band a few months back and I have finally got my dirty paws on their first full-length release. I should first let you know that this band contains three members of DISEMBODIED. I have always been a huge fan of DISEMBODIED so I was burning with anticipation to hear this release. And as you can probably imagine I was not disappointed. The music is faster and more progressive than DISEMBODIED was, though you can obviously here the influence of years gone by. This is a total wreckage of metal and hardcore that pummels you with sick, backbreaking riffs and bone rattling breakdowns. The vocalist has a set of gnarled pipes on him that bark out some of the most ferocious screams of anger I have heard in a while. When I saw them live a few weeks ago their reputation was already preceding them. They immediately stirred the crowd into a kickboxing frenzy, which was not bad considering their CD had been out for no more than a few weeks. The full-color artwork and layout are killer. This release totally fucking kills. I have a feeling that in no time these guys are going to rush straight to the front of the pack of endless hardcore bands and show them all how it is done. (Ferret Music, 341 4th Street #03, Jersey City, NJ 07302 / www.ferretstyle.com)

GOATSNAKE/BURNING WITCH – split CD: Fuck me! This is so fucking slow and gnarly and I fucking love it. Both GOATSNAKE and BURNING WITCH try to outslow each other with some of the creepiest and darkest tunes around these days. This CD totally kills with an onslaught of molasses filled riffs that just ooze and drip from their instruments and into your ears. I actually prefer BURNING WITCH to GOATSNAKE, because they have some of the sickest and most uniquely wicked vocals around today. I have had my eye on BURNING WITCH since they were THORR'S HAMMER (which is an amazing band in their own right), and I have not been let down yet. And hey, by the way.....Isn't the Greg Anderson that was in BURNING WITCH and is now in GOATSNAKE, the same Greg Anderson that used to be in the Northwest's kings of straightedge BROTHERHOOD? (Hydra Head Records, PO Box 990248, Boston, MA 02199 / www.hydra head.com)

SYSTRAL – "Black Smoker" CD: Well I have been waiting for well over a year to get my hands on this fucking CD and now that I have it I am not sure what to think. They have altered their sound and in my opinion it is not for the better. It is hard to put my finger on it, but it sounds a lot heavier, slower and darker than their earlier material. One thing that I really liked about SYSTRAL the first time I heard them, was the way they incorporated an almost emo feel into their chaotic grindcore. Not that I am a big emo fan or anything, but I thought it was an original style and totally rad. On this release things are a lot more predictable. It sounds more like straightforward grind to my ears. They seemed to have lost that spark of originality and power. Those booming vocals are still there, but I just couldn't get into it. I mean granted this new release is not bad by your typical standards, but it definitely was a step down from their prior material. (Edison Recordings, PO Box 42586, Philadelphia, PA 19101-2586 / www.edison-recordings.com)

Well that wraps up yet another month of hardcore shenanigans. As always, please forward any grind related release, zines or demos my way. And I will make sure they get a listen or read.

"All day I dream of skaterock rebellion, thrash kids smelling of freedom, fun and three chord anthems, they say grow up, I reply thrash or die"
CRISPUS ATTUCKS – "Thrashin"
Rob Coons, PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712 / xgoatcorex@hotmail.com



By the time you read this, Napster will have become a shadow of its former self. For those of you who've been under a rock for the last year, Napster is a program that allows you to trade music (mp3) files with other users who are running the program for free. The RIAA (Recording Industry Association of America) (who actually only have the big record companies interests in mind and not the entire recording "industry") sued Napster and won the case.

What this means, at this point, is not yet clear. It could mean that Napster will no longer exist, or it could mean that the quality of music available on Napster will get better, as it won't be cluttered with major label crap. I assume that most punk bands will be happy to have their music distributed for free via Napster, as it is not exactly going to put a big dent in a few hundred or thousand record sales.

I actually have mixed feelings about the whole Napster thing. If a band doesn't want their music to be available for free on the net, then that's okay with me. They should be allowed to block access to their songs via Napster. Frankly, most bands that want their music to be blocked don't interest me anyway.

One of the things that made Napster an easy target for a lawsuit was that every copy of the program talks to a central server. This means that the powers-that-be at Napster are able to block and control what files are accessed. Fortunately, there are several other music (and file) sharing programs out there that don't connect to a central server, and thus will be harder to shut down.

The best known of these kinds of programs are Gnutella and Hotline, but there are a slew of programs out there. They allow sharing of all types of files and don't have central servers that can be controlled (at least not at this point) by Big Brother.

Gnutella was a program that was created by the guys who made Winamp. However, since Winamp is owned by AOL, they pulled the program almost immediately after release. Fortunately, many other programmers have stepped in and added programs that will allow you to connect to other Gnutella-like programs that are on the net. You can find a number of these programs, as well as information about Gnutella at http://www.gnutelliums.com/ .

Hotline is another program that allows people on the net to share files, as well as a forum for online messaging, chat, and more. You use the Hotline client program to connect to a Hotline server, which may give you the opportunity to grab files, mp3s, and more. If you have a decent net connection, you can even setup your own server, and allow people to get files from you. Check out Hotline at http://www2.bigredh.com/ .

Another great program is available from the Freenet Project at http://freenet.sourceforge.net/ . Freenet allows you to exchange files and information in a private and secure form. One of Freenet's main goals is to allow access to information that your government (wherever you may be) or big business do not want you to access. A very worthwhile cause that you should take a look at.

For a more complete rundown of all of these types of programs, as well as the latest news on file and information sharing, and more, InfoAnarchy (http://www.infoanarchy.org) is one of the most informative sites I've come across. Give it a look and start putting up your rare punk mp3 files.

Now it's time to delve into a handful of punk sites that I have for you this month. The pickings are kind of slim, but that's only because you haven't been mailing me with great websites. Remember, if you find a site that's the shit, send it my way. If you have a site, and are keeping it updated, and have all the sections completed, send it my way too. Fire it off to the e-mail at the end of the column.

The Independents, the horror-rock/ska band from South Carolina have put together a website that is pretty much everything a band website should be. Great photos, mp3 and real audio files, a discography, tour dates, interviews, and more. Visit their page at http://www.angelfire.com/band/theindependents/ .

Hailing from the UK, the Academy Morticians have also put together a decent website with a few band photos, information, and essays by the band members on various issues. They also have links through to their songs at mp3.com, which are worth your time. These guys are melodic punk, but have some quirky elements that make them interesting. You'll find their stuff at http://www.gardners.freeserve.co.uk/TheAcademyMorticians.htm

Well, it looks like this is gonna be a world tour of punk band sites, as the next band I'm going to mention is DS-13, who are from Sweden. I like the simplicity of their site, though the navigation could use a little bit of work. There are some cool photos, and a bunch of kick-ass hardcore punk sound files, as well as a discography and a few reviews of the band. Check them out at http://www.ds13.com/ .

Our final stop around the world, courteously of an e-mail from Luk Haas, is none other than Indonesia. The Indonesia Punks and Skins Page at http://members.fortunecity.com/indonesian2/ . Included here are a list of a couple of dozen Indonesian punk bands, some of whom have their own pages, as well as a few high-quality sound files, some cool photos, and a bunch more.

Vic at World Wide Punk just keeps adding shit to his site. It was one of the first punk sites I mentioned in this column so many years ago, and it just keeps growing and getting more complex. His newest thing is a Punk Rock Movie Database, where he lists movies that are, in some way, related to punk rock. He has quite a few movies listed. Take a look and let him know what he's missing at http://www.worldwidepunk.com/movies/ .

Finally, in the almost-too-weird-to-be-true department, I was on the about.com website and ran across something pretty funny in their "How To" section — namely, How to Give Yourself a Mohawk. You'll find it, in all of its step-by-step glory, at http://punkrock.about.com/musicperform/punkrock/library/howto/htmohawk.htm , I kid you not.

Okay, so that is pretty much gonna do it for me this month. Feel free to e-mail me at netpunk @diehippiedie.com or check out my columns at http://www.diehippiedie.com/netpunk/ . Also, I've been thinking about reviewing CD-plus discs, so if you've put something together that has music AND multi-media content,

send it my way and I'll probably give it a mention.

It's more embarrassing than a herpes attack at a nudist camp. I'm walking out of *Barnes and Nobles*. In some podunk town in the middle of the oil and gas belch they call New Jersey. I'm there to buy a map. A book of maps actually. A road atlas for my parents' car. There're no other bookstores for miles. Well, maybe there are, but I don't know them. B&N is *here*. Easy. I can just slip in and out. Nobody will know.

But there, in the mall, on the way to *Hannibal* or *Chokolat* or G-d knows what, are Marty and Mary Punk. Of course, I don't know their real names. I'm seeing them for the first time right now. But to me, they're Marty and Mary punk.

Mary, her pink hair in one of those skinhead cuts—bald on top, front fringe with sidehangs, shouts as I pass.

"Hey, that's Mykel Board!"

"Yeah," says Marty, "comin' outta Bahnes and Noble.... watta hypocrite!"

I look straight ahead... as if I don't see them. Passing like a waiter whose table you aren't. It doesn't work. Their boots clomp on the parking lot asphalt as they run over and stand directly in front of me.

"Yo!" shouts Marty pointing hard, the shreds of his leather jacket dripping from his forearm, "yur Mykel Board, aincha?"

He's an attractive guy. Sid Vicious haircut. Olive skin, not a whisker on his smooth face. Not the kind of guy I say no to.

"Umm.. yeah," I tell him.

"And you comin' oudda Bahnes 'n' Nobles. You even got a bag... a package wid Barnes 'n' Nobles on it. What's widdat?"

His accent tells me he's a native.

"I... uh.. it was the only place I could buy ..."

"Bullshit!" says Marty, accenting the second syllable rather than the first. They do that in New Jersey.

"You'd only hafta do a little work."

"Yeah," echoes Mary, "Look iddup on da inta-net or sum'n."

"Yeah," re-echoes Marty, "You tink guyz in Joisey don read or nu'in? We got staws dat ain't Bahns 'n' Nobles. You only gotta find 'em."

"Ok," I say. "I guess you're right. I've written so much about the evils of *Barnes and Nobles*, I guess I shouldn't have been shopping there."

They smirk and nod in unison, like a pair of siamese twins. I pass them as I head for the car.

"Hypocrite!" I hear as I close the door and get in.

That word shakes me up. You know how you start thinking, when something rattles you up? You run through the shudda-saids and shudda-dones. You run through the next-times and don't-they-understands. Finally, you try to forget about it. Usually it doesn't work and you're left with a vague, uneasy, feeling.

It's those feelings that come back at odd times, walking down the street, on the subway, just before you fall asleep. You relive them again and again, re-feeling the embarrassment, re-experiencing the same unpleasantness, years after the actual event. Way after the other guys have forgotten all about it. The event becomes part of your life. Like herpes, it returns uninvited, at odd times, haunting you.

There's another way to deal. That is, instead of reliving the event, change yourself. Admit your mistake, and do something about it. I'm against the evil corporatism of Barnes and Noble. I've seen them destroy nice old bookstores. I've seen them turn intellectual pursuit into best-seller pap. I've seen them replace clerks who love books, with clerks who'll barely settle for minimum wage. I hate 'em.

But if I hate them, and patronize them, doesn't that mean I'm a hypocrite? What gives me the right to tell others how to act, if I can't act that way myself? How can I tell the Marty and Mary Punks of the world to avoid major labels, be independent, support freedom over free market, if I don't do it myself?

So, I have two choices. Either I change the way I act so I practice what I preach, or I change my ideals so I preach what I practice. There's nothing in between.

Take Barnes and Noble. (I won't say it!) Sure, they're corporate raiders. Sure they destroy small stores. But don't they also provide a service? Don't they allow you to sit there all day and read? Don't they have, or can't they get any book you need? Don't they have local author readings and book displays? Are they really that bad?

My thought processes begin changing. I look for reasons to justify my patronage. I look for ways to adjust my attitude, to destroy my hypocrisy.

"Sure I go to Barnes and Noble," I try to think, "as well I should! They're not really so bad."

Snap! Scene change. I'm in class. Teaching an attractive Oriental. Private lessons at the school I work in. We're working on American culture. A book called *The American Ways*. A chapter on ethic diversity.

My sincere student looks at me, eyelashes batting. My heart melts. Elsewhere, I stiffen.

"Asians have been in America since before the 1900s," I say, "They built the railroads."

Like you see yourself in a dream. I hear myself say *Asians*. I don't believe that Asian crap. I believe in Orientals. Arabs, Siberians, and Indians are Asians. They did not build the railroads. Orientals did.

I talk about the horrors done to the Japanese in the 70s. Detroit autoworkers didn't kill an Asian because they thought he was Japanese. They killed an Oriental. It wouldn't make any sense, otherwise. Who'd mistake someone from India for someone from Japan? Even factory workers aren't that dumb.

I don't have to tell you this stuff. I've said it a thousand times, in a thousand places. It's my mantra. My fight against linguistic tyranny. *Asian* is evil. *Oriental* is good.

But why do I use Asian in this class? With this attractive Oriental? Why don't I call a spade a spade? Is it because I have in front of me, someone who I don't want to offend? Am I, the master of offending, suddenly turning hypocrite in order to... what? Get laid? (Unlikely.) Make myself more attractive to the student? (More likely.) Keep my job? (Extremely likely.) What a hypocrite!

Caught again. This time, not by Jersey punks out to scare the Mall People. This time by myself. My own conscience traps me and attacks me for not being true to my ideals.

I have two choices. Either I change the way I act so I practice what I preach, or change my ideals so I preach what I practice. There's nothing in between.

I can either use "Oriental" and risk getting fired, or worse, not getting laid, or I can use "Asian" and keep my job, and more importantly, keep aflame the chance for

Oriental bliss.

I begin to think. Is "Asian" really so bad? After all, it is the same as Oriental. It only means "Eastern." People want me to call them Asians. Who am I to object? What difference does it make? Aren't people allowed to call themselves whatever they like?

My thought processes begin changing. I look for reasons to justify my word use. I look for ways to adjust my attitude, to destroy my hypocrisy.

One more example and I'll tie this all together like chicken legs on a barbecue spit.

I invite you, dear reader to share my bed. To sleep with your arms wrapped around me. To press your naked body against my sleeping hairiness. It's early Saturday morning. Eight o'clock. Back in bed after a late night *I was a Teenage Serial Killer.* I shouldn't have stayed out so late, but Sarah J., the directress, invited me. Fun movie and the audience... what beauties. Reach down and feel my morning hardness. Join me in that place just the other side of sleep. The place where dreams and memories merge. The place where the sound of a weatherman, talking about colliding fronts gradually eats away at my mental image of my own colliding front.

It's the television. I use it as an alarm clock. It's telling me to wake up... on this Saturday. Get out of bed. Piss, shit, drink my coffee, pop a couple Advil and as many Tums. I've got to get up. Go to work. Make that extra money. Yeah it's Saturday. It's also $23 an hour.

My mind is too fogged to care. I don't even think about how work is the root of evil. I don't consider how work ruins your health and cripples your mind. I don't ponder that I've urged impressionable young things to get credit cards, quit their jobs, live high on the plastic, declare bankruptcy and start again.

These thoughts never cross my mind, as I shave, brush my teeth, dress my flab, and head off to my job teaching Asians. It's work. It's not so bad. When I'm awake enough to be aware, I realize the hypocrisy of my overwork. Don't I spend my less sober hours crusading against work? Now I'm doing it on Saturday!

I can beat that hypocrisy. I just won't set goals. I'll stop. No one can call me a hypocrite. I'll practice what I preach... that is I won't preach anything. Go to work. Get money. Please people so I'll get laid. Shop at Barnes and Nobles. I don't have to preach these things. People already do them. I don't have to preach anything. No! No! No! Stop that kind of talk! Now!

These days, charges of hypocrisy run like charges of "sellout" ran in the 80s and 90s. Politicians who preach ethics and take gifts are hypocrites. Religious leaders who preach abstinence and fuck around. Vegans who preach no meat slurf at Wendy's. Hypocrisy has become the king of immorality. It replaces dishonesty, intolerance, narrow-mindedness. Somehow Hitler wasn't really so bad. He walked the same line that he talked. He was no hypocrite.

People are so afraid of being hypocrites that they lower their goals, change their morality. Fearing that they can't live up to their own standards of perfection, of right and wrong, they lower those standards.

Well buckaroos, I said, "I have two choices. Either I change the way I act so that I practice what I preach, or change my ideals so that I preach what I practice. There's nothing in between"

That was wrong.

There is a third choice. That choice is to accept that we're hypocrites. Accept that we're humans, imperfect, flawed, ready to make mistakes, not live up to our ideals. That choice is to aim as high as we can. To refuse to settle for the possible, knowing we'll never hit the target.

More than accept hypocrisy. We need to revel in it. Wallow in it like a good beershit wallows in our large intestines. We need to embrace it, hug it like we hug the back of an ass-fuckee. Thrust into it with all the love and passion we thrust into a tight brown anus.

Fuck it. Barnes and Nobles is evil. Asian is not Oriental. Work is a sin. I am a hypocrite. I don't do as I say. My goals are too perfect. My ideals are too high to live them. I can try for them, knowing I'll miss. I can use them to tell right from wrong, even though I'll sometimes be wrong.

My hypocrisy is my strength. It keeps my standards high. It keeps me from giving-in, from rationalizing away my weaknesses. It lets me live my life as best I can, but always leaves room to do better. Pass me the Old Milwaukee. This one's for hypocrisy! Uh, on second thought, better not. I've got to get up early tomorrow. I need to be at work by nine.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.MykelBoard.com or subscribers (email to: god@MykelBoard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—> *Hang on to your constitution dept:* For the first time, a powerful legal firm, Milberg Weiss Bershad Hynes & Lerach, the same firm that successfully sued the R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for marketing the Joe Camel character to children — is financing an anti-heavy metal lawsuit. The lawyers are making a case similar to the one they used with cigarettes: music companies sold harmful materials to minors, and did so knowing that the music's philosophy of violence was an ad gimmick to sell CDs. By focusing on the issues of marketing and minors, lawyers hope to avoid the First Amendment arguments that spoiled previous lawsuits.

"Slayer can write its music — just leave the children alone." Says the father of a girl whose murder was "inspired by Slayer."

Sure, just show your social security card. Then you can buy Slayer records... if you can find 'em.

—>*Okay, they're not perfect dept:* I've often written about my love for Danes. Danish society has the best attitude toward drugs, sex and work of any country that side of Holland. And the people who live there are a much more workable size than the Dutch.

But, the Danes are getting worried. About immigrants! Oy vey. Although they fuck like cockroaches, the native Danish population is declining. In order to get people to do the dirty work, they've got to import them. That means that nasty people have a ready-made excuse for their own inadequacies. Blame the immigrants.

Reports of Danish racist incidents and the rise of Danish racist political parties have just reached me. This country, so tolerant on so many levels is turning into another Germany on the race issue. How can people who value tolerance, and choice, become so narrow minded?

Maybe the Danes ought to admit they're flawed humans, who don't always live up to their high ideals. They should proclaim those ideals, loud and in no uncertain terms. and when they don't live up to them, tell the world that unacheivability does not lesson the value of perfection. Let 'em be hypocrites!

—>*Ever wonder why the badguy is always a druggie dept:* I've often quoted the *Comes Naturally* email column by David Steinberg. You can subscribe with an email message to: eronat@aol.com. His column of February last year had some interesting information.

It told how the Federal Government offered TV networks a way out of showing those boring public service announcements. That way was for them to show their scripts to a government agency for approval. That meant

more airtime to sell to Budweiser. If the script was anti-drug enough, the government would reward the network by releasing it from the duty to broadcast the announcements. If the script was not anti-drug enough, the Feds would "offer suggestions on how you might rewrite the scripts to include the kinds of anti-drug messages we want to see"

David reports: *According to the results of six months of investigative journalism by Daniel Forbes, recently published in Salon magazine this is exactly what the Feds offered to networks in the summer of 1998, after Congress approved a $1 billion, five-year program of federally funded anti-drug advertising. And this is what they have been doing ever since, with increasing enthusiasm and influence.*

Through this program, successfully kept under wraps until Salon broke the story in January, "ER" has recouped $1.4 million of ad time by joining the anti-drug crusade, "Chicago Hope" $500,000, "The Practice" $500,000, and "90210" something between $500,000 and $750,000. It's what Tom Lehrer once called doing well by doing good (he was talking about neighborhood drug dealers, actually): demonstrating how drugs are bad for people, modeling characters who just say no, or who become drug informants for the police, demonstrating circumstances where drug tests at work or on the athletic field are clearly the right way to go.

Now I'm waiting for the Bush administration to start making deals based on an Iraqi body count. The more dead Iraqis on your program, the fewer Head Start commercials you have to show.

—>*Speaking of Bush dept:* Here's my first prediction of the new administration, though it might be true by the time this comes out. Bush has just sent bombers into Iraq, attacking radar installations, killing a bunch and wounding a bunch more. Sounds strange, not telling other Arabs and not consulting with the UN. Everybody is condemning... Doesn't make sense.

Just wait. It'll make a lot of sense. Bush is pushing. He wants retaliation. He wants an explosion, an incident. If he doesn't get it, he'll make one himself. Dad wasn't head of the CIA for nothing! Once he gets the incident, he uses it as an excuse for a really big attack. Killing Sadam, getting the glory dad couldn't get, and the Americans will love it. Another Bush at war... I can't wait. I just wonder if the bomb they're going to use to kill Sadam is uranium or faith based.

—>—> *Yeah right, dept:* It's amazing how suckers, especially
earnest vegetarian suckers, will believe anything. A friend of mine forwarded me the following:

KFC has been a part of our American traditions for many years. Many people, day in and day out, eat at KFC religiously. Do they really know what they are eating? During a recent study of KFC done at the University of New Hampshire, they found some very upsetting facts. First of all, has anybody noticed that just recently, the company has changed their name? Kentucky Fried Chicken has become KFC. Does anybody know why? We thought the real reason was because of the "FRIED" food issue. It's not. The reason why they call it KFC is because they can not use the word chicken anymore. Why? KFC does not use real chickens. They actually use genetically manipulated organisms. These so called "chickens" are kept alive by tubes inserted into their bodies to pump blood and nutrients throughout their structure. They have no beaks, no feathers, and no feet. Their bone structure is dramatically shrunk to get more meat out of them. This is great for KFC because they do not have to pay so much for their production costs. There is no more plucking of the feathers or the removal of the beaks and feet. The government has
told them to change all of their menus so they do not say chicken anywhere. If you look closely you will notice this. Listen to their commercials, I guarantee you will not see or hear the word chicken. I find this matter to be very disturbing. I hope people will start to realize this and let other people know. Please forward this message to as many people as you can. Together we make KFC start using real chicken again.

This looks like an ONION parody it's so funny. But in a way it's scary... not the text, but that so many people believed it. Well, consider that there were people who believed my last, April Fools column about the Eminem blowjob. And consider that the first paragraph started with APRIL and the second with FOOLS. Well there one born every min... er... second.

One Room, Thirty Years

This past weekend I did things I had never done before, saw and heard things that blew me away. The weekend was so intense I even started smoking again, and now I can hardly talk.

One of those moments was when my band played at CBGBs in New York. I had never seen a show there before, much less played on that old punk rock stage, home of the Ramones circa 1977.

Being non-famous, the crowd listened to us but didn't dance. People clapped and bobbed heads but there was that physical space of we-don't-know-who-the-fuck-you-are between us onstage and the crowd five feet away. Then, halfway through our set, I introduced a song by talking about the prison industrial complex.

I said, "There are 2 million people in prison in the United States. This is unacceptable. We want justice. Their brand of 'criminal justice' is no justice at all. Two million people. This is unacceptable." Then the crowd began yelling about cops and courts and people moved forward to the front of the stage. I was overwhelmed. It was the equivalent of parting the Red Sea. These kids moved forward not for another power chord but for the fact that our prison system is eating people alive. They know what's going on.

Many people choose to ignore prisoners, but once you are aware, once you know someone inside or are there yourself, once you hear the voices of those trapped behind the walls, the prison camps that dot our landscape quickly become no longer oddities in your vision, but way stations of US racism and capitalist power. A method of control as deadly as any bullet. A way of killing people slowly.

Today the US imprisons more of its citizens than any other country in the world. More than Communist China or post-Soviet Russia. Most of the people put in prison are poor, are African American, are Indigenous, are Latino. What is this? This is US genocide.

As Tina Williams, who was a prisoner in MCI Framingham in Massachusetts for 17 years said, "I never met a rich person in prison." I was in New York not only to play the show, but to attend Critical Resistance East: Beyond the Prison Industrial Complex~a three day gathering of anti-prison activists from the northeast and from around the country. The goal was for ex-prisoners, students, youth, older people, activists, Anarchists, faith groups, queer groups, prisoner advocacy groups, lawyers, family members, artists, musicians, media, poets, and other concerned people to come together to

discuss campaign strategies and to share information about the prison injustice system in America.

It was a full weekend in NYC. Adam (friend, lover, soulmate and fellow Profit) and I jumped on a bus in Boston on Friday afternoon. An hour into the ride the predicted snow storm began to come down, and the snow flew horizontally by the windows. I couldn't see anything through the windshield, and I wondered if the bus driver could either. I was excited as I had been looking forward to Critical Resistance East (CRE) for months. Angela Davis, one of my personal heroines, was speaking. Activists from California and New York I have met via telephone and email would be there. Enormous snow plows cleared the side lanes and we barreled down the highway. Adam and I ate cookies and slept.

Three hours later we made our way through Manhattan. We arrived at Columbia University, West 116th and Amsterdam Avenue. On the street it was dark and cold but there was a feeling of something big going on. The opening gathering was a performance dedicated to the Attica Prison Rebellion, held at Miller Theater. Part of the purpose of the piece was to remind us that the struggle for freedom, the fight against slavery, injustice, racism and imprisonment has been ongoing since the very beginnings of this country. The movement for true democracy is not new, and we gain strength from our collective history of revolt and resistance. Unfortunately Adam and I missed the first part of the event, as the 1,500 or so seat theater was packed to capacity. We waited outside and smoked cigarettes and acclimated to the city. It was good to see so many spikes and leopard print freaks in the crowd. A few people left, and we were able to get in and stand in the back. A youth group from Harlem called IMPACT performed. They were amazing. About fifteen kids, mostly girls, were on stage and sang~I mean really sang~and rapped and danced and spoke poetry about growing up in a world that tries to ignore them and devalue their lives. They explained that IMPACT is a grassroots group that teaches kids to empower themselves, and gives them activist and community organizing tools. These kids kicked ass. I wished IMPACT was in every neighborhood, as these kids seemed ready to take on the world.

After IMPACT, Emani Davis (Angela's sister? I'm not sure.) came on stage. She said, "We have lost people since [the first] Critical Resistance [in 1998]." Emani named a few of those who had died inside, who never made it out. Emani stopped, and cried for a moment. After a silence, she began again. She said that we don't need to make reforms in the prison system, we need to get people OUT. All the political prisoners, all the drug war prisoners, all the mothers, all the battered women, all the innocent, we need to get them home. Emani also celebrated a few people who have been recently released and/or pardoned by Clinton, including political prisoners Linda Sue Evans, who was sentenced to prison for conspiracy and malicious destruction in connection with eight bombings between 1983 and 1985, including one at the Capitol, and Susan L. Rosenberg, a former member of the radical group Weather Underground. Laura Whitehorn, a co-defendant of Linda Evans, was also released last year. All three women had been activists since the 60's, and spent the last ten years doing time on trumped up charges. While in prison, the three women continued to stay connected with the activist community, and wrote for several independent publications.

The crowd cheered, hooted and yelled out when Emani mentioned Robert King Wilkerson, one of the "Angola 3." He was released from the Louisiana State Penitentiary~the dungeon known as Angola that was built on a former slave plantation~in early February after spending 29 years in solitary confinement. Robert was convicted of the murder of another prisoner in 1973 despite the fact that another man confessed, and was convicted of the murder. Robert was released after two prisoners who testified against him – the only evidence ever presented - admitted they had lied and were coerced by prison officials. The state offered a plea bargain.

Robert came up from the audience to give a few words. It was hard to imagine him living in a hellhole for almost 30 years. He seemed like a very likable guy.

Robert said he was sentenced to prison for robbery in 1961. While he was there, he began to read political books, and to open his mind to radical thought. He met Albert Woodfox and Herman Wallace who were there on unrelated robbery charges. Influenced by the '60s prisoner rights movement, together they started the Angola chapter of the Black Panther movement inside. Because of their connections to radical activists, and their efforts and campaigns to improve conditions for prisoners at Angola, Herman and Albert were framed for the murder of a prison guard in 1972 and sent to solitary confinement.

In solitary, you are separated from the general prison population. You are kept in your cell 23 hours a day. Yet the three men did not give into the prison's brutal method of destroying the self, of crushing a man or woman's will by sensory deprivation, intimidation and brutality. They continued to stand up for their beliefs and to speak out through their writings and correspondence to the outside world. Robert said that while he is elated to be free, he is not complete. He left his comrades Albert and Herman back in Angola, they are still there, trapped in their cells.

He said, "I am free of Angola, but Angola is not free of me." He will keep fighting. His short speech was powerful and moving, and everyone cheered from the heart. I am amazed at his strength of purpose and resolve. I cannot imagine surviving and living and functioning for so many YEARS in one room.

The opening event ended, and we took the long train ride to Brooklyn. Adam and I met up with my old friend Priscilla and we spent the rest of the night talking about prisons in America and catching up. We drank gin and tonics and listened to her punk mix tapes in her warm apartment. Freedom is wonderful.

The next morning we journeyed north underground. The trip to Manhattan took longer than I expected, and we arrived at Columbia as the noon workshops were beginning. CRE offered over 100 workshops, panels and discussions in two days. There was so much to choose from, so much to hear and talk about. We made it to the right building and the hallways are jammed. I kept running into people I know. The air was of a hive making honey, collective work done with hope and promise.

I made it to the workshop "across the lines: working together for women prisoners" and classroom 327 was packed. Every desk was filled. I had a hard time walking to the front of the room as every inch of floor space was taken by bodies and notebooks and coffee cups. There were activist crunchy types and New Yorkers all in black. A woman in an African headdress, a man in a casual suit sitting on the floor. Hippies and punk types and dread locks and students and older women and a awesome mix of all sorts of regular people from all over the country. The room was filled with an energy and earnestness that expanded and pressed against the

walls. People were standing in back. The door was jammed with people looking in, spilling out into the hallway.

Another thing I have never done: speak on a panel. I was mildly terrified.

I work at a feminist newspaper, and coordinate a project called Women Inside/Outside that publishes writings by women in prison, runs pen pal ads and publishes a resource guide for women in prison. I started it from scratch a year ago, and now get about fifty letters a month from women in prison across the country. I was surprised that I was asked to speak.

Honestly, I was too nervous to remember exactly what the other panelists said. My throat was closing in and my heart was beating overtime. They spoke about the California Coalition for Women Prisoners (CCWP), a group run by women inside and outside prison that is working hard for prisoner's rights. CCWP puts out a small magazine called The Fire Inside that I highly recommend everyone subscribe to. It has stories and articles by women in prison and news about the activist movement against the prison industrial complex. It's practically free, just give a donation (see below).

The speakers also mentioned a few things you should know before you think that living in prison is easy or a "country club" : -The large majority of women are imprisoned for non-violent crimes: drugs, prostitution, check forgery, shop lifting. Of the women who are convicted murderers, many of them killed a violent, long-time abuser in self-defense. But the courts don't see it that way. Women are typically given twice as long prison sentences for killing a husband as men are for killing a wife.

-Health care in women's prisons is a joke. Since January, seven women have died at Chowchilla and several of those deaths could have been prevented with adequate medical attention. One woman suffered seizures for hours while her cell mates screamed for the guards to bring help which came too late. The woman died in her cell. -About 80% of women in prison have young children. What happens to these kids? Especially if dad isn't around? There are many alternatives to sending people to prison: community service, group homes, and drug treatment, that are more constructive and cheaper than building a prison.

-Men are prison guards in women's facilities in the US, a dangerous situation that is outlawed in most of the world and condemned by the United Nations. Women are at the mercy of the guards, and if they are raped, they have little safe outlet or protection to report it.

-Many women go to prison pregnant. It is very common for a women to be SHACKLED TO HER HOSPITAL BED WHILE GIVING BIRTH, although a guard is present in the room. Is this humiliation and pain necessary? The examples of torture could fill this entire magazine a hundred times over. Women and men are not "serving time" appropriate to the crime, they are being tortured for even minor crimes of poverty. On the panel, I introduced myself by saying, "I have never been to prison, but I am in solidarity with women in prison. I am not fighting for them, but for me. For all of us. It could be me inside, it could be you inside."

I said, "Prison is at the black heart of patriarchal, racist, capitalist American society. Poor women and Black women are being sent to prison not the CEO of Dow Chemical who was responsible for the Bhopal Disaster. Prison is a means of social control." I decided being on a panel wasn't so bad after all.

I told folks that women are often invisible in our media, and poor women, working class women and women in prison are no where to be seen or heard. We need to listen to their stories, and to look at what is really going on. I recommended people read the 'zines Out of Time, The Fire Inside, Prison Focus, and Sojourner: The Women's Forum. I've put addresses at the end, so check them out!

This column is getting longer and longer as I try to convey CRE. I told you it was a long weekend.

Hold on, I'm almost finished. Take a break from thinking of the evils of this society for a minute and drink away at Sweet Water in Brooklyn and listen to Motorhead on the jukebox until the bar closes. Bum too many cigarettes.

At least that's what I did on Saturday night. Adam and I met up with Hope and Martin, some of the most awesome people we know, and put down yummy pitchers of Brooklyn Lager. I ran into punks I haven't seen for years like Tim and talked about the good ol' Rat days, life and bands. After five or so years we had grown apart, but damn it, we both still had our spikes on. Good times.

Now that you've refreshed yourself, go back to Manhattan, to the Riverside Church on 121st & Claremont to wrap up at CRE. Saturday's CRE evening event is entitled "Women, Prison and globalization" and was created in honor of International Working Women's Day (March 8). There was no way I was going to miss this, and for once we were early and got seats. The church filled with people and even with its balconies and rows and rows of long wooden pews the place was filled to capacity and hundreds of people waited outside.

It was amazing. The Riverside was huge. At night, the stain glass windows were dark and the ceiling rose above the hanging lights into blackness. It gave the strange effect of being outside in an enormous stone tent. Behind the pulpit was a large photo of Martin Luther King Jr. speaking at this very church, inspiring and moving folks to action during the '60s. There is a strong history here.

In turn, Angela Davis spoke with passion; a group of women called Asé played African drums and sang; Chrystos and Suheir Hammad read poetry that struck the bone about the imprisonment of indigenous women, about losing your life behind bars. Two women danced to the drums, and another woman painted an 8'x4' canvass over the course of the event. The woman in the painting changed over the hour from behind bars to outside, from being alone to being held by a sister standing behind her. At the end, these two women were encircled by the protective arms of an all-encompassing mother.

While the event was uplifting, I suppose the best part about it was just seeing all those people who were working for justice in one room together. It felt like an army.

One thing that really struck me was an audio tape of Assata Shakur, a member of the Black Panther Party who was sentenced to life in prison in 1973 but escaped to Cuba. I had never heard her speak before, and she moved me to believe revolution was truly possible, that in the face of such inequality, of such exploitation and devastation, we have no other choice. Freedom is worth everything. Check out: The Fire Inside (Newsletter of CCWP): 100 McAllister St., San Francisco, CA 94102. Out of Control (Out of Time Lesbian Committee to Support Women Political Prisoners): 3543 18th Street, Box 30, San Francisco, CA 94110. outoftime@igc.org Prison Focus (California Prison Focus): 2489 Mission St. #28, San

Francisco, CA 94110. Sojourner: The Women's Forum: 42 Seaverns Ave., Boston, MA 02130. Critical Resistance: http://www.criticalresistance.org/creast Prison Activist Resource Center (so much good info here): http://prisonactivist.org You can write me: Erika Ransom, theprofits@punkrock.net. Liberty for all- I'll drink to that!

THE GAUNTLET

THE AUTHORITY from Orange County, California have a hard-ass punk n' Oi! seven inch out on 77 RPM Records from Glendale, CA. In the title song, "The Fight" , Bill sings: "Stand strong and stay true" - and this man has the passion and conviction to make the listener believe him! This anthem is an inspiration to all the punks and skins learning about unity in their scene. Next up, Bill sings a love song about a tattooed girl in the summer heat and her profound effect on him. Bill and the authority are exploring an excellent punk avenue on the song "The End". Great 80s punk melodies permeate this fucker. Get this fine record from: 77 RPM Records, PO Box 9186, Glendale, CA 91226.

Bill has been playing some guitar with Duane Peters and his HUNNS - the band was just in town here and its a good chemistry that really works well. Go see Bill and Duane with the HUNNS in your town! Punk rock you fuckers!

The BELTONES have a great new disc out on Radio Records (Sonoma, California). Bill performs an original song "Shitty in Pink" with the fire of a Jerry Lee Lewis and the warmth of a Jake Burns. *Shitty in Punk* is brilliant! Punk rock as it was intended - melodic but with big balls! THE BELTONES and THOSE UNKNOWN take the prize for STIFF LITTLE FINGERS respectful derivatives. The back picture is stolen from the NIPPLE ERECTORS record - this Irish punk history lesson is incorporated well. Sure enough, on the "B" side Mr. McFadden covers the song "Nobody to Love" by Shane MacGowan. Excellent! Get this fine record from Radio Records, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476.

Fuck yes! Headache Records from New Jersey, USA. presents STEEL TOE SOLUTION. These rough mothers are all about business - the business of kicking some ass! *Dick in the Dirt* starts out with an AGNOSTIC FRONT hardcore riff. These individuals would be a fearsome bunch if you did not show them the proper respect. The next song is about cops and their abuse of power. You must listen to "Little Boy Blue"! This shit is quite cynical! In "Slave", STEEL TOE SOLUTION champions the pride of the working man above the drone-like existence of an office worker stuck in a suit and obsessed with money. This is a good song! The final hardcore blast from these bad punks is "Wrong Side of the Pond", about those ridiculous posers who try to affect a British accent or way of speech. This is one unforgiving dose of hardcore punk with the boots poised and ready to kick your head in if you cross them. Write to Headache Records, PO Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432.

Al "Heinz 57" from THE BLOODY MUTANTS and No Pride Records has a most enjoyable punk EP out with his band THE GOOD LADS. This band is a fun, fast and loose tribute to THE MACC LADS and their album *Beer & Sex & Chips n' Gravy*. Alan has named his EP *Beer & Sex & Chips n' Curry* . Besides the title track, THE GOOD LADS romp through "Twenty Cans" (originally "Twenty Pints"), "King Slugs Round" and "Dorfsies". This is a good humored, raucous punk rock adventure for you drunks. Order your THE GOOD LADS EP from: No Pride Records, 352 Divisadero St., San Francisco, CA 94117.

TKO Records has a burning punk rock 45 for you cretins! THE GENERATORS from South Pasadena, California crank out a damn decent single with a good original "Dead at 16" on the "A" side, and a respectful cover of the ANGELIC UPSTARTS, "I'm an Upstart" on the "B" side. On "Dead at 16", THE GENERATORS have a tasteful Duane Peters meets Mike Lohrman vocal with an excitable guitar track bubbling over the top. It's punk and it's got hooks! Write TKO Records at 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Some other TKO updates for you skinheads and scum rockers: The fucking excellent NIBLICK HENBANE LP *Go Away* is available on vinyl now for you purists. You may also look for the kill-or-be-killed brand new ANTI-SEEN LP *The Boys from Brutalsville* very soon. Fuck Yes!

Rapid Pulse Records has a great posthumous release by San Francisco's THE SHRINKS. This band had a small glimmer of brilliance last year and here you have the entire recorded output of THE SHRINKS. Adam and his band of bad humans start out with a real rocker called "Nowhere to Live". This is followed by another great up-tempo punk burst called "High Society". On the "B" side you lose a little of the momentum with the love song "Ain't it Great". But the last song, "Suicide Ride" leaves you with a good taste in you mouth. Order from: Rapid Pulse Records, PO Box 5075, Milford, CT 06460.

Hostage Records has some bash-it-up beach punk prepared for you drunks. First on our agenda is a talented band that has been lurking around Orange County, California for a few years now. DISCONTENT comes out of the gate with a blistering attack on "Fugitive". This has a great sound - fans of BONECRUSHER and SMOGTOWN will definitely like these guys! The second song on the "A" side is "Who Killed Vinyl?" This title tune has good choruses and strong guitar parts. These two songs are earlier material redone for this Hostage record. Side "B" is a new tune called "Good Enough" and this is a little more refined and polished. The sing-a-long harmonies and sophisticated guitar, drums, bass, interplay give the song lots of charm.

Hostage Records brings you the newest shit from one of O.C.'s favorite beach punk bands, SMOGTOWN. The new EP is called *Audiophile* and this is a departure from the "Fuhrers of the New Wave" Disaster Records disc that received all those accolades last year. The great title song, "Audiophile" is fast and familiar territory for SMOGTOWN fans, but turn this EP over and you get a change of pace from these guys. Chavez and his miscreants slow things down a notch with the introspective "Fucked Off". This song just drips with pessimism and fatality. The guitars moan and weep here. Read just how negative SMOGTOWN can feel: "Have you ever had that sinking feeling/Where you think your life is a mess?/You don't remember where your problems started/But you know where you're gonna be left fucked off/That story always applies to me/Because the problems just beginning/And we're headed for catastrophe/So now we're left all screwed up in a shit creek/And our wheels are totally flat/ We're outta time, outta money, outta weed/Outta luck and that leaves us at fucked off/That story always applies to me/Because the problems just beginning/And we're headed for catastrophe".

The last song on the *Audiophile* EP is an instrumental

called "Blackout in Beach City", which will appeal to you surfers and JAN AND DEAN fans who have been languishing in the woodwork for thirty years.

The third Hostage Release in the new arrivals bin is the *Bipolar Girl* EP by SMUT PEDDLERS. Some of you punk-rockers remember the SMUT PEDDLERS from their 1999 *Silicon and STP* release on Hostage. This *Bipolar Girl* EP, continues the Ocean County rock and roll tradition that this band has been loyal to for years. You get lyrics about getting fucked up and the associated diseases, trucks, girls, and surfing.

Hostage EP #028 is THE FAKES with their three song melodic punk opus *So Fashionable It Hurts* . THE FAKES consist of Mr. McCourt on vocals with Elliot Faux on guitar and ex-members of the STITCHES and US BOMBS on bass and drums. The tunes have a good TRUST FUND BABIES feel to them and you might find yourself singing "Don't Count Me Out" from "Sometimes". These guys can pen a song with some hooks.

Write to Hostage Records for product at: PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615.

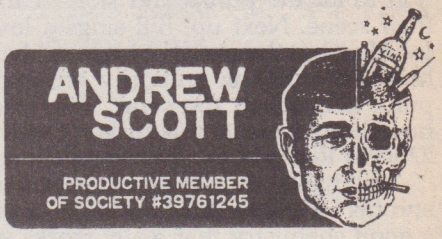
Dave from Punkcore Records in New York, has another two slabs of good punk rock for you this month.

First you get THE DEVOTCHKAS with their *Annihilation* EP. This is some hard-edged energetic, pissed-off, estrogen-fueled political punk rock! THE DEVOTCHKAS come out screamin' with "One-Sided Story", about the hypocrites in our culture that control law enforcement and the media. "Disappointed" elucidates the situation when someone who you thought was a friend betrays you - it's very personal! "Hip Hop Kids" rails about the worthless hip hop music- both black and white, and the slacker kids who follow it. "Annihilation" pleads for more understanding between people struggling in a scene that is threatened - trying to see through the bullshit! You also get a cover of the song "Sorry" by the 4-SKINS. These women take the lessons from old school bands like VICE SQUAD and CHAOS UK and give them a fresh perspective.

Record number two from Punkcore Records is SELF DESTRUCT with their EP *Violent Affair*. These chaos punks plow through "Still Screaming", "Self Destruction", "Violent Affair", "Vicious Cycle" and "It's a Living Hell" with enthusiasm. SELF DESTRUCT slashes, kicks and fights their way out of the traps this society has laid. Write to: Punkcore Records at: PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953.

The DROPKICK MURPHYS have a new record out last month on Hellcat and the new material follows the Irish traditional music leanings that Mr. Casey has been gravitating to of late. The *Sing Loud Sing Proud* LP also includes some of the tough rock and Oi! numbers you have come to love by the DROPKICK MURPHYS. You get a song off an EP from last year, "The Legend of Finn Macumhail", which has the one-two punch to hold your attention. The DROPKICK MURPHYS cover "Which Side Are You On?", a pro-union ballad by FLORENCE REESE, that works well. Then the band covers a traditional Irish ballad, "The Rocky Road to Dublin", with tin whistle, bag pipes, mandolin and sundry other traditional instruments. After two slower numbers that have an Irish American feel to them the DROPKICK MURPHYS slam into "The Gauntlet"! This is the strong and virile Oi! that took this band to the top! Fucking great! After "The Gauntlet", Ken Casey and his band of renown slow things down on "Good Rats". "The New American Way" and "The Torch" are melodic numbers with acoustic guitar. On the next tune, "The Fortunes of War", we pick up the pace and push the rock and roll juggernaut out onto the goddamn playing field! This song is hard and fast! Colin McFaull of COCK SPARRER gives you a guest vocal on one verse of "The Fortunes of War". We meander through "A Few Good Men" and come out slugging with "Ramble and Roll", a definite rocker! This fine new song is followed by a fine old song, "Caps and Bottles", a crowd pleaser at every DROPKICK MURPHYS show. We wind down the record with a cover of the old Irish nugget, "The Wild Rover" plus "The Spicy McHaggis Jig". "The Gauntlet", "The Fortunes of War" and "Ramble and Roll" are the standout new tracks on the disc. It's always a treat to hear familiar numbers like the "Legend of Finn Macumhail" and "Caps and Bottles". The other twelve tracks will appeal to traditional Irish music fans and POGUES fans. In fact, you get some guest vocals from Mr. MacGowan on two songs. Order your new DROPKICK MURPHYS record from: Hellcat Records, 2798 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90026

Until next month,
I'll see you around...
I'll see you in hell!



"Clenched fists black eyes"

This Month's Top Ten that wouldn't fit into the narrow confines of the first two pages of the zine:

1. Six packs of cold beer, halogen lights, and backyard ramps in the Mission.
2. Iggy Scam's "Trip to Cuba" film.
3. Skating the unopened S.F. skatepark with six other trespassing prison bound skate punks, all the while AGGRESSION is blasting out of a boom box setting the mood.
4. Having the doctor in Modesto ask me if I wanted local anesthesia before she put nine staples into the back of head.
5. Chris Becker & Steven Barkley (heros among men).
6. Every single record we get for review at MRR that has songs about skateboarding (especially HOLIER THAN THOU!).
7. Romantically pissing in doorways with the girl you've been making out with.
8. REAL KIDS–live (finally).
9. ART CHANTRY'S (Book) -"Some People Can't Swim."
10. OTTAWA/JIHAD–split LP.

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First off, you think you're punk? I ask you how many black eyes have you had in the last six months. I've had three. Not bad, eh?

Last Sunday I got hit the back of the head with a skateboard at the new skatepark in Ripon knocking out the remainder of any sense I had left in my brain. I was minding my own business frontside carving one of the outer walls and the biggest, most aggro guy in the park threw away his board after attempting to fly over the hip at the speed of mach 10. His board shot out, launched off the transition and locked on target with the back of my skull and–CRACK! ...At least that's what my friends tell me, I was knocked out cold.

I came to in the back of my truck with some biker guy's blood soaked bandana pressed against my skull and two cops looking down on me asking "were you

wearing a helmet?" I reply with a "yeah," saturated with sarcasm. I think they knew it was pretty futile to try and get any info out of me. They were right.

Becker carted me off to the hospital where I received seven stitches above my eye and nine staples in the back of my head. I asked for stitches, cause at least I could take those out myself, but they insisted on staples. Fuck, that means more doctor appointments.

After you get hurt like this, instantly you start hearing the old lecture "aren't you too old to be doing that shit?" "Are you gonna start wearing your helmet now?" Or "you're lucky to be alive." I say fuck that. I don't care, kill me, I need the rest. I'm not gonna change my ways because of one isolated incident. And I'm sure as hell not gonna start wearing a helmet. First of all, I didn't fall on my head because of my shitty skateboarding skills, I got cracked in the head because somebody else couldn't skate. Besides, I'm so full of piss and vinegar that I could never stop skating, listening to punk rock, and living this lifestyle. If I didn't have these outlets I'd be a sociopath, guaranteed. And if I was going to become a normal "adjusted" member of society I would have done it a long time ago. It's way too late now, I've been indoctrinated–I'm a lifer. Skateboarding and punk rock saved my life and it's big part of who I am. So I remain faithful to them, because their presence has been something I could always depend on. How many people or things do you have that have remained constant your entire life? –Then someone says to you, to stop doing the things that give you reasons for living. Ha, what a joke! Live life now to the fullest, full speed ahead, no regrets, no looking back, and fucking skate and destroy (you).

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I'm sitting at this cafe writing this column and at the table across from me is a couple. The woman is discreetly crying. It looks as if they're breaking up a relationship or maybe it's their first meeting after having been broken-up for a while, the "let's try and be friends thing" that never works. It sucks, but I can't help but look over at them every couple of minutes. It's that car-wreck situation, you don't want to look but you do it anyway. It intrigues me (or I'm fucking nosy). I wonder what they're thinking. I don't know, so I make up my own self improvised scenario. Why is she so sad? I'm gonna blame the guy for breaking her heart. He looks so damn stoic, it must be his fault. Then I keep looking 'cause it hits so close to home (probably does for most people). It brings to mind a time four years ago sitting in a cafe with an ex-girlfreind in a distant mideastern city, going through the motions of the attempted reactivation of our friendship. We should've known better to try something like that. Oh godamn rejection, you can't do a thing about it. Someone always loses in those situations. Well, I guess you can piss on their car's windshield wiper area so it soaks the defroster, making the car stink like urine when it's turned on –not that I would ever do that. Love can be rotten and witnessing this is almost like a flashback to an era that means little to me at this point except that it was an experience that I look back upon. Oh well.

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"No Hope Gives Me Guts"
- Mike Watt

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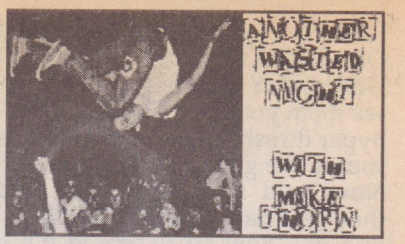
Send all hate mail and punk shitz to:
Andrew Scott,
PO Box 170247, S.F., CA. 94117 or *andrew.scott@mindspring.com*. Hi-tech viewing: www.sobstory.net



OK. OK, so I know the cover date on this sucker is May 2001 but I think that the article on the Fair Trade Agreement of the Americas (FTAA) should be brought to most of ya'lls attention. Read it and get your ass up to Quebec at the end of April. Seriously, this shit is so important that it's stupid. What does this have to do with punk you say? Hmmm... if fighting against the rise of total and complete corporate domination isn't punk, then I'll be the first one to hand in my studded belt and hair dye! Besides, if shit really hits the fan you can bust a bottle over some rich fucker or some cop's face—and Christ knows that's punk!

***

OK, so last month I just whined a lot about King George bombing the fuck out of Iraq again—and in the meantime he has pushed for tax cuts (give you one guess who it'll benefit—nope, not you or me! Oh yeah, perhaps you should read the book *Fortunate Son* for a little insight into what "giving it back to the people" means in the fantasy world Bush lives in) and he also had a lot of fun slashing environmental laws—you know like opening up Alaskan nature reserves for oil drilling—not surprising from an old Texas oil man who... wait, you don't think any of his friends might benefit from such a thing, do you? So like I said, I whined and pouted about bombings and media blackouts last month and didn't even extend one prop to any of the fine rock that has graced my ears as of late. So here goes with the talk of the rock.

First up to bat would be the advance tape of the new DON AUSTIN EP—so you may remember them from their smoking 7" from a few months back—well kids, this one is even more off the handle—fast furious jackhammer hardcore from the Midwest. Don't know who's putting this one out yet but, you can still get their first EP from folx like Sound Idea I'm sure. ATROCIOUS MADNESS—those who know me know how much I love this band, so it should come as no surprise to find me sitting in a corner drooling over their new EP on Kangaroo—to some it just sounds like a wall of frantic screaming and feedback with drums thrown in—to me it sounds like heaven. The second coming of CONFUSE? I think so.

In the new split EP world, we get a new entry from KONTRAORDEN and ANTI TODO. Both are from the south western hemisphere of the planet—and both are total rippers who could give a fuck if they sound good to your so-called "first world" ears. A driving beat that causes sensual gyrations. I got my copy from the fine folx at Six Weeks—you should write them a letter (find their address hidden somewhere in this issue—it's like a little game, like hide and seek, besides I can't do all the work for you). DEMON SYSTEM 13 has recorded their LP for Havoc and are hitting these shores come September first—now if any of you fucking poseurs missed them the first time, you have no excuse—they're touring the US for about a month and a half—so as the LIFE'S HALT kids would say—"get in tha pit you motherfuckers!" or at least stand there and nod your head...oh yeah Pushead (you know *that* guy) is doing the cover artwork! Skulls, demons and more SKULLS!!! OK—so I know I reviewed it in the review section this month—but really that new AUS ROTTEN LP fucking rules! Hell, it's so punk it made me dye my hair blue! It rocks and the lyrics are right on the fucking money—maybe you should read them next

time your sitting at home chugging a cider or root beer! OK you EAST COAST AND MIDWEST fucks—Y from GERMANY is coming to you soon, and if you don't go see them you are a fucking idiot—thousand mile per hour hyper thrash. To get a good representation as to what they sound like go out and buy one of those electric hammers. Now hold it to your head and turn it on—seriously, they're that good!!! Besides, they're from fucking Europe—how much would it hurt you to get away from your fucking TV or bong for one night and support some fucking punx from another part of the world? Who knows, you might make some new friends!!!! Oh yeah NINE SHOCKS FUCKING TERROR—their new split with the KILLERS is out now—do yourself a favor. Find this fucking record now! This is fucking hardcore my friends—jackhammer fast, harsh as fuck and not one ounce of metal to be found! (Oh yeah, contrary to what those otherwise very nice fellows at the *Twin Cities Hardcore Journal* have to say—hardcore is not the combo of punk and metal! Hardcore is punk, but faster! And with 5% fewer junkies!) If you like the fine quality rock of BASTARD, GAUZE, RAW POWER and THE WRETCHED then you'll love this EP! PEOPLES WAR EP out soon on Coalition Records—dirty filthy raw Memphis punk! OK kids, gotta run, this puppy is going to print tomorrow and I'm getting psyched for the upcoming STATE OF FEAR, SHITLIST, DEATHREAT, and PROPAGANDHI shows here in the Bay Area—expect a full report next issue. Plus don't you forget about Chicago Fest at the end of April and the upcoming Havoc Fest in September—and remember if you think the scene/punk whatever sucks—its you're own damn fault so *do* something about it!!

ENDNOTES:

1) My favorite taqueria—The Maya—recently closed down.... fuck fuck fuck! Now I'm struggling to find a new favorite place to score tasty vegan burritos—any of you bay area folx got any suggestions?!

2) In more delicious food news—when in SF be sure to hit up Lucky Creation on Washington (in China Town) and Bamboo Garden on Clement for the best in veggie Chinese food in SF (at least in my humble opinion).

3) Hey thanks to all the folx who have been writing in to fill up our letters section recently—keep 'em coming kids—hell even if you hate us—write in and tell us so! We promise only to make fun of you a little bit!

4) As usual, send me shit!!! (well not actual "shit" but you know "stuff;" aka records, toys, books, zines etc.) Write me c/o the *MRR* mailbox or via mikethorn@mindspring.com.

Men, and Fathers

"To tell the truth, in our common heart we were both worried. And afraid... Starving for contact and calling it poison when it is offered. We learn young to be leery of contact: Never open up, we learn...you want somebody running their dirty old fingers over your soul's privates? Never accept candy from strangers. Or from friends."

—Ken Kesey, *Sometimes A Great Notion*, 1963

•••••

When he was five his father left him and his twenty-one year old mother, to remarry and eventually become the pastor of an Alabama church. In early childhood he suffered from terrible sick headaches and ground his teeth so loudly at night that it woke his mother from her sleep. Alone with her there was never enough money, except once when she won an expense-paid vacation to Disneyworld and they stayed in the hotel there for a week. He remembers every detail of the room service.

Some experiments were conducted, in which he would stay summers with his father's old family—the boy's grandparents, aunts, and so on—or with the new one, of wife and daughters. Most of his sensory memories of his father come from this time, and they are all precious to him. With his father also linger his early memories of material comfort and recreation: air conditioning, water skis, men's suits and the smell of Pine Sol.

These visits ended when he was fourteen and attacked his younger stepsister after she made some ill-timed, unsavory remarks about his mother, to whom he was fiercely loyal. The home movie of this brawl, if there had been one, has him pinning the yelping girl to the floor with his knees and swatting her in the head, while the onlookers panic. The stepsister escaped that day relatively unscathed, but it was clear that provoked, the boy was capable of real damage.

His father's new wife, hysterical and threatened, threw him and his devil's records and dirty clothes out forever, back to Florida and poverty, school and hell, gators and palms, early death far away from her Christian home. And his father—this is the important part—decided (or maybe did no deciding at all) that that was reasonable, that having a son was not worth undermining the integrity of his now-decent American family.

So he has never returned, hasn't seen them since.

As a younger kid he had been a good student and had regularly taking responsibility for his baby sister while his mother attended work and school. But as a young teenager, returning from his father's rejection, he became angry. These followed: drugs, vandalism, violence, arrest, and a mandatory vacation in the psychiatric hospital as a judge's alternative to juvie. The sick headaches returned. He sometimes hated his father, but the emotion was complicated by the deep yearning he also felt for him, the need to be taken care of and loved back. Did his father decide? To abandon his son? What he did was *not decide*, came the inevitable conclusion. He allowed his woman to decide for him. Bending before the will of another person became in the boy's eyes the ultimate crime. There was no forgiving it for many years.

Punk rock came as escape from a fate he believed otherwise inevitable. He had felt dragged into despair without any anchor except his mother's own dedicated, rigorous depression. It seemed all the voices around him begged him to admit he was no good, that he ought to give up already. The records that energized him were pencil sketches of another world in which he could be a man without having to grow up to be like his father. He began to believe in the possibilities of love and adventure, of shaping the world according to his own rules. This meant that he would make it, but also that he and people close to him would suffer collateral damage while he wrestled his life into his own hands.

It was hard for him to grow up always threatened with losing control, with being abandoned. And it was sometimes hard to love him, because he was afraid: both of being disregarded and of being manipulated; of being thrown out and of having to bear the weight of another person.

•••••

His story is much longer and more interesting than I've written it. All stories like it are.

For his twenty-fifth birthday, his father sent him a $20 gift certificate to Red Lobster. "Celebrate!" he wrote in the margin. I think this may have been the last straw.

On the brink of a long journey, he wrote back to his father and told the truth for the first time, without anger.

"I am struggling with potentially life-long unhappiness at the hands of past demons and events," he wrote, "and will not deny their effect on my ability to love or trust. And whether accountability ever falls on your shoulders, I've appointed it to you."

•••••

Unconsciouly, my immediate family prepares me for a life of self-sufficiency. To all of its protagonists, the ability and willingness to fix broken things is essential, and it seems to them increasingly unlikely that I'll marry into repairs. Two years in a row, sets of screwdrivers for Christmas. I have so many screwdrivers, they don't even fit into the toolbox. If I had the inclination, and the proper appendages, I could screw in twenty-five screws at the same time.

I remember the day I learned there was a right way to dig a hole. At nineteen, I spent the summer doing landscaping, and it was as if I had been using the word "work" wrong my whole life, because this was something else entirely. At first, my whole body burned. One morning I was instructed to dig a twenty-foot long narrow ditch and I began by pushing in the shovel hard and wrenching out a scoop of tough dirt at a time. Carl, my jocular thirty-nine year-old colleague, watched me work for some time before he showed me how to break up the soil in a trench first with chops of the shovel, then fling it out in loose tosses.

By the end of the summer all extra fat had burned off of my five-foot-one frame, but I had gained three pounds in muscle. A photos taken that August shows my brother and I standing side by side, each of us with our arms crossed—they bulge at almost the same diameter, the slight feminine curve of my arm into my shoulder having given way to a flat plane of muscle.

Years later, it's the wedding day of a girl I played with as a kid. My father stands with hers, both of them red from the sun, staring lazily at the young groom across the winery. One father of a girl to another, mine confides, "what I worry about is that they be able to fix things when they break. Take care of things. That's important, you know?"

"Why?" says my brother, who is standing nearby. "*Arwen* can fix things when they break."

Of course. And I do. But his words leave me with this peculiar image of myself with a soldering iron, surrounded by the tiny metal guts of a toaster, alone. The picture has an emptiness to it, a missing human shape that can't be husband or boyfriend, lover or wife, but must be father. This is how boys must feel, I think, when the world lets them know what they must pick up and carry, and what they must lose, in order to be men.

The Kesey novel came from my father. He doesn't give me screwdrivers, but he always gives me good books to read, with all the typos corrected in blue ballpoint pen. This one also has his lick-and-stick nameplate stuck on the inside front cover. Above my father's name, a gangly Thinker on his rock is weighted with massive arms and legs that threaten to drag him down from his Thinking. His expression is almost one of pain.

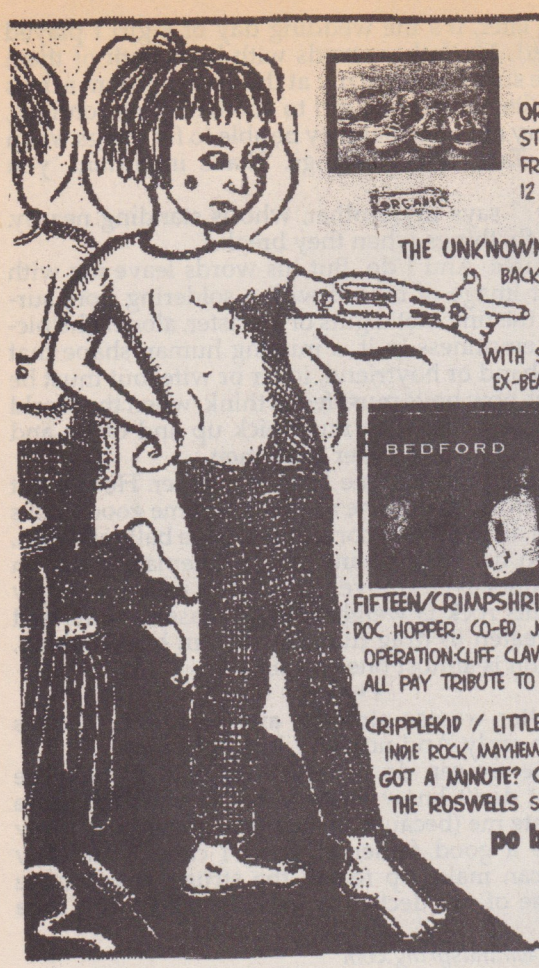
•••••

His letter was so straight, and so brave, that his father had to reply. And not later, but right away.

"I hope we can do better at our relationship," he wrote. "I just don't know what to say to you. You scare and intimidate me (because to face you, I have to face my failure to be a good father to you). I cannot find any words that can make up for all the struggles you have faced because of my decisions. Well...one step at a time maybe."

arwenc@mindspring.com

PS: Last month, while proofreading the columns (I usually do this, but not this month!) I mistakenly placed a Born Against quote intended for the end of Rob Coons' column at the beginning of Jose's. I'm very sorry to both of them for the error.



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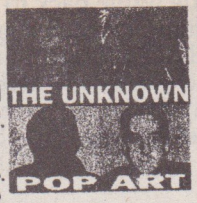

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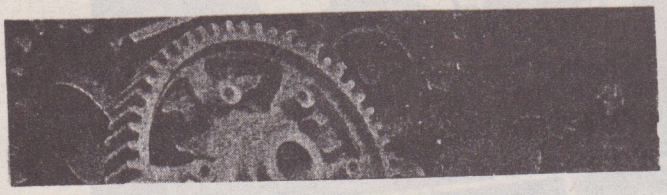

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.chicken.

saturday ((07))
.the evaporators (can)
.the goblins..the
.pattern..dukes of
.hamburg.

friday ((13))
friday.the.13th
.the locust (sd)
.Dead & gone..honey
.suckle serontine (can)
.tourettes lautrec (sd)
.last great liar (wa)

Saturday ((14))
.Tba

friday ((20))
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.this is as punk as it
.gets!! (bands tba)

saturday ((21))
skillshare cont.
.mu330..slow gherkin
.lawrence arms..big d
.and the kidstable..theee
.impossibles

friday ((27))
.atom & his package (Pa)
.phantom limbs..harr
.mer superstar (MN)
.the frisk..shuburkins

saturday ((28))
.7 seconds (ny)
.throwdown (ls)..vitamin
.x (holland)..overmy
.dead body (sd)
.breakerbreaker

May.....

friday((4)
.plan 9
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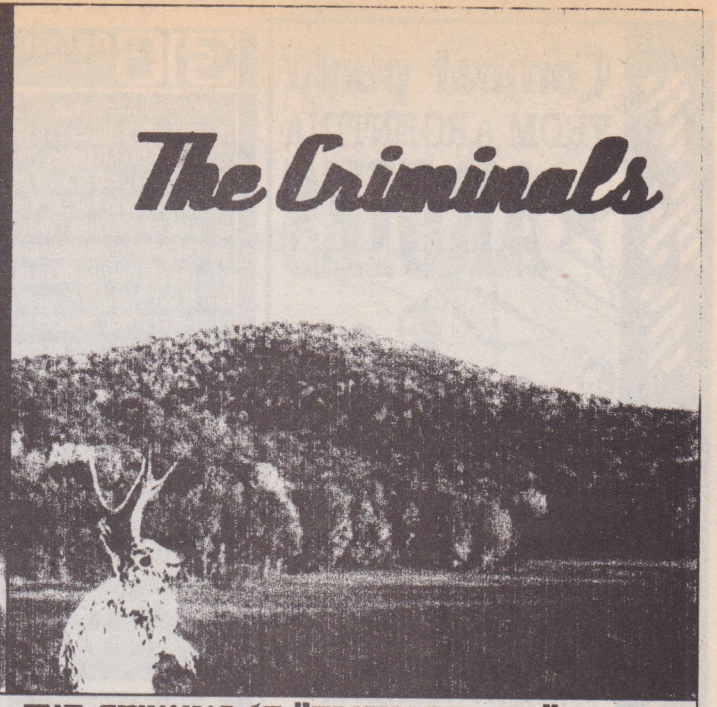

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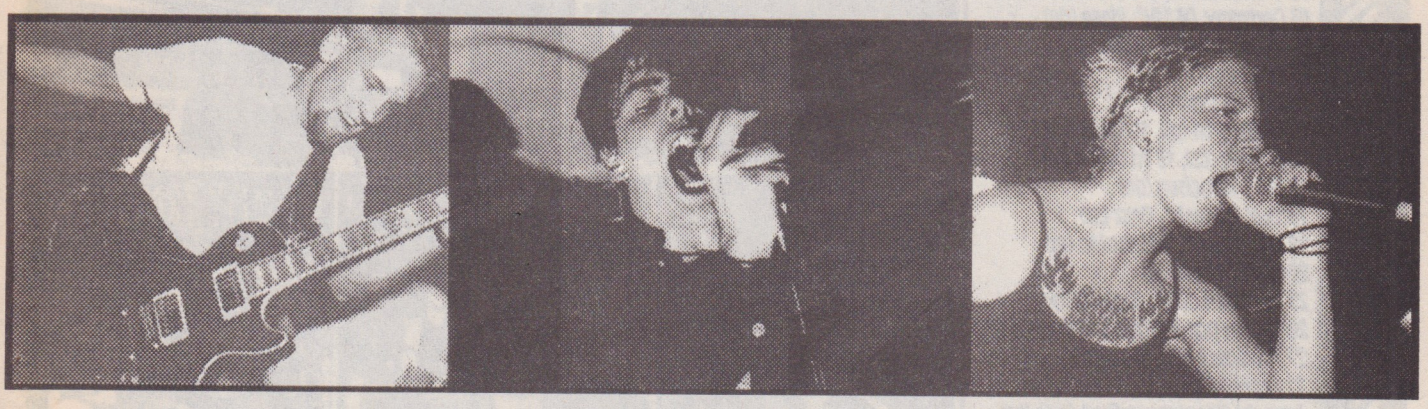

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MRR NEWS

No. 217
May 2001
compiled by:
Mimi Nguyen

Landmark Verdict for Rape, Torture, and Sexual Enslavement In Bosnia

Criminal Tribunal Convicts Bosnian Serbs for Crimes Against Humanity

New York (February 22, 2001)--Human Rights Watch today welcomed the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia's (ICTY) decision to convict Dragoljub Kunarac, Radomir Kovac, and Zoran Vukovic for rape, torture, and enslavement. The decision was announced today in the Hague. The three received sentences of twenty-eight, twenty, and twelve years respectively.

"This decision is historic because it puts those who rape and sexually enslave women on notice that they will not get away with these heinous crimes," said Regan Ralph, Director of the Women's Rights Division. "Finally, the international community is taking these sexual crimes--rapes, gang rapes, and sexual enslavement of women--seriously."

These cases marked the first time in history that an international tribunal brought charges solely for crimes of sexual violence against women. The decision also marked the first time that the ICTY found rape and enslavement as crimes against humanity. The eight-month long trial included testimony of sixty-three witnesses, including sixteen victims of rape held for months in sexual slavery and subjected to multiple gang rapes by the defendants and others. The Tribunal found that the defendants had enslaved six of the women. Most importantly, although two of the women were sold as chattel by Radomir Kovac for 500 Deutsch Marks each, the Tribunal found that enslavement of the women did not necessarily require the buying or selling of a human being.

The Tribunal also held that Kunarac, a commander of a special unit of the Bosnian Serb Army, did not have command responsibility for the rapes and sexual assaults committed by soldiers who were arguably under his command. The Tribunal found that the, "prosecutor failed to show that the soldiers who committed the offenses charged in the indictment were under the effective control of Kunarac at the time they committed the offenses." Human Rights Watch is concerned about this failure to find command responsibility, but believes that the impact of the holding will be limited because of the unusual facts of this case.

Human Rights Watch also expressed concern about the failure to arrest other suspects indicted for rape and other crimes of sexual violence in the Foca case. Of the original eight Foca indictees, three (Dragan Zelenovic, Gojko Jankovic, and Radovan Stankovic) still remain at large.

"To shatter the cycle of impunity for sexual violence, the international community must seek out and arrest those indicted for these crimes. It is intolerable for perpetrators of rape, torture, and sexual slavery to remain free. Failure to arrest also places those witnesses who courageously came forward to testify in the Foca case in serious danger of retaliation."

In general, the ad hoc tribunals still have a lackluster and inconsistent record on investigating and prosecuting crimes of sexual violence. The International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda (ICTR) continues to lack a comprehensive approach to the inclusion of sexual violence charges in its cases. Even in cases where the Office of the Prosecutor (OTP) has witness testimony or evidence of sexual violence, as in the Cyangugu trial and the "media" trial, the OTP has failed to include these charges in the original indictments or to seek amendments to prosecute these crimes against women.

U.S. Supreme Court Affirms Right to Confidential Medical Care

S. Carolina Scheme to Secretly Search Pregnant Women Seeking Medical Care Violates Fourth Amendment

Washington, D.C. (March 21, 2001)--Affirming the right to confidential medical care for all Americans, the United States Supreme Court today struck down a drug testing scheme targeting pregnant women developed by local police and prosecutors in collaboration with doctors in a South Carolina hospital.

In its 6-3 decision in Ferguson V. City of Charleston, the Court found that the Medical University of South Carolina drug testing scheme was in direct violation of the Fourth Amendment, which provides all Americans with protection from unreasonable searches.

"This decision slams the door against police searches of private medical information in your doctor's office," said Priscilla Smith, lead counsel in the Ferguson case and Deputy Director of Litigation with the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy. "The Court confirmed that pregnant women have the same constitutional rights as other Americans, including the right to maintain a confidential doctor-patient relationship," Smith added.

In a majority opinion written by Justice John Paul Stevens, the Supreme Court determined that the searches, which were conducted without warrants or probable cause, violated the Fourth Amendment in the absence of consent. The Court reversed the decision of the United States Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit excusing the lack of warrants based on a limited "special needs" exception to the Fourth Amendment. This decision maintains the Court's steady determination that the "special needs" balancing test should not be applied to the law enforcement searches of citizens, who have a reasonable expectation of privacy in medical and other personal matters.

The majority opinion draws on the Supreme Court's Miranda decision, which affirms that citizens should know their rights. "While state hospital employees, like other citizens, may have a duty to provide the police with evidence of criminal conduct that they inadvertently acquire in the course of routine treatment, when they undertake to obtain such evidence from their patients for the specific purpose of incriminating those patients, they have a special obligation to make sure that the patients are fully informed about their constitutional rights, as standards of knowing waiver require."

The majority decision was joined by Justices O'Connor, Souter, Ginsberg and Breyer. Justice Kennedy wrote a separate opinion concurring in the judgment. Justice Scalia's dissenting opinion was joined by Chief Justice Rehnquist and Justice Thomas.

"Today's decision is a victory for all women who are now assured that the Constitution protects their privacy when seeking prenatal care," said Sue Frietsche, Staff Attorney at WLP and co-counsel in the case. "Protecting privacy in medical care will improve pregnant women's health and improve their chances of having a healthy baby."

The High Court's decision was largely informed by the nation's leading medical, public health and children's groups, which uniformly oppose the use of punitive methods to address the problem of substance abuse during pregnancy. Seventy-five groups - including the American Medical Association and the American Public Health Association - signed amicus briefs urging the Court to find South Carolina's policy unconstitutional. The consensus from the groups is that threatening women with arrest and jail time deters them from seeking critical prenatal care and drug treatment and could thereby actually harm their health and the health of their children. Additionally, these groups assert that those who promote prosecutions ignore the severe shortage of drug treatment programs, especially those that will accept pregnant women or provide services needed by women with young children at home.

On October 4, 2000, the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy (CRLP) and the Women's Law Project (WLP) argued that the Medical University of South Carolina, local police and prosecutors violated the constitutional rights of pregnant women seeking medical care by collaborating to secretly search their urine for cocaine use and arrest them if results were positive. In July, 1999, the United States Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit found the drug testing scheme constitutional based on the "special needs" exception to the Fourth Amendment. This exception to the requirements of a warrant and probable cause has never been applied by any other court to a search primarily serving normal law enforcement needs.

The "Search and Arrest" policy was initiated in 1989 as a joint effort between the hospital and local law enforcement officials. A targeted group of pregnant women was subject to secret urine searches to test for cocaine use without a warrant or consent. Results were reported to police who arrested 30 women over a 5-year period. Some of the women were handcuffed and arrested from their hospital beds immediately after giving birth; others were arrested and jailed while still pregnant.

(From the Center of Reproductive Law and Policy, http://www.clrp.org)

Man Admits Posting Abortion Threat

A Camden, New Jersey man pleaded guilty Friday, March 9, to offering a $1.5 million bounty over the Internet to anyone who killed an abortion provider. Nicholas Morency, 30, also pleaded guilty to possessing child pornography, which was found on his computer during the investigation. Authorities said Morency created a Web site in 1999 suggesting an abortion provider he identified by name as a suitable target. The site came down two days after it was reported to the FBI.

"There was no evidence he had the financial wherewithal to pay the bounty," U.S. Attorney Robert J. Cleary said. "But the crime is a serious one."

Morency could get a year in prison and a $100,000 fine for intimidating an abortion provider. He could receive five years and a $250,000 fine on the child pornography charge. Sentencing was set for June 22.

U.S. Lawmakers Pursue New Abortion Limits

Washington D.C. (March 16, 2001) – In the wake of President Bush's fervent opposition to abortion and clear willingness to do everything in his power to end access to the procedure—Republicans in the U.S. House of Representatives have begun a coordinated campaign to impose new restrictions on abortion. The campaign opened as a House panel began work on a proposal making it a federal crime to injure or kill a fetus during an assault on a pregnant woman. The measure, which could come up for a vote before the congressional recess that begins April 9, is widely expected to pass the House despite strong Democratic opposition.

Other legislative measures abortion opponents plan to pursue are a ban on a controversial procedure opponents refer to as "partial birth" abortion, a restriction prohibiting anyone but a parent from transporting a minor across state lines to have an abortion, and limitations on who can administer mifepristone, an abortion pill previously known as RU-486 that was approved by the Food and Drug Administration shortly before Clinton left office.

Republicans said they were deliberately choosing measures that they believe would resonate with most voters and avoiding a frontal assault on the Supreme Court's 1973 Roe v. Wade decision that guaranteed women's right to abortion.

Media Silence as U.S. Squeezes Entire Nations to Death

By John Pilger

Long before the Soviet Union broke up, a group of Russian writers touring the United States were astonished to find, after reading the newspapers and watching television, that almost all the opinions on all the vital issues were the same. "In our country," said one of them, "to get that result we have a dictatorship. We imprison people. We tear out their fingernails. Here you have none of that. How do you do it? What's the secret?"

The secret is a form of censorship more insidious than a totalitarian state could ever hope to achieve. The myth is the opposite. Constitutional freedoms unmatched anywhere else guard against censorship; the press is a "fourth estate", a watchdog on democracy. The journalism schools boast this reputation, the influential East Coast press is especially proud of it, epitomised by the liberal paper of record, the New York Times, with its masthead slogan: "All the news that's fit to print."

It takes only a day or two back in the US to be reminded of how deep state censorship runs. It is censorship by omission, and voluntary. The source of most Americans' information, mainstream television, has been reduced to a set of marketing images shot and edited to the rhythms of a Coca-Cola commercial that flow seamlessly into the actual commercials. Rupert Murdoch's Fox network is the model, with its peep-shows of human tragedy. Non-American human beings are generally ignored, or treated with an anthropological curiosity reserved for wildlife documentaries.

Not long ago, Kenneth Jarecke was talking about this censorship. Jarecke is the American photographer who took the breath-catching picture of an Iraqi burnt to a blackened cinder, petrified at the wheel of his vehicle on the Basra Road where he, and hundreds of others, were massacred by American pilots on their infamous "turkey shoot" at the end of the Gulf war. In the United States, Jarecke's picture was suppressed for months after what was more a slaughter than a war. "The whole US press collaborated in keeping silent about the consequences of that war," he said.

The famous CBS anchorman Dan Rather told his prime-time audience: "There's one thing we can all agree on. It's the heroism of the 148 Americans who gave their lives so that freedom could live." What he omitted to say was that a quarter of them had been killed, like their British comrades, by other Americans. He made no mention of the Iraqi dead, put at 200,000 by the Medical Educational Trust. That American forces had deliberately bombed civilian infrastructure, such as water treatment plants, was not reported at the time. Six months later, one newspaper, Newsday, published in Long Island, New York, disclosed that three US brigades "used snow plows mounted on tanks to bury thousands of Iraqi soldiers–some still alive–in more than 70 miles of trenches".

The other day, both the Washington Post and the New York Times referred to Iraq without mentioning the million people now estimated to have died as a direct result of sanctions imposed, via the UN, by the United States and Britain. That, writes Brian Michael Goss of the University of Illinois, is standard practice. Goss examined 630 articles on sanctions published in the New York Times from 1996 to 1998. In those three years, just 20 articles - 3 per cent of the coverage - were critical of the policy or dwelt upon its civilian impact. The rest reflected the US official line, identifying 21 million people with Saddam Hussein. The scale of the censorship is placed in perspective by Professors John and Karl Mueller, of the University of Rochester. "Even if the UN estimates of the human damage to Iraq are roughly correct," they write, sanctions have caused "the deaths of more people in Iraq than have been slain by all so-called weapons of mass destruction throughout history."

A third of the people of East Timor were put to death by the Suharto dictatorship during Indonesia's 24-year occupation. Yet the American media skirted this epic crime until shortly before the 1999 referendum. Their silence was in striking contrast to the saturation coverage of the "genocide" in Kosovo, used to justify the Nato bombing campaign, and was in line with suppression of the post-bombing disclosure that there was no genocide. In East Timor, the United States helped Suharto execute his invasion, secretly and illegally, with weapons and aircraft. For most of the 24 years of bloody occupation, the US media maintained a virtual blackout on East Timor.

In the freest press on earth, humanity is reported in terms of its usefulness to American power. Kosovo was a major story; it demonstrated the "credibility" of Nato and America's control over the Balkans. East Timor was a non-story, "a road bump on the way to Indonesia", according to a State Department official. In a study of the New York Times and Washington Post cited by Goss, 75 per cent of the sources were government officials - a record not that far behind the old Pravda. Truly independent reporters such as Seymour Hersh are described, revealingly, as "dissidents" and "advocates".

What is most telling is the media's presumption of innocence of the rapacious American imperial role, rather like Hollywood's post-Vietnam celebration of America as a noble victim. In a lead editorial recently, the New York Times identified the problems of the world, ranging from poverty to terrorism to disease, as "challenges to American safety and well-being". That the United States consumes a quarter of the world's resources, controls the channels of world trade and the institutions of inequality, and squeezes whole nations, such as Iraq, to death, is simply not news.

(From March 10, 2001, http://www.newstatesman.co.uk/index.html)

Robinson Quits UN Human Rights Job, Cites Lack of Funds

Peter Capella in Geneva and Ewen MacAskill

Tuesday March 20, 2001–The United Nations high commissioner for human rights, Mary Robinson, sprang a surprise yesterday by announcing her intention to quit. She cited frustration with the organisation's lack of funds as one of the main reasons.

Speaking at the opening of the annual session of the UN human rights commission in Geneva, the former Irish president said: "I believe that I can, at this stage, achieve more outside of the constraints that a multilateral organization inevitably imposes."

Her outspoken criticisms while in office made enemies of Russia, China, Algeria and other UN member states with poor human rights records.

"I've always recognized as high commissioner the importance of standing up to bullies, addressing short-comings and being outspoken, an awkward voice," she said yesterday. A spokesman at the UN in New York offered no immediate reaction to Robinson's criticisms of the constraints she has encountered, but her expression of frustration will not help the UN. Its reputation has taken a battering in recent years, especially for short-comings in peacekeeping.

Groups such as Human Rights Watch expressed regret yesterday and urged Kofi Annan, the UN secretary general, to appoint someone as strong as Robinson.

Amnesty International said: "Mary Robinson is a courageous and committed campaigner for human rights who recognizes that a quiet word was not always the best way to get results. She is not someone who shied away from criticizing human rights abuses just because they occurred in countries that were politically and economically powerful."

She told Annan recently that she intended to stand down in September rather than seek a second four-year term. Although she succeeded in doubling her section's budget during her four years in office, she said it was not enough and she was troubled that most field workers were on insecure contracts. The office receives 2% of the UN's annual budget.

"I believe it is one of the major disconnects between the eloquence and fine language used by so many representatives of governments in speaking about human rights and the fact that the core budget allocates less than 2% to human rights work. Something has to change there," she said.

UN member states subjected to criticism can retaliate by blocking budget increases. In 1997, an Algerian official warned that the human rights office's work would become difficult after Robinson criticized massacres in his country. In the following months Algeria and other countries hampered budget extensions during meetings in New York. Their tactics seemed to have the desired effect.

She contrasted the rhetoric of some UN members and the reality of victims and human rights defenders on the ground. "Some of those who have talked about human rights being politicised happen to be representatives of governments that have a very poor human rights record. This is an important factor," she said. *(Excerpted from The Guardian, http://www.gaurdian.co.uk)*

Socialist Victory Makes History in Paris

Paris (March 19, 2001) – A party erupted outside Paris's town hall last night with the news that a socialist mayor is to take over for the first time in more than 130 years. The capital swung to the left in elections yesterday when an alliance dominated by the Socialist party and the Greens, headed by the unassuming Bertrand Delanoë, was proclaimed the winner of a majority of seats after an agonisingly tight race.

Delanoë promised to be a mayor for all Parisians. He called the election outcome a "victory for audacity and reason," and told cheering supporters it was "time for a democratic party from which no Parisians should feel excluded." The decision would bring "a change of culture and of democratic practices." Delanoë will also become the first publicly declared gay politician to hold a post of national importance in France.

In the square at the town hall, the Hotel de Ville, members of the Delanoë coalition - which also includes Communists and leftwing radicals–were swinging from lamp-posts and waving their house keys as they jokingly demanded entry: "Give us the keys! Give us the keys!"

The French capital has not been run by a leftwing administration since the bloody popular uprising of the 1871 Paris Commune, and throughout the 1980s was dominated by Mr Chirac's Gaullist RPR party. Ahead of presidential and parliamentary elections in 2002, the capture of Paris by the left is bound to deal a blow to the president, who is struggling to defend himself against an array of corruption scandals dating from his 18 years as the city's mayor. An incoming Socialist administration is likely to cooperate fully with magistrates investigating the scandals - inquiries which until now have dragged along.

Texas is no fucking fun: high court upholds sodomy law

Houston (March 16, 2001)--A Texas appeals court upheld the state's sodomy law Thursday in the case of two men charged with having sex in a private home.

The nine-member 14th Court of Appeals voted 7-2 to overturn a June ruling by three members of the same panel that said the law was unconstitutional because it forbids sex between same-sex partners, yet allows the same acts between heterosexuals.

The sodomy law, which has been on the books for more than a century, was challenged after John Geddes Lawrence and Tyron Garner were arrested on Sept. 17, 1998 and charged with engaging in homosexual conduct.

Harris County sheriff's deputies had entered Lawrence's apartment after receiving a false report of an armed intruder inside but found the men having sex. Under the sodomy law, homosexual oral and anal sex is a Class C misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of up to $500.

Lawrence and Garner pleaded no contest in a justice of the peace court and later in a Harris County Criminal Court-at-Law so they could start the legal challenge.

Ruth E. Harlow, legal director of the Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, who argued the case on behalf of the two men, said they would appeal. "The court's ruling failed to enforce the constitution's promise of equality," she said. She said the ruling also allows the government to overstep its bounds by "bashing down the bedroom door" to criminalize consensual sex between same-sex partners.

"It guts the right to privacy," she said.

Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Kansas are the only states that outlaw sodomy between same-sex partners. Texas has had a sodomy law since 1860 but decriminalized it for opposite-sex partners in 1974.

Twelve other states prohibit sodomy between same- and opposite-sex partners. Harlow said similar laws in Georgia, Tennessee and Montana have recently been thrown out.

Another Gender-Based Murder in Houston

On Sunday, March 11, 2001, Houston police found the body of a transgender man. The victim, 29-year-old Fracisco Luna, was discovered in a downtown parking lot about 4:30am, dressed in feminine makeup and clothing.

Ms. Luna had been shot in the face, stomach, and shoulder. Nearby residents reportedly heard gunshots and called police. This murder follows a string of transgender murders two years ago, including the February 1999 shooting death of Steve Dwayne Garcia, and an unidentified cross-dresser also shot to death in a Houston parking later that March.

A.I. Report: U.S. Companies Export Tools For Torture

(Feb. 26, 2001) – Not surprisingly, dozens of U.S. companies sell weapons and other equipment used overseas for torture, Amnesty International said Monday, calling for a ban on the sales. The items include high-tech electroshock weapons, leg irons and serrated thumb cuffs designed to tear flesh if a detainee tries to get free, said a report by the U.S. chapter of the London-based human rights group.

"No U.S. company should profit from torture," said William F. Schulz, head of the chapter. "The global manufacture, marketing and export of the equipment for torture is a money-making business that turns a blind eye to the suffering it causes," said the report, "Stopping the Torture Trade."

Although it is illegal to own some of the equipment in the United States, Amnesty International said the Commerce Department has granted export licenses for sales valued at $97 million since 1997 under the category of "crime control equipment." It said some 80 American companies were involved in the manufacture, marketing and export of the items.

An analysis of Department of Commerce data shows Saudi Arabia, Russia, Taiwan, Israel and Egypt as the major recipients of the U.S. equipment, Amnesty said. The report said the group has documented that torturers in those countries use such technology. The equipment could also be used for legitimate law enforcement reasons, including to restrain or subdue detainees. But Amnesty spokesman Alistair Hodgett said the group still believes some of them–such as the flesh-tearing thumb cuffs and a belt that emits electric shocks–are "inherently cruel" and their export thus should be banned outright. Other devices have not been tested for their medical effects, and their export should be suspended, he said.

Amnesty released the study as the State Department was issuing its annual report on human rights around the world.

"It is unconscionable that while the U.S. State Department promotes human rights, the U.S. Department of Commerce has approved export licenses to countries that our own government documents as committing torture," Schulz said in a statement.

Hodgett said there are relatively few manufacturers of the equipment, but they sell to an increasing number of suppliers and marketers. "Once they roll off the production line there's no followup to show where these things end up," he said in an interview.

"Despite improved government regulation of exports, weapons are being sold and resold into the hands of torturers," Schulz said.

The report is part of a yearlong campaign by the human rights group to document torture around the world. It also has launched an Internet program in which supporters can send messages quickly to officials where torture is taking place and demand an immediate end to the abuse.

Italian Police Crush Globalization Protest

Naples, Italy (March 17, 2001)–Thousands of anti-globalization protesters clashed with riot police in the center of Naples on Saturday, throwing rocks and petrol bombs in a demonstration against a conference being held in the city.

Police and protesters were engaged in violent hand-to-hand exchanges, the police using batons and teargas guns, the demonstrators hurling paving stones and swinging crow bars. Police said at least 120 people were injured in the fighting including 70 demonstrators, 50 police and several journalists. A police commander was rushed to hospital with severe head injuries and doctors treated dozens of others for minor head wounds on the scene. Sixteen people were arrested.

In the wake of the growing anti-globalization movement, Italian police had been expecting demonstrations during a five-day meeting in the city of the Global Forum, a conference of political, finance and technology leaders who gathered to discuss the role of the Internet in government.

Delegates included Italian Prime Minister Giuliano Amato, interior ministers from several European and African countries, senior World Bank and IMF officials and the chief executives of dozens of global corporations. More than 4,000 regular police, paramilitary Carabinieri and specialist bomb squads had been drafted into Naples in the past week to prepare for the threat of violence. A kilometer-square area in the center was ringed off with steel fencing and squads of riot vehicles, while undercover police agents carried out extensive spot security checks.

Similar measures have been employed at meetings of the G7 industrialized nations and Russia in Palermo and Trieste earlier this year and are expected to be enforced when G8 heads-of-state hold their annual summit in Genoa in July.

Anti-globalization groups organized to bring thousands of demonstrators by train from Palermo and Milan to Naples for Saturday's protest, where they were joined by thousands of unemployed. Organizers said 25-30,000 people gathered at the main train station, before marching through the streets carrying banners declaring "No Global Forum."

They clashed with police after a tense stand-off and as they tried to gain access to the venue of the Global Forum behind the 30-foot walls of Naples' Royal Palace. The protesters also demanded a proactive global environmental policy, including the rejection of pollution quotas and the implementation of serious restraints on the multinational corporations that have become the dominant power brokers in the era of globalization.

WEBSITE OF THE MONTH:

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IF YOU THOUGHT NAFTA SPELLED TROUBLE

FREE TRADE AREA OF THE AMERICAS: FUELING THE RACE TO THE BOTTOM

On April 20-22 in Quebec City, Canada, leaders of thirty-four nations will meet to further the ratification of the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA), set for completion before 2005. This "effort to unite the economies of the Western Hemisphere [excluding Cuba] into a single free trade arrangement" began during the Organization of American States,(OAS) December 1994 Summit of the Americas in Miami. According to the OAS, "These [FTAA] negotiations will encompass all of those areas previously negotiated and which fall within the World Trade Organization's ambit, with the goal of going beyond previously agreed multilateral liberalization within the Hemisphere, wherever possible."

Similar to the World Trade Organization (WTO), FTAA decisions occur behind closed doors amongst non-elected officials. The process involves a three-tiered model of appointed international representatives: the Trade Ministers of the Western Hemisphere (who have met four times since 1994), Vice Ministers of Trade, and 9 FTAA Negotiating Groups. While the business community has direct access to these proceedings, officials have blatantly rejected the presence of any citizens' groups. Instead, they have established the Committee of Government Representatives on Civil Society Participation, a mechanism that filters all public concerns through an ineffectual government delegation.

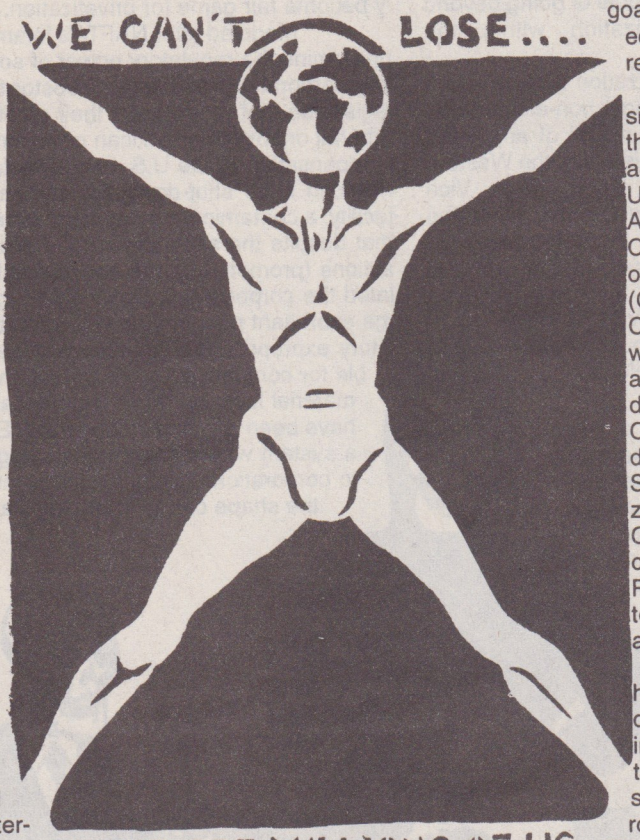
A Recipe for Disaster

If implemented, FTAA policies, a more extreme version of North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), will spread the latter's devastating effects throughout the Americas, further broadening the disparities between rich and poor and destroying the environment, as corporate interests continue to take precedence above all else. With its expanded scope of negotiable areas, FTAA will impact most every aspect our lives, including workers, rights, agriculture, health care, immigration, education, and the prison industrial complex. The proposed agreement embodies the neo-liberal principles that have guided "globalization", allowing market forces to dictate every interaction. Service sectors, such as schools, medical care, postal delivery, prisons, and water supplies will necessarily become fair game for privatization.

Modeled after NAFTA's infamous Chapter 11, FTAA will undermine the regulatory power of sovereign nations by permitting corporations to initiate "investor-to-state" lawsuits over any legislation that may impact their profits. For example, a NAFTA tribunal ordered the Mexican government to pay $16.7 million in compensation to the U.S. based Metalclad Corporation, after a Mexican state shut-down the company's toxic waste disposal facility, a contaminant to the local water supply. The ruling found that despite the site's destructive effects, the State Governor's actions (prompted by the concerned local community) had violated the corporation's inalienable "right" to profit. Furthermore, the exorbitant penalty was based on the concept of "regulatory expropriation", whereby a government is responsible for compensating a corporation not only for actual material loss, but for any potential profits that could have been attained in the future. Such rulings foster a system where governments, legally accountable to corporations, allow business interests to dictate the shape of any future legislation.

Meanwhile, FTAA's lack of enforceable labor protections guarantees that workers throughout the hemisphere will suffer decreased wages and a decline in working conditions. Corporations will shuttle around their factories, relocating to countries that offer the lowest wages and weakest unions. Under the NAFTA, nearly 400,000 jobs were lost and reemployed workers earn an average of 77% of their previous wages. To ensure the lowest operating expenses in their Mexican maquiladoras, employers routinely engage in violent union busting. The International Longshore and Warehouse Union and the United Electrical Workers Union have both passed resolutions condemning FTAA, citing NAFTA's negative impact.

While borders remain wide open to goods and services, people are not allotted similar privileges. The maintenance of a cheap workforce requires a "captive audience", as laborers with the option to migrate would likely seek out better conditions. Thus, FTAA will inevitably lead to further militarization of borders and a vicious crack-down on immigration. FTAA also seeks to extend Intellectual Property Rights (IRP), the rules which protect corporate patents, allowing a company with marketing rights in a particular country, to maintain an exclusive patent for the entire region. These laws enable pharmaceutical companies, for instance, to charge inflated prices for drugs, while blocking the manufacture of generic versions. In Brazil, where the government has sponsored an effective program to provide free AIDS drugs, FTAA will ban the essential generic medicines. Millions of people, unable to afford the costly brand name alternatives, will no longer have the option of treatment.



The existing proposals will also force countries to accept any agricultural imports, effectively breaking down barriers for large agri-businesses. As cheaper agricultural products flood their local markets, small family farms (in many countries, a primary form of subsistence for indigenous populations) are suddenly unable to compete. Forced off their land by economic necessity, and often actual displacement as governments award land rights to multinational corporations, many people face factory work as the only option.

FTAA also prohibits individual governments from banning genetically modified (GM) foods and seeds. This policy's implications for public health and the environment are potentially devastating. GM seeds contain gene sequences specifically engineered to decrease a plant's vulnerability to insects. Unfortunately, the repercussions of this deliberate toxicity to pests are virtually unknown. In addition, giant corporations such as Monsanto (coincidentally, a major manufacturer of Agent Orange in the 1960's) own patents to the seeds, and often force farmers to sign a pledge that makes seed replanting illegal, thus ensuring return customers every season. This presents an economic impossibility for small farmers, enabling corporate agriculture to triumph again.

Rise Up, Fight Back!

An array of non-governmental organizations (NGOs), unions, grassroots groups, and concerned individuals have united to contest FTAA's decidedly undemocratic process and its intended goals. Alliance for Responsible Trade (ART), which includes representatives of environmental, human-rights, U.S. labor, women's, family-farm, development, religious, and public-policy organizations, has presented the Committee of Government Representatives on Civil Society Participation with "Alternatives for the Americas: Building a Hemispheric Peoples' Agreement". The document contends that "trade and investment should not be ends in themselves, but rather the instruments for achieving just and sustainable development. Citizens must have the right to participate in the formulation, implementation, and evaluation of hemispheric social and economic policies. Central goals of these policies should be to promote economic sovereignty, social welfare, and reduced inequality at all levels."

Broad coalitions are planning massive demonstrations in Quebec City during the April convention, as well as solidarity actions along both US/Canadian and US/Mexican borders, and throughout the Americas and the Caribbean. The Anti-Capitalist Convergence (CLAC) and Summit of the Americas Welcoming Committee (CASA) are organizing a Carnival Against Capitalism, which will include teach-ins, workshops, concerts, street theater, direct action, protests, and more. An autonomous, decentralized, and non-hierarchical network, CLAC/CASA intends to shutdown the anti-democratic proceedings. The Hemispheric Social Alliance (HSA), a coalition of organizations and social movements from North, Central and South America will simultaneously convene in Quebec for the Second People's Summit of the Americas, designed to challenge neo-liberal development models and generate alternative policies.

By January, Canadian border patrol had already begun to turn away suspected demonstrators. Canadian authorities, preparing the largest police deployment in the country's history, will establish a four square mile security perimeter in downtown Quebec, surrounded by an enormous metal fence. There are plans to clear six hundred plus inmates from a local prison for the duration of the Summit to house arrested protesters. Local legislators also unsuccessfully attempted to pass a bylaw which would have made it illegal to "wear or have in your possession a mask, hood, ski mask, or any other object of the same nature to cover one's face, in whole or in part." The intensity of the state's authoritarian response is not surprising. As the overall movement to contest global capitalism continues to grow, that system's guardians persist cutting back the rights of its opponents.

Get Involved:

Throughout the Western Hemisphere preparations are underway, including teach-ins, organizational meetings, and preliminary protests. For further information visit:

www.stopftaa.org - Comprehensive resource page, sponsored by Freedom Rising

www.quebec2001.org - CLAC/ Carnival Against Capitalism

www.sommetdespeuples.org - HAS/ People's Summit of the Americas

www.indymedia.org - Independent Media Center global site, with links to over 40 local IMC's

www.sf.indymedia.org/ftaa San Francisco/Bay Area IMC's FTAA feature page

- by Michelle Steinberg. Graphic this page by Seth Tobocman.

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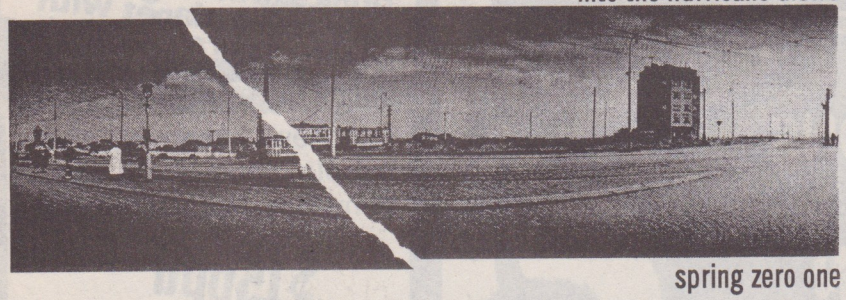

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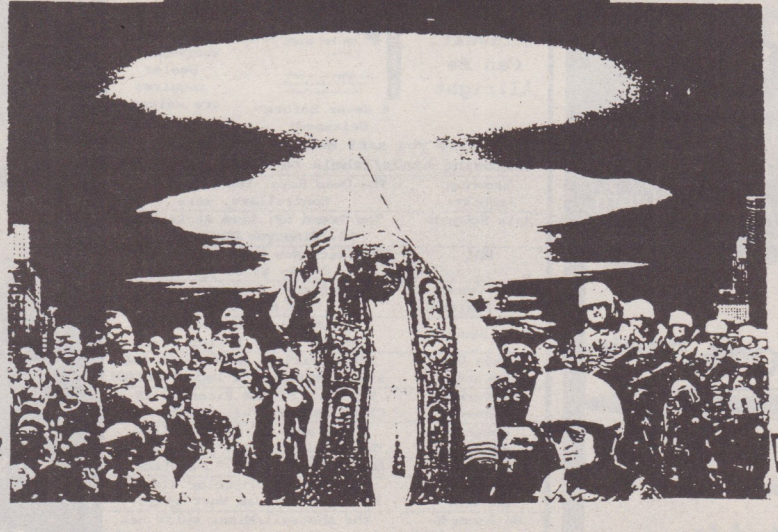

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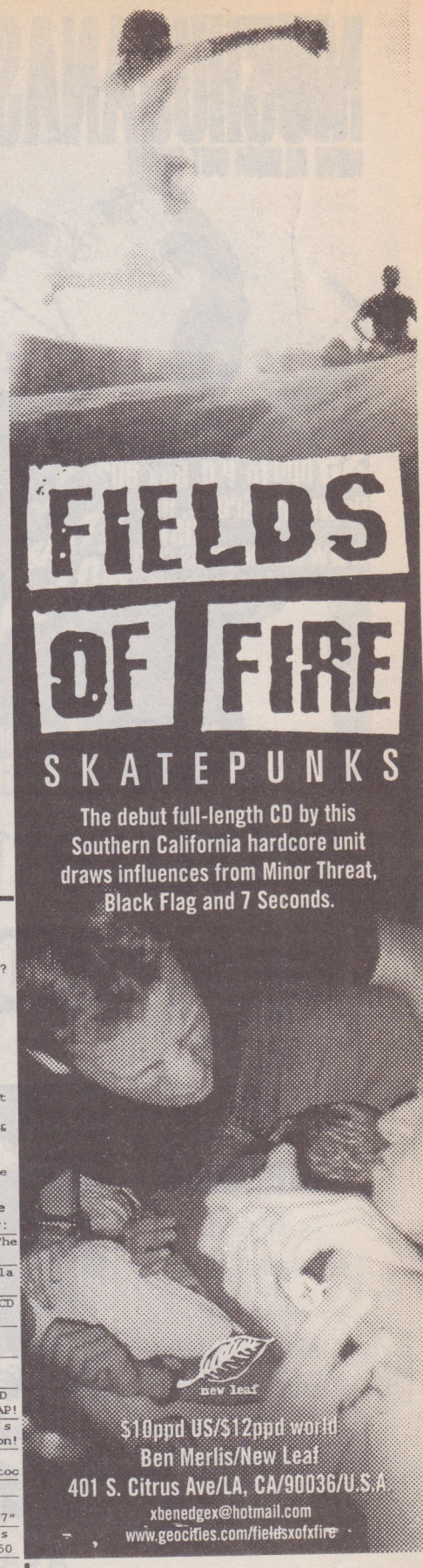

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SCENES

For people who don't know where Montreal is located, its located up north of New York state, 8 hours from New York City. Why am I saying this? Because people still think we live in igloos or teepees. This city is a french speaking city, but there still a lot of english people compared to all the other citys in this province (Quebec). Quebec is a french speaking province they want to separate from the rest of Canada, and be a independent country. They want to do it to keep their language and culture. Personaly I don't really give a shit if they separate because it won't change nothing for me, because if it comes hard to live I will move out if Quebec. For people in the U.S.A. to give you a example of Quebec, its kind of like Texas but more smoother, calm, and colder. Contrary to popular belief, we have the same fuck-up shit, as you do in your cities, (old bums, pimps, junkies, prostitute, ravers, and annoying yuppies), there are a few things we don't have in Montreal (and Canada) and that is guns, gang-bangers, and daily violence. We only see this shit on television or read about it in the newspaper, and this is what I like about Canada.

We have a really great punk scene, good bands and nice people. The punk scene here has been big for a long time and there are still bands playing today that were playing in the '70s. THE RIPCORDS have been here since the late '70s, they have a couple of albums out and they still sound like '70s punk The singer in THE RIPCORDS, paul has his own record label ENGUARD RECORDS. There are a lot more bands that started punk here in late 70's & early '80s. They don't exist anymore but some did a reunion show three years ago, I was really happy to see that show because I was too young to see them in their punk years. The showm was two nights, I didn't know all the bands that played, but here are a few of my favorite: GENETIC CONTROL, FAIR WARNING, FAIL SAFE, MY DOG POPPER, UNRULED.Sorry for those who miss it, because it was a once in a lifetime show!

When I first move to Montreal, 1994 there was a lot of excellent bands. HUMAN GREED were griding as hell and playing really loud with that heavy screechy guitar sound. They put out a split album with SHITFIT on DISGUSIIER RECORDS, a 7" and a discography CD on SPINELESS RECORDS. GLOBAL HOLOCAUST is a band I liked a lot in those days, they sounded like hxc, and crust, mixed with metal. They started in the late '80s and broke up in '97. Ten years is very rare for a underground band to stay together for that long. They put out a lot of 7" mostly on the drummer's label which is called Tobacco Shit Records. One of my favorite bands back then was SHITFIT, who started in '90 or '91, back then they were the most amazing band in Quebec, (and probably all of Canada!). They were really appreciated in their time, but most people didn't start listening to them until they broke up, in '93 or '94. They have two EP's– one of them is a split with GENERAL FOOLS another great band with a crazy female vocals, and a split album with HUMAN GREED, but this album is hard to find. Two original members of HUMAN GREED started a band after that, was called SEIZED, they were a great band, they had three bass players, and no guitars,and growly vocals.They put out three EP's– one on DOOMSDAY RECORDS split with INERTIA KILLS one on GLOOM RECORDS split with DEVOID OF FAITH and one on YOUNG HEIRS PROJECT, a comp called *Books to Prisoners* And a CD on HATER OF GOD RECORDS. They just put out a new CD Which is called, *LIVE AT KFJC* it has two unreleased tracks, and it released on GOBLIN PRODUCTIONS. A really great band from outside Montreal was IMMORAL SQUAD, they were from Quebec city, which is 2 hours north of Montreal.they had it going straight up hxc, and played very well, but didn't last long.They put out a 7" and a CD on DOOMSDAY RECORDS. Also from Quebec city was INERTIA KILLS. This band was grinding to the max, I don't like grind bands, but they were doing it really good, with a good structure and theywere really catchy, for a gring band. Awesome band! They have two 7" on their own label DOOMSDAY RECORDS. Again from Quebec city there was DRIFT. They were a really great, intense band,and very good live. They put out two 7" one a split with JONAH.

Back to Montreal, HUMAN RATS was another band that was really into grinding to the max. Unfortunatly they only put out a live demo. A couple years after these bands, there was DISAGREE, which was like Minneapolis crustcore. They had duel vocals, and played very well! They had two 7", the first one was a split with UNGOVERNMENTAL on PROFANE EXISTENCE

and the second was a split with OPPRESSED CONSCIENCE on TOBACCO SHIT RECORDS. We had another good band that played Swedish style, with really catchy songs and amazing vocals, they were called UP AGAINST. They put out two 7" on their own label DRUNK RECORDS. Totally different in style compared to these bands but also as good, were IRE– straight up metal, a technical stucture, they were a very tight band that played very loud! They put out a couple of 7" and a couple of albums on different labels. In the same years was also WISIGOTH, they played really rough metal, grind, hxc, this great band put out a 7" on SPINELESS RECORDS and a CD on GOBLIN PRODUCTIONS and just put out a split L.P. with JOBBYKRUST on FUNAI RECORDS (Germany). DR-PLACEBO are another awesome band, with 2 bass players, no guitars, and a very melodic sound, they are still playing today! They put out a 7" on their own label. CHEMICAL NURSLING was a band that was cool to see, they were playing death metal and playing it very well. They were all punk rockers, so it's cool to see people that are open to different music style. There's a lot of other bands that are open minded but I won't start naming tham all, so don't be offended! For those who like street oi punk, STREET TROOPERS were there for you doing good oi punk hxc, I don't know if they still exist, I haven't heard of them for a while, so they may have broken up. If there are any other bands I have forgotten, SORRY, but there are just too many bands to remember, but keep on playing! But enough about the past, this is Montreal today! Today there does not seem to be as many bands playing, but they are just as good or even better than the ones before! One band that is getting really popular and getting better and better is BORN DEAD ICONS. They are really amazing. They've been playing for at least 3 years and they just put out a new album (WORK) this is a fucking exellent album! ! ! I don't know how they do it, but they do it right. They also have a 7" on DERANGED RECORDS, and a really great demo. Seeing them live just makes you feel like playing air guitar with them. Another great band also is THE BLACK HAND, they are a very loud, intense band. They play old 80's style metal. If you remember when metal used to be good, that what their doing right now. Its about time a band plays real metal, not that black metal crap. They have a demo and it sounds fantastic. The singer of the band (Radwan) did the recording of the demo, and also recorded the BORN DEAD ICONS demo and the new album, you have to admit it the guy is good. I heard THE BLACK HAND was putting the demo on a CD & 10". I can't wait to see that. THE BLACK HAND are all ex members of IRE, so that's why there very loud, if you saw IRE live, you'll understand. LAST ONE RUNNING is a new band in Montreal, with two ex members of WISIGOTH they play '80s California style punk. Watch for them this summer they are touring U.S.A. & CANADA. They have nothing out yet, but will probably have a demo for the tour.

INEPSY is a new band in Montreal they are originally from Quebec City. They just moved to Montreal last year. They play discore and d-beat, and have a big DISCHARGE and MOTORHEAD influence. They are really good live, and you feel like going in the pit and having a blast when you here them live. Unfortunatly, they haven't recorded yet, but when they do, prepare yourself for their d-beat attack. HELLBOUND is another band today that's kicking ass! I saw them a couple times live, the first few times they had problems with their sound and a bad soundman, who fucked everything up. But when I saw them in December 2000, holy shit they tore the place down. The music was so violent, and tight. They play a kind of crustcore that is more technical, more sructured,and generally better done. They have duel vocals: both female & male. They have a CD which I have never heard, so I can't comment on it. One of lead singers (Janique), works at this venue where we put on shows. Its pure punk

place, and its called L'X. The venue has two floors, from which you can watch the show. The top floor is for 18 & over because of the bar. The bottom floor is all ages, and there is no alcohol on this floor. Thry are also open on the weekdays for screen printing,photo development, sewing, arts & crafts, and more. L'X is a collectivly run by cool people, so if you have any ideas or suggestion, they are open-minded to almost anything! For more info on L'X (514)866-4004, email: l-x@aira.qc.com or if your're in Montreal walk to 182 St-Catherine east. Just above L'X there is a new music store called SOUND-CENTRAL you can find almost anything there, but they specialize in punk, alternative, and metal. They have really goood prices, and a big choice of selection. We have a political anarchist book store, LIBRAIIDE ALTERNATIVE. Which is located on St-Laurent beteen Ontario street and Sherbrook street. They have political t-shirts, a fairly decent selection of activist and radical books, a wide selection of fanzine and they can provide you with information about what is going on in the city. For good vegan food, you must go to LA VIVRE which is located in the trendy area called the Plateau. The food is very cheap, they serve breakfast, and they have the most amazing dessert. So if you come through Montreal, there are many cool people to meet, and many different things to do. Montreal is a very musically diverse city, so even if you haven't heard any bands mentioned your're sure to find something you like in the undergroud scene!FOR MORE INFO, OR IF BANDS WANT TO PLAY HERE WRITE TO: STEVE BENNET: P.O. BOX 64 STN, C MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA, H2L 4J7 : EMAIL: awkwardproductions@hotmail.com

The building you see under is legendary for a lot of punk bands, they first started, between 1988 & 2000. I won't start naming all the bands that started playing in this building because there are too many, and I don't want to leave any bands out. We did shows, parties, you name it, we did it! We had a lot of fun. The city tore it down last year it's a shame.

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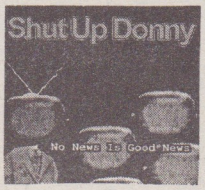

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ProPagandhi

We're all sitting at Kingdom of Vegetarians Chinese restaurant in lovely downtown Philadelphia before the show, talking easily about the fact that at some point tonight, we should break out the tape recorder and do some sort of proper interview. The tour's going well, it's almost spring in Philadelphia, and there's loads to talk about...interview by Mike McSchlitzed and Jen-i-fur. photos by Jon Schledewitz and courtesy the Fatwrecks folx.

MRR (McMike): The beginning is always a good place to start. So, who are you all, and what do you do?
Jord: I'm Jord and I play drums.
Todd: Todd, bass.
Chris: Chris, axe.
MRR (McMike): And what do you all do for money when you're not playing and touring as Propagandhi? What sort of work do you do?
Chris: Right. Jord and I work at G7 Records in Winnipeg; it's a collectively organized record label whose mandate is to promote resistance culture through mostly audio recordings, but also literature and any other medium we come across in the future. That's what most of our time outside of Propagandhi is filled by.
Todd: And I teach exercises to women there at the community center.
MRR (McMike): I know that Michael Albert and Robin Hanel's participatory economic vision (PARECON) and their book, *Looking Forwards*, was an influence in how you all set up the foundations for how G7 was going to try and run. Could you talk a bit about all that?
Chris: I think by coming across *Z Magazine* many years ago and picking up on the fact that one of the editorial collective and Robin Hanel were trying to put together some sort of economic vision for how a workplace, and ultimately a society, may structure itself with values that are radically in opposition to capitalist values. The four principles it's based on are equity, participatory self-management, diversity and solidarity. Basically, for G7, we've taken those values and try to apply them to creating a workplace that's consistent with the kind of things we talk about. Like, we're in favor of democracy, and we think that should really be reflected in a workplace structure. And instead of us starting a label and being the bosses (which is what the workplace structure of most other labels is like), it just made sense. ...we also, at this point, think it's important that aspects of a label can show that a workplace like that can also be as efficient, if not more, as a traditional workplace and by far more empowering to everyone who works there.
Jord: Yeah, and trying to keep those principles intact after being socialized into more conventional, hierarchically structured workplaces. It can be a difficult thing. But with those sort of principles in mind, there's a building in Winnipeg, 91 Albert Street, that's home to a radical bookstore and a vegan cafe called the Mondragon that operate on certain PARECON principles. Also Arbieter Publishing is in the same building, and so the idea is to try and

build from the ground up and sustain some sort of infrastructure now, almost as this kind of experiment. And realizing that this is pretty small, one building in all of Winnipeg, but maybe for it to stand as this one example, representation of something outside of the norm that other people can look at and see what's been successful and what's failed inside of these operating principles, just for future reflection I guess. It's kind of interesting– at the cafe they sell all of the Arbieter books, everyone eats at the cafe, they sell all the G7 stuff, we promote Mondragon through our website and all that kind of stuff which leaves it as a good cooperative situation which is really interesting. And with a lot of other stuff that the building is involved with (like a meeting place for all sorts of activist groups), I really believe that Winnipeg, in an activist sense, has changed in the last five years or so– I really think it's a lot more organized and a more politically conscious city that way. It's an interesting thing to be involved with.

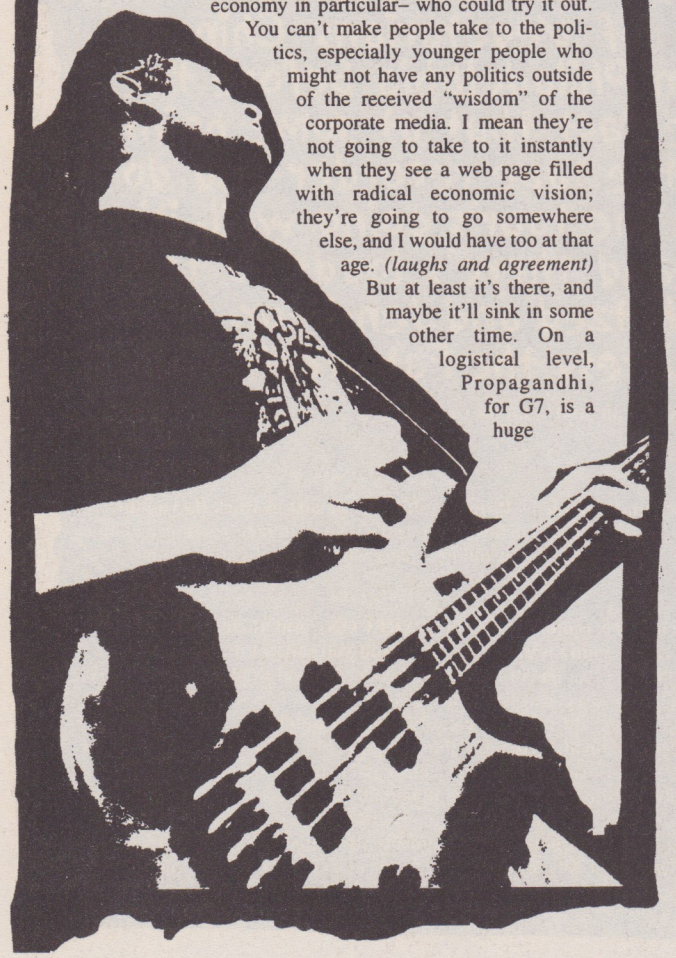
MRR (Jenifur): Yeah, its totally inspiring! Do you all work with Arbieter Ring too?

Chris: No, all three are actually separate, but there's this kinda cross pollination through, like he was saying– we sell Arbieter books, Mondragon sells our records, we eat their food! *(laughs)* There's talk for one day trying to have a cross-workplace PARECON that involves more than one job complex, but I think eveyone has got to work out their own shit first, before we move on to that.

MRR (McMike): Seeing how all those projects are all so seemingly connected to each other and working together, how do you see Propagandhi connect into that on a broader level?

Todd: Well, the shows bring in the people that might not be interested otherwise.

Chris: ...Or people who might otherwise be denied access to any kind of different thinking– like even about the economy in particular– who could try it out. You can't make people take to the politics, especially younger people who might not have any politics outside of the received "wisdom" of the corporate media. I mean they're not going to take to it instantly when they see a web page filled with radical economic vision; they're going to go somewhere else, and I would have too at that age. *(laughs and agreement)* But at least it's there, and maybe it'll sink in some other time. On a logistical level, Propagandhi, for G7, is a huge asset, and it sounds business-like, but it sells a lot of records, which helps G7. And that brings people in to Mondragon to buy the records too. So people who might have never have come to the bookstore, walk in to grab a record and are like, "cool!"



Jord: And in the past, we haven't toured in a while, but we're in a privileged position, for what ever reasons– the popularization of punk rock through the corporate media and all that kind of stuff– the crowd we have access to is a lot larger now. And whereas, in the past we'd play smaller club shows or basement shows and all that, which were really cool and organized on a really cool level. We decided to try and do something on a little bit of a larger scale this time, by going with Avail, J–Church, and Fabulous Disasters. ...to just access people who may not otherwise come to these kinds of ideas and to represent those ideas, through the songs for one thing, and supplementing that with the AK Press book table that's coming out to every show (we've requested that a lot of books be present at the table), and through speakers– like tonight someone from MOVE is going to speaking before we play. ...just trying to make it all more comprehensive.

MRR (Jenifur): And there's also some of the local activist scene in Philadelphia present tonight too. There's the Wooden Shoe collective bookstore table, and the Anarchist Black Cross has a table here tonight too.

Jord: Yeah, that's one thing we wanted to see happen. And getting back to the whole 91 Albert Street and all that– there's a photographer who's come along who's shooting a lot of the cultural aspects of what's happening on the tour, who has a darkroom on the third floor where our office is on. He's coming along for the whole tour. And there's an alternative film maker who's also coming along.

MRR (McMike): Do you approach shows like tonight, which is at a large venue, with any expectations for the cross section of people who are going to be in the audience? Both with all the information that you're attempting to put out there and the messages in your songs?

Chris: I think the only expectation these days is to make sure that people feel like they've been utterly rocked by the show because if that's the impression that people leave with, they're more likely to dip their toes into the ideological stuff we put out as well.

Jord: Yeah, we want to leave people with a positive impression of the stuff. Maybe those ideas will resonate a little better, and we've even got to the point that we're bringing out a couple of the old songs that we otherwise wouldn't play to help accommodate that a little bit.

Chris: ...and I think in the past, that our live presentation was different. Sometimes we did more harm than good, in terms of if the goal is to increase your circle of allies. Then I think sometimes we failed and increased our circle of enemies by hammering people with what appeared to be some sort of moralistic rhetoric, but we're just not necessarily the right people to verbally represent. Like we make songs that we think get our ideas across and contexualize the things that we see are wrong, but we're not public speakers. So I think we kind of defer a lot to the music and the lyrics these days and the live presentation. And again, we hope that's the impression that people who like NOFX or Lag Wagon have– "they blew away NOFX!" Then they may be more sensitive to some of the things we talk about.

MRR (McMike): Todd, how does that translate coming from having played in I–Spy? Where I-Spy and Propagandhi came from similar backgrounds, to playing and touring now?

Todd: Well to playing bigger shows?

MRR (McMike): Yeah.

Todd: Well, it's good because it's more organized, there are more people, better equipment to play through. Like honestly, in I–Spy I had great times and that, but it's hard. ...my amp was like two cubic centimeters you know? And there's all these

bands that come on after you, and you're just like, "well, we could've fucking rocked but we just don't have the same stuff as the other people; my strings suck, my guitar sucks, no one can hear the vocals." –It does get depressing. If you're thinking more, like if you're not just a punk who wants to have attitude, but you love music and want to hear it played good. Like I grew up listening to metal, and I love the music. It's not just an attitude. So to hear it proper is important. Like I don't want people to hear a song without vocals.

Chris: Production value, especially for our audience, increases the impact of our songs. I think it's good that we're playing through good P.A.'s. To me that's the most important thing when we show up to play– if the P.A. rocks.

Todd: Like I can't help but think that even I-Spy records just lack lots of what they could've been because of how they were recorded and our equipment. And you can sort of pretend to see through it all and all that, see the heart of it, and you can. But the fact is that it doesn't rock as hard as if it had been done right. I don't mean like spending thousands and thousands. I'm talking about keeping it reasonable.

Chris: Those aren't necessarily popular ideas in the punk or D.I.Y. scene, but we think they are. Production quality is critical if you want to open ears.

Todd: I just want to have people have their ears' asses kicked.

(everyone laughs)

Jord: Yeah again, in relation to our history as a band, and how we ended up on Fat Records, and how the whole punk rock thing has gone, and just where we seem to sort of fit into all that, it just sort of seems to make sense.

MRR (McMike): Yeah, I think that makes a lot of sense.

Todd: And to actually have time to put together a good performance into a record, instead of having to do it in two days, and just get stuck with being frustrated with notes that are way off. I don't want to be off– I mean DIO wasn't off! So why do I want to be off? Like my favorite records don't have off key singing, so I don't want mine to be off. And it takes us a while not to be off!

MRR (McMike): When was the last time you all toured the states?

Jord: 1996. It was sort of a smaller version of this tour. We had the traveling book tables, as well. it was partially booked through the same woman who booked this tour, and this one is just sort of a more successful version of the last one.

MRR (McMike): Have there been any differences that you've noticed to how you're being received in the States this time round compared to the last tour?

Jord: Eveything has been really good so far, and I was kind of originally anticipating some really really macho dancing violence, but we really haven't seen that yet.

Chris: ...there's been very very little hostility towards even the messages at all.

Jord: Yeah, it's been overwhelmingly positive thus far, but we're only a quarter of the way through so...

MRR (McMike): I was wondering if you could talk a bit specifically about some of the messages and stories in your songs, and particularly maybe start with the first one on the new album – "Mate Ka Moris Ukun Rasik An."

Chris: Well, we were really impacted by the story behind the song, and hoped that, if we did it right, other people would also be impacted like we were because it's truly a hopeful story in a world of shit. The title of the song, "Mate Ka Moris Ukun Rasik An," is an East Timorese protest slogan that's been illegal in East Timor for 25 years under Indonesian occupation. It means "life or death, independence!" and the woman Bella Gahlos, who our song is about, is a true story about her life in East Timor at a young age when the occupation first occurred. Part of her story is that when she was young, a school girl, the Indonesian army came in and basically made attempts to systematically sterilize all the women. The end goal being the end of the East Timorese– an actual genocide through attrition. And in her teens, Bella joined the underground resistance movement, and overtly joined the Indonesian government through some schooling to make sure she was free of resistance thought and was basically playing possum and still working for the resistance movement. She got to a point where she had convinced the Indonesian authorities that she was going to be part of the propaganda machine, and they were going to send her overseas to North America to tell North Americans how great the Indonesian occupation was for the people of East Timor. The first thing she did after getting to Canada was she mailed her uniform to the Indonesian embassy and then started speaking tours, saying exactly the opposite of what she had been instructed to do about the Indonesian occupation. Which risked not only her life, but risked her family's life. Leaving her family "marked" because of what she's done. But she felt strongly enough that it was important that North Americans know what the reality actually is. Especially since countries like the United States and Canada have militarily and economically underwritten the occupation. ...that's basically her story up to now. And to me, I can't even imagine a more courageous thing. ...we met her when she sang the freedom song at an East Timor benefit we played, like four years ago.

Jord: Yeah, and that's actually the sample on the record– that's her singing in Winnipeg.

Chris: I saw her speak in Winnipeg again last year. ...she's such a small little woman, from a tiny country in the Pacific who went through all this hell, and it makes you double think all the shit you learned growing up about what you think is hopeless and what's not.

Jord: I think it's important that people in the United States and Canada and Western countries realize that their tax dollars are going to training and arming dictatorships to the teeth that are really committing genocide for the benefit of business– which is supposedly what are governments are supposed to be against. ...I think we're just trying to contribute to a movement that hopes to dispel the notions of what our governments are supposedly for and show, clearly, what they are actually involved in. The idea that our governments are about democracy and freedom– that's just an illusion to keep people passive and thinking that things are really alright with everything. Which is absolutely insane, and it's my hope that as people do come to understand– like regular everyday people in Canada and the United States– that they'll be outraged and want things to change in a fundamental, basic way.

MRR (McMike): Especially with Sudharto being an ally of the U.S. and Canadian governments and serving to pave the way for U.S. and Canadian corporations to take up more space and find cheaper producers and more consumers for their shit.

Jord: Yeah, and it's bizarre. Why is it accepted that people should wear Nike shoes over here that aren't made in the States, that come from half way across the world? It's just totally absurd for something to travel all the way over there to get assembled and then come all the way back and be cheaper than if it was done right down the street. It's so absurd and people don't realize that there's a reason for that.

Jord: Yeah, and even on more of a dire level, just knowing that our tax dollars are going to fund the military and this totally conscious training of torture techniques is just horrible. And I just don't think that if people really knew how that operated that they would go along with it all.

MRR (Jenifur): Well, I just told my mom recently about the School of the Americas, and she's a Fundamentalist Christian, totally far right wing, but she was like "What?! We're doing that?" and just couldn't believe it. It was a really small conversation, and then she just turned it off because she just didn't want to hear it anymore, you know.

But at least it's out there.

Jord: That's important, and I think people should be very, very skeptical and critical of the sorts of patchwork solutions that come up. Like when things got too hard for Sudharto, he's out of there, but who filled his place? His hand-picked, military-rooted successor to the whole thing. So what changes? Almost nothing. The genocide continued and even escalated under the new regime. With the approval of the Left side of the political spectrum, who are the counterparts to the Democrats here. It's just crazy, and so that's going on. Then there's the military assistance to countries like Turkey from Western governments, and then Serbia's getting bombed at the same time.

Chris: Yeah, Turkey and Columbia, who have some of the worst human rights records in the last ten years, receive the most military funding from the United States. …there's clearly something wrong with that.

Jord: I think that if the true historical record is shown, then there will be hopefully nothing short of a true social revolution to put things back to square one.

MRR (McMike): So let's talk about how all this relates to something like the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA) summit this April in Quebec, as one example of people attempting to draw attention to true historical records. How all these things that we've been talking about often end up getting expressed in the streets. And how large is the fence that Quebec is erecting around the summit meetings?

Chris: About four miles.

Jord: I think that it ends up showing the true colors of the system, you know– the reactions to these anti–economic globalization (if that's the right term to use) summits happening all over the globe. Whether it's first world or third world countries, the police response has been similar– which has been to shut it all down illegally.

Chris: Resistance is rising, like you're saying. But at the same time, repression seems to be becoming more transparent too. Which obviously is bad for the system because as things become more transparent, it may bring more people into the movements.

Jord: I think it's extremely important to discredit the corporate media because a lot of people just have a very simple faith in what they hear about– like "freedom of the press" and all that. But you have to look at who's owning these papers and what interests that media represents.

MRR (McMike): Speaking of escalating repression, at the Republican National Convention here in Philadelphia last August, there were over 400 arrests, of which 42 were multiple count felony arrests which has people looking at the potential of facing decades in prison because they took to the streets and demonstrated against this rotten system. Some were arrested simply for having a cell phone and then received upwards of a million dollars bail. While most others were arrested at the whim of the cops and charged with the most ludicrous things, and this includes all the people who were arrested at the puppet warehouse illegally and who then after having all their shit confiscated, their puppets destroyed, and thrown in jail, ended up with charges that asserted that they had in fact been blocking roadways on the other side of the city or turning dumpsters downtown. …the court battles are still ongoing, with the first of the felony trials finishing tomorrow. People are going to be in the legal system for the next year and facing serious jail time still. Which, of course, works to send a message to people thinking about going out to the next round of large scale mass action demonstrations.

Jord:These are political prisoners. This is what I would have thought of the Soviet Union from what I was taught growing up. …the U.S. being the country with the highest incarceration rate per capita in the entire world now. It's like, let the truth be told, and let the people figure it out themselves.

Chris: Threats of facing hard time is purposeful in deterring any other citizens from coming out to these things, from coming out. You can't blame them– like somebody has got a kid at home, and they want to come out to this thing– but if they get arrested and sent to jail who's going to take care of their shit?

MRR (Jenifur): …but it also succeeds in exactly the opposite of what they want to do, which is totally pissing people off and pushing them further and further.

Chris: Yeah, hopefully!

MRR (Jenifur): Hopefully! And it organizes more people.

(fortune cookies intermission)

Jord: I have a good one here.

Todd: What's it say?

Jord: "a surprise treat awaits you!"

Chris: "answer just what your heart prompts"

MRR (Jenifur): What? I "have an ability to sense and know a higher truth."

MRR (McMike): That's pretty good!

MRR (Jenifur): Yeah, it's my connection to the Lord. *(laughs)*

(back to the shit)

MRR (McMike): With the decline of U.S. union pressure and strength, we've seen this unprecedented move by corporations into the U.S. prison labor pools, and the old image of a prisoner stamping license plates, which was a state job, has been eroded to contain the images of prisoners stamping Victoria's Secrets' underwear.

Chris: Yeah, and booking flights for TWA.

Jord: Making clothing for Eddie Bauer.

MRR (McMike): Totally. What's the situation with private prisons in Canada now?

Chris: I don't think there are actually any private, for-profit prisons yet, but under the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) and the World Trade Organization (WTO) that could be swept away quite easily I think down the road.

Jord: Yeah, but again, it's approaching a totalitarian system where if you can create some crazy law that a lot of people will let slide, then you can just brand an entire sector of society as being criminal by say, illegalizing marijuana, or something like that. …or a number of different things.

Chris: Canada is in the top 5 per capita for incarceration rates, so even though there's not privatization yet, it's still another "free" country putting people in jails at astronomical levels.

Jord: Especially, it's important to mention, the race factor– which is predominately meant to disenfranchise and incarcerate Black people, Hispanic people, and Native people. It's an extension of the racist policies that have been around since the beginnings of these "great nations."

MRR (McMike): I think it's amazing how little is actually talked about the Canadian political world. Even in most corporate media I see so little mention of Canada, and I'm left with such a question mark when it comes to specifics around how shit runs there, and what's happening.

Chris: I'm like that in a lot of ways– I seem to know more about the American system, like as a process, than I do about the parliamentary process. I know more about how a bill gets passed

I think it's extremely important to discredit the corporate media… you have to look at who's owning these papers and what interests that media represents…

down here than I do in Canada.

Jord: Well, our media is mostly American media. And our media, as well as the rest of the world's, obviously covers a lot of American happenings, since the rest of the planet is so directly effected by American policy.

MRR (McMike): Let's talk about another song off of the new album, "Ladies' Nite in Loserville." Where exactly did the idea for the song come from, and how?

Chris: Well, in a way, anytime we've addressed what our concepts of feminism were, it has been directly from what we've learned from the women around us and what we've all read on our own. "Ladies' Nite in Loserville" is sort of a complaint from feminist women and pro–feminist men that in our society it's difficult to criticize... The point of the song is how people critiquing the sex industry, pornography industry, and anyone who critiques that sacred cow of culture, is automatically relegated to a drawer of religious fundamentalist prude, rather than someone who is still perhaps an intensely sexual person. And just trying to insert that while at the same time, saying that someone like Larry Flint is a piece of shit. –That should be recognized instead of him being held up on the culture's shoulders as some sort of folk hero. He gets free speech while people who criticize him for showing women going through meat grinders are told to shut up and are pushed down. That's the whole point of the song– trying to show that feminisms are not mutually exclusive actions, and to make them exclusive is just a way of dismissing any conversation or debate about the whole issue. Again, just writing it as some sort of moralistic fundamentalism. And I think that should be destroyed as a tactic of shutting up women. If that makes any sense. So that's why the lyrics were written in quotes.

MRR (Jenifur): Is that changing in Canada? I feel that here, well at least with mainstream feminism, that I've seen it change a lot since when I first was introduced to feminism. Which is also because of the community I'm in, where some of my friends are sex workers, and I have a different kind of exposure that I didn't have before.

Chris: I'm not sure really. With all the women I know there's different reactions from woman to woman, you know?

MRR (Jenifur): Yeah, definitely.

Chris: Some women think it's great that we talk about what we're talking about. Some object to us talking about feminism.

Todd: ...but I think also with that song, anybody who has sex, like everybody does sort of...well, at least almost everybody...

Chris: Hey, leave me alone!

(laughs)

Todd: Like even though you don't want the words to leave our lips, like even your mom... it's just not one type of person were talking about.

Chris: Yeah, I mean we didn't identify the woman in the song as being a punk rock feminist. –It's just someone sitting there listening to these liberals spout off about their concept of free speech. And then filing an objection to that liberal shit and asserting her power to screw..

MRR (McMike): ...and, especially in the punk scene, a band that's composed of all men and that's really trying to deconstruct patriarchal attitudes and actions through your songs and liner notes and what you've talked about on stage, is unfortunately rare. And because you all manage, I feel, to push past the slogans and empty fucking rhetoric of "smash sexism/patriarchy" that's thrown around so much in the punk scene... I think it succeeds in making issues of patriarchy and sexism that much more tangible than more fucking rhetoric. I mean yelling, "Smash sexism!" tells me nothing. I don't have any idea what that means.

Todd: I think there's a conscious effort in all the songs to avoid the slogans– that it has to come from somewhere.

MRR (McMike): I think it comes across clearly, especially for someone who may not have really thought about shit before. Like the song on *Less Talk, More Rock*, "Refusing To Be A Man," has the line that says "...and do you know what patricentricity means? I found out just a couple of days/months/years/minutes ago..." It breaks it down and allows someone who has either thought hard about this shit for years to approach it further, or someone who's never even thought to try. It gives them a place to maybe start from. The awareness that we've all got to start somewhere, and nobody has this shit totally figured out.

Jord: I think it's important to mention that this is all a process... I think it's important to let people know that, of course, we weren't the politicos and like, BOOM, all of a sudden, we were just here out of nowhere. Like, I like heavy music. I was into metal and all that, and just eventually I got into some political bands, but I was really just into the music. And it wasn't until just a few years later that it really started sinking in. Even to this day, I'm still trying to figure so much of all this shit out. I mean, we're all just tying to keep figuring all this out. It has to be this constant, ongoing process.

MRR (Jenifur): Yeah, educating yourself definitely has to be an ongoing process. I mean, you can't just learn about racism, sexism, homophobia, and global capitalism, and then solve everything just because you've read about it!

Jord: I think that starting at the grassroots, then getting involved, and slowly working on becoming more conscious, is really meaningful and really positive stuff. All that, with the hope in mind that people will be outraged when they figure out what's really going on in the world. I don't think anyone wants to be involved in a system that's contributing towards oppression and is rapidly killing the planet.

Chris: I guess it's the alternative to what's happening now, which is "do nothing; die."

Jord: ...and being complicit and contributing to it through your labor and being taxed. It's some insane amount of the income tax down here in the States that's given directly to the military. It's insane. That doesn't have to happen. The U.S. doesn't need three hundred or five hundred military bases all over the globe. The citizens in the U.S. don't need that. The cultural and economic elite need it to maintain their positions of power.

Contact:
Box 27006
360 Main St. Concourse
Winnipeg, MB, R3C 4T3
CANADA

RUINATION

Ruination are an ultra elite international killing machine featuring Ebro on drums from CHARLES BRONSON / MK ULTRA / CRUDOS fame, Chris Colohan (THE SWARM) on vocals, Andy Dempz (BLOODPACT) on guitar, and Mike Halichuk (velcro shoes) on bass. RUINATION have become a buzz band and for good reasons. They have an ep and a sleuth of comp material about to be released. They originally started out as an attempt at trying to create a terrorist group, but quickly moved onto playing some of the best thrash to come out of the past year. Because RUINATION come from Chicago, Ann Arbor, and Toronto it is difficult for them to play, but when they do it's usually an event (like the closing of Who's Emma or the recent TRAGEDY show where the singer from THEY LIVE almost burned off his face). I got to talk with Andy, Chris, and Ebro at the TRAGEDY show in Toronto (on December 19th, 2000) about the difficulties of being international hardcore super-studs. Interview by Stephe Perry of Equalizing-X-Distort, photos by Go(r)d Dufresne of Deranged Records.

Who is in the band and tell us about your most recent punk lineage ?
Chris: See right from the start we've got problems.
Ebro: Okay, since I'm the most important, I'm Ebro and I play drums and I'm from Chicago and I was in LOS CRUDOS and CHARLES BRONSON and MK ULTRA and the MESHUGUNA's. That's my lineage.
Chris: I'm Chris Colohan. I'm from Toronto, Ontario and I was in the LAST RESORT and the MUSHUGANAS and now I sing in this band.
Ebro: Oh yeah, I was in BASKETCASE, too.
Andy: I'm Andy and I'm from Ann Arbor, Michigan and I'm in BLOODPACT and I was in EARTHMOVER and I was in END OF THE LINE and I was in DEADBOLT. Not the END OF THE LINE on ebullition.
Ebro: I was in TREPAN NATION, too, if you care.
Being from different cities, how did RUINATION form? It seems unusual that bands form from different cities, although that might not be the case anymore, but given the obstacles that come along with distance, how did you form?
Andy: Because no one in our respective areas was hard enough to form an entire line up.
Ebro: Exactly. I looked for the hardest people in Canada and the United States and I was like "Oh yeah, Chris Colohan. That Motherfucker is hard, yo". No. What happened really was Chris called me up one day and he was like "I want to start this band." And I was like "Oh yeah ?" And he was like "I want you to play drums for it." And I was like, "What like a project?" and he was like "No, like a real band". I was like "Alright, we can try it." He had talked to Andy and he'd played with Mike before.
Andy: And I played bass for the SWARM for a week and so it just went from there.
Chris: It was really kind of like when they have those big international things and they're trying to form a girl band, like the SPICE GIRLS, and they have try outs because they have to get the five best people from all over North America like in Canada and the States and Hawaii and…
Ebro: There's some big fat dude from Canada named Ron Perlichuk and he wanted to find the cutest people and stuff. We all tried out and I was the cutest, but then Chris came in third.
Andy: We were the best dancers.
Chris: We were kind of the cutest and the hardest in the whole land so we had to join hands and make this work. That's really it.
But it was mostly that you knew each other ?
Andy: It was people that we knew and it is actually hard to find enough people with the right ideas and the right approaches to things to do bands.
Chris: …or the same ideas, at least.
Ebro: We had all met. Well I never met Andy before, but I had seen EARTHMOVER and stuff...
Chris: and we had met at parties....
Ebro: I totally started snorting coke off Chris' ass one night and it turned out to be him and
Chris: ..somehow we got into a conversation. Hey you're actually a real person.
Ebro: No. CRUDOS had played with THE SWARM before and I met him when CRUDOS toured up here. He seemed like an alright guy.
Chris: He "seemed" like an alright guy...
Ebro: ...and now he is a fuckin' asshole. Naw, I just figured it might work out and shit and it would be fun. So it happened.
Chris: Is it fun ?
Ebro: Yes.
What are some of the obstacles to being a band with long distance dilemmas ?
Andy: Everything. Take this week for example.
Ebro: It's weird because it's like we have months and months of breaks in between what we do and so far it has worked out pretty good because we have been able to meet up and record a bunch of songs and practice for a weekend, but then when it comes together for tours sometimes communication breakdown enters into it because we are all trying to communicate through e-mail and
Andy: ... we have no van and no practice space. Plenty of booze and no where to drink it. (laughter).
Ebro: Yeah shit like that and the fact that they are Canadian really puts a damper on the whole band because I keep getting everyone to sing the national anthem and they don't even know it. They start with "Oh Canada..." and I'm like "Shut Up".
Chris: We have to keep getting into that fight about who invented basketball.
Ebro: Exactly because supposedly Canada did. I never even heard of this, but some country named Canada did it.
Chris: Some state north of Buffalo called Canadia or something.
Ebro: It's kind of a pain in the ass commuting from country to country and shit, but we have been able to do it.
Andy: Anytime we want to do anything we have to deal with the border, but we have been lucky so far.
Ebro: We have to spend a lot of money to hook up and do shit and coming from people who don't really have much money.
Andy: We don't have the chance to play local shows to build up some money to start like a normal band would. So we have no van and we have no practice space, between those two things we have no gear this week.
Chris: We wing it all the time.
Andy: It's a barrel of chimps from there.
Okay there must be some good reasons for why you do it.
Andy: Well fuck you wanted the obstacles. The reasons are we all know what we are doing and so things can go pretty easily. When we are together, we usually work around the clock. Instead of fucking around and doing it an hour a week we get together and practice for two days straight like six or seven hours a day and then play a week of shows and then record. And that works pretty well. We can be pretty productive. And each of us can write songs so we end up with a lot of stuff. We are more productive than most bands who are together.
It seems like it because given the amount of time that you have been together you have a lot of things coming out.
Andy: Given the amount of records we have available. We have recorded for three records and none of them are available.
Ebro: We are able to have fun with it. If I wasn't having fun with it I probably wouldn't be doing it. It's fun and it has worked out really well, surprisingly, I didn't think it would because I am a cynic, but it has worked out pretty good. There are problems with obstacles that we have mentioned but I don't think they're enough to stop us because we love hardcore (laughter). I mean as dumb as that sounds we love doing this and being into it and wanting to do it takes precedence.
One of the things that I have noticed about the year 2000 is a bit of this super group phenomenon. It's really become apparent in hardcore where you have members from other prolific groups that are from other cities. Examples of bands like XLIMP WRISTX or THE OATH come to mind.
Chris: Well, that pre-supposes that you meant to do something based on your collective status, but we knew each other from playing, we liked each other's playing style.
Ebro: Yeah, I had better pants than Chris.
Chris: Yeah he had better style.
Ebro: I was rocking Nautica and Tommy and he said "Yo, I like your style, Word".
Chris: He was kicking the phat styles long before they were cool, and we thought we could work with that.
Andy: It's not that we had to search far and wide for a roster of members, we just wound up with them.
Ebro: I've noticed that a lot of bands are trying to milk that shit and that's not what we are trying to do obviously. Yeah we have been in other bands and people have used that to advertise records and advertise shows, but that's not what we are doing. We had just known each other from these previous bands and we just did it to have fun. We're not trying to ride on the coat tails on what we had done before because I don't think this band sounds anything like what we had done with other bands. People can do what they want. If they want to take us as the x-members of whoever bands - go ahead -but I like what we are writing now and I think the songs stand on their own.
The first ep was recorded after your second practice.
Chris: ...and it shows.
Where did you record the first ep ?
Chris: Cloud City in Redford, Michigan with Mike Hasty (WALLS OF JERICHO).
Andy: He was the guitar player for EARTHMOVER and so I know him from that and most of the recording I have done has been with him and out of his practice space. He has a 24-track digital studio. We borrowed their (WOJ) practice space for the two days proceeding and then set up and let it rip.
Ebro: That was meant more to be kind of like a demo at first or at least that was my idea behind it.
Andy: Okay, see I hate this because people are like "the Ruination demo" and there was no RUINATION demo. We did a quick mix while we were there and we were going to make tapes of them for the next show and if we decided that it was good enough we were going to go back and do a good mix and press it as a 7", but we fucking slacked and we didn't make tapes and instead we said the hell with it and we pressed it as a 7" real quick because my other band BLOODPACT was going on tour and so we were like "Fuck it, let's go too." And we just paid out of our pockets to go lose our asses and have a really really good time and so we pressed the 7" just to have for tour and then it came back from the mastering place and the guitars had mysteriously disappeared somewhere along the line, so we have a re-mix of it and it is going to be pressed and sound fuckin' normal, finally it sounds good, and I am totally fine with it because when I play I don't play to fuck around, I play for real and I never think

RUINATION

'this is just a demo' and half ass it. That's part of the point that I was saying about playing like BLACK FLAG or MOTORHEAD is that those bands did not fuck around. They did it to do it.

I wanted to ask you about the tour to Europe. How long had the band been together before you toured Europe and how did the tour come about ?

Ebro: A couple of months.

Andy: Lost & Found and M.A.D. sent us a big basket of money in the mail and we just went.

Ebro: No we had only been around for a couple of months. I liked it because there was some places where people knew that we were in these bands or whatever so they came to check it out, but it was also I liked it because we had played a lot of places where no one had heard. They just came to see a fuckin' punk show, but they still gave us a good response. I think that it was really cool to do that even though I am sure that people are rolling there eyes at the fact that we were able to go to Europe so quick, but we fronted the money, we lost the money and..

Andy: It's just like booking a DIY tour of the States. At that point, if you are willing to cough up for the plane tickets then you can do it.

Chris: It's not a measure of having been really great or big. If you can get yourself there, and don't care if you lose your shirt, you just do it.

Ebro: ...it was a fun tour.

What was the response ? Did people like...

Ebro: ...people were usually pretty into it.

I wanted to ask you for record nerd status, how many copies of the ep were pressed ?

Chris: In the end, 700.

What were all the different versions of covers ?

Chris: They were just different shows. They were city based.

Andy: We'd always argue about the cover and since every jackass band from the east coast tours Europe and has a PROJECT X cover, we did that to make fun of it. We made 300 of those and those are on grey. And then from the same presses a 100 on grey for the Chicago Fest, where we made fun of local Chicago fuckin' corporate label, then there was 100 for a show in Toronto, and there were 200 on black and 50 of those had a cover for an Ann Arbor show which we made during the show running around the block from the house to Kinko's and then there were 150 which had all four covers a la the Dischord 12" just to say that this is getting fuckin' stupid.

Chris: And now No Idea is putting out officially, in quantity and mixed right.

Andy: ...with a real cover, once we finish arguing about it.

You've recorded stuff more recently. Can you go through the projects that you have lined up ?

Andy: Two songs were recorded in Chicago. One came out on the "Short, Fast + Loud" comp but it got fucked up in mastering and slowed down by 10% so it is "Short, Slow + Loud". And then there is another song which is going to go to an "Inside Front" comp.

Chris: We did 4 songs with Eric Ellman (THEY LIVE) in his basement. He recorded those for the split with THEY LIVE. And that is coming out on DeadAlive.

Andy: So we've recorded in Detroit, Buffalo, and Chicago and then there is going to be three or four songs that we are going to record in January for a 7" split with POINT OF FEW on Wicked Witch (Amsterdam) and we are going to record those in New York at Don Fury's.

Do you have plans on touring ?

Chris: (starts laughing).

Ebro: Yes. We have a couple of shows.

You are playing shows right now.

Andy: We have a show tomorrow in Sherbrooke and a show the next day in MA, and five shows in January and then recording at the end of that. It's good to record at the end of strings of shows because it is the only time that we have enough time to be together and play often enough to get tight.

Andy: I am going to Japan for my own reasons in May-

Chris: He's going to assasinate the shogunate.
Andy: -and then hopefully after that we will tour like fuckers through the summer.
Ebro: Woah.
Chris: Yeah I was hoping to tour like a cunt and I think these guys were hoping to tour like fuckers. But we are going to tour a lot in the summer.
Ebro: He is going to tour in his own cunting band.
What has the response been to RUINATION? You talked a little bit about this when I asked about Europe, but just in general what has the response been ?
Ebro: It has been pretty promising. It hasn't been overwhelming. Like "Oh my god, they're the buzz band" and shit like that, at least not that I know of. You know maybe we are a secret buzz band or something, but I think it is cool cause it is just people who like simple raw hardcore said we are good. Some shows we have played people have gone off and some that people just stood their and looked dazed. Overall, we have gotten pretty positive responses from people.
Andy: Some younger kids, seeing a band for the first time playing guitar that actually has mid range in it and playing the stuff that we do...the history of punk rock has been cut off sharply after a certain point where there is just so much of it and people just pick up whatever is current. It seems like a lot more people are not tracing the history like they used to. So a lot of people don't understand some of the stuff that goes into what we do and they go "I don't know what you were doing but I liked it." That's cool.
Ebro: They don't understand the complex drum arrangements that I do (laughter)
Chris: Most of our fan base, the type of people that would come out to see us are the kind of people that would drink from the furry cup. People that would eat from the bushy plate are the kind of people that like RUINATION.
What lyrical subject matter do you tackle ?
Chris: A lot of that stuff about drinking from the furry cup and- no, for real? It's not so much like an ethical assault force on people. I think that is one thing that we kind of agreed on. We have a general understanding of what we believe hardcore to be and share basic leftist politics, but we're not all the same in our lifestyle politics. We are all Straight Edge kids in a real life way, not in like a down your throat, windbreaker spin-kicks-for-jesus way. I mean Ebro eats meat and we're both vegan and whatever...
Ebro: they don't feed me so I get to choose what I eat.
Chris: ...we know who we are and we don't need to be on some sXe or vegan crusade to validate it. We're on the same page as much as we need to be, but we're all different people with our own ideas. You know how frustrating it gets when you play in a band and you are trying to maintain on behalf of 5 people some stance that is totally an individual thing, and should only ever BE? It fucking burns you out. I try to avoid that kind of dogmatic, soap-box shit in writing songs. It turns people off more than it gets through to them. At the same time, there's a real resurgence of the opposite extreme lately, towards the apolitical, the apathetic. I'm not about that at all. I think it's abusing this medium that people have worked to create and maintain, to not be saying anything for fear of being held to it, or fear or being wrong. Dogmatism on one side, apathy on the other. Fuck them both. The songs are just personal, political, alienated, anti-authoritarian, pissed off punk rock songs.
Andy: I think it's cool because it is sort of re-attaching. In an effort to be the most political band or the most right on people took it to such an extent. You can talk about people being killed for the sake of environmental devastation in Nigeria or whatever, but besides not buying gas at Shell what the bloody fuck does that have to do with most peoples lives? It doesn't extend beyond boycott politics in this country because no one has set a fuckin' Shell station on fire.

"WE ARE ALL STRAIGHT EDGE KIDS IN A REAL LIFE WAY, NOT IN LIKE A DOWN YOUR THROAT, WINDBREAKER SPIN-KICKS-FOR-JESUS WAY."

At the same time, I think it is important to realize that those institutions contribute to the alienation that everybody feels and that brings home. So maybe if you address that alienation immediately and the politic that creates that alienation I think that that's what is important.
Ebro: I just bought Gap and Shell not too long ago.
Chris: I try to boycott politics, as well. Especially when drinking from the furry cup.
How can people get in touch with you because I am sure there are things that people might want to ask you directly ?
Andy: There is a website at www.plusminusrecords.com/ruin, and a hotmail address at xruinationx@hotmail.com. Each of us have different addresses in real life. You can track us down at my address which is P.O. Box 7096 / Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48107 / USA.
Are there any last comments ?
Chris: We would like to put props out to Rittersport Marzipan bars and european peanut butter.
Ebro: Word. To my homies in lockdown. Keepin' it real, 24-7.
Chris: I think we should say thanks to Mike Halichuk because he is going to leave the band to do other stuff and he was a really big part of everything we have done up until now.
Ebro: We have to find another whipping boy for the band.
Chris: Yeah, but we are not going to find anybody that can rock track pants and velcro shoes like that, I'm pretty sure, so it's gonna be a different Ruination from here on in. R.I.P Timmy.

DISCORDANCE AXIS

SINCE THE FIRST TIME I HEARD DISCORDANCE AXIS THEIR MUSIC HAS COMPLETEY WARPED MY MIND. UNDER THE SCREAMING VOCALS, THAT ALWAYS ACCOMPANIES ANY GRINDCORE BAND, THERE IS SOME AWESOME ART GOING ON. DISCORDANCE AXIS IS LESS LIKE THEIR GRINDCORE CRONIES AND MORE LIKE PAT METHENY'S JAZZ GROUP ON THEIR CONTROVERSIAL TUNE "SONG X." THE GUITARS ARE INVENTIVE, THE DRUMS LIKE A JACKHAMMER, AND THE LYNCS CAN TAKE YEARS TO REALLY FIGURE OUT. IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THEM YET, DEFINATELY CHECK 'EM OUT. INTERVIEW WITH JON CHANG BY BOB THOMPSON. DISCORDANCE AXIS IS: JON CHANG ON VOCALS, DAVE WITTE ON DRUMS, ROB MARTON ON GUITARS

MRR: I know you're into Japanese hardcore bands. I am too, and I love the absurd Japanese to English translations. Sometimes the mistaken interpretations clarify the true meaning of the songs better. Your lyrics also have simple, but unusual choice of wording– "Hypnosis" for example. Is it a direct Japanese hardcore influence?

Jon: Going way back to the beginning of the band I was extremely influenced by the sort of language you mention and a lot of that came from Japanese hardcore–punk and thrash band lyrics. I would agree that the mistranslation in many ways made it feel more honest and legitimate which is why I liked the raw energy of grind to begin with. It's so visceral and from the heart – if done well.

MRR: The song "Amphetimine Hollow Tip" from your split 7" with Melt Banana is not only a great piece of commentary on meth and mainlining, but potentially an awesome straight-edge song– oddly enough. Do you feel that drugs like crystal meth, GHB, and ecstasy typify man's misuse of technology and how much advanced technology is compared to the intellect of common man ?

Jon: "Amphetimine Hollow Tip" was about more than just drugs... I was trying to express a pattern of living that's very focused on time and self destruction. I used the word amphetimine to communicate the need for stimulus and hollow tip because it refers to hollow tip bullets. To some degree I fit this lifestyle though I never touch drugs or alcohol. I get very obsessive and involved with things.

MRR: So, I guess I'm reading too much into it, eh? Anyway, "Area Trinity" is probably my favorite Discordance Axis tune because of the lyrics dealing with the creation of atomic weapons. Do you have a favorite song where you felt that you really drove your point home; even if in an abstact way?

Jon: "Area Trinity" was inspired by the book *Nuclear Landscapes*. *Nuclear Landscapes* is a photo study of the Nevada Trinity test sites. If you ever read the book some of the images I describe come right out of the photos. As for favorite songs there's certainly songs I like better than other but I don't necessarily have any favorites. I thought the lyrics were really good on "Continuity". That was the first era of writing where the songs were a lot more personal. It was a different and ultimately more cathartic way of working that I still continue today.

MRR: Have you ever considered writing fiction or poetry?

Jon: Yes. I have just finished my first screenplay. It's a military science fiction film called *Sawtooth*. I am in the process of doing character design now as I intend to animate it one day. I am also writing another film called *The Indigo Wheel* which is a space opera, but I imagine that won't be done for quite a while as *Sawtooth* took almost six years to write. It's hard sci-fi with lots of research to make sure everything I suggest is workable and presented in an ultra-real fashion. If I keep moving at my current rate of progress *Sawtooth* will come out around 2005.

MRR: I know that you read a lot of sci-fi, and your songs have a very Ray Bradbury–esque vibe. Do you draw specific song topics from books– and who are your favorite writers?

Jon: There's lots of references to authors, both sci-fi and otherwise, films, paintings, photognphs, drawings, etc. throughout all our songs. Sometimes it makes it easier to discuss personal things when you drape them in a metaphor to something else. It doesn't leave you quite as naked. That's something I've always grappled with. As for authors– I could list tons. These days I'm reading lots of Iain M Banks, David Weber, David Drake, Peter F. Hamiliton and Robert Heinlen. There's been references to Phillip K Dick, Ray Bradbury, Harlen Ellison, Robert Adams, not to mention scores of animation and video games – which I could go on about for days.

MRR: Discordance Axis and Voivod are musically different, but thematically very similar. Have you everspoken to or had any contact with members of Voivod?

Jon: I've never spoken to them and I don't think anyone else in D.A. has either.

MRR: Do you prefer Voivod with Snake or Eric on vocals?

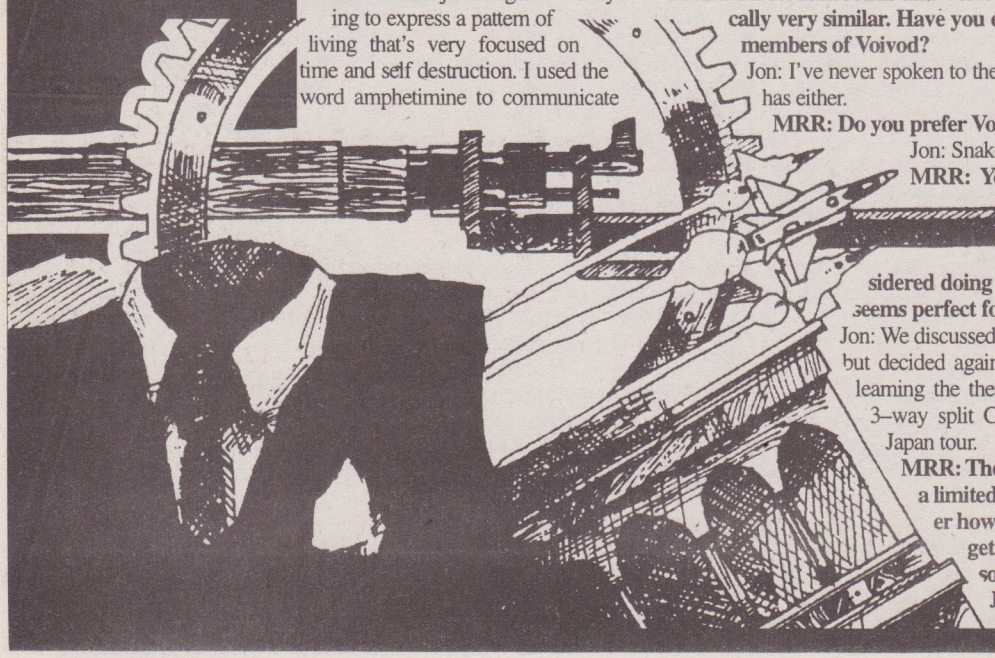
Jon: Snake. Definately.

MRR: You've covered Napalm Death's "The Kill" on the split 7" with Capitalist Casualties. Have you considered doing a Voivod cover? "Missing Sequences" seems perfect for D.A.

Jon: We discussed doing "Killing Technology" at one point but decided against it. We're presently in the process of learning the theme from "Sonic Adventure" for a new 3–way split CD we're releasing on our spring 2001 Japan tour.

MRR: The split 7" with Capitalist Casualties was a limited press, but awesome, when you consider how raw the recording was. Will you try to get that and the HG Fact EP's onto CD at some point?

Jon: All the EP's are available on either



the *Joahou* CD or the *Original Sound Version 1992–1995* CD, sometimes refered to as *Sound Only*. In fact both CD's have unreleased materials on them as well.

MRR: I think that not having a bassist makes your sound less muddy than most grindcore bands. But I also notice that there is less of a stereo recording environment on The Inalienable DreamlessCD, for example. Is it hard to find a studio engineer that can tum your sound into the thick and smooth sound that tums up on your CD's?

Jon: Every Discordance Axis recording has suffered some sort of catastrophe. John D'uva recorded *The Inalienable Dreamless* CD for us at a studio in New Jersey called Trax East, when the original engineer we were supposed to work with bailed and moved out west a week prior to the recording date. I was and am happy with the sound John got us but the original mixdown, prior to mastering, was a lot heavier. We ended up killing some of that low end so you can play the CD louder without having to tum your bass levels all the way down or face the wall of mess that occurs.

MRR: When Ryan Canavan interviewed Dave for *Hanging Like A Hex* zine he didn't seeme to understand why Discordance Axis wasn't more prolific and trying to promote itself more seriously. Could you beffer explain your approach and infentions with Discordance Axis?

Jon: Playing out and self promotion are two things I hate most about being in a band. I got into this to make music and art. Anything that doesn't involve me creating I find monotonous. Playing for example requires us to practice so much so we can do a decent live show, that it devours all our weekends for months on end just playing the same songs over and over again. Not only is it physically draining but it really puts a strain on our relationship as a band. D.A. aren't super close friends... more like disparate agencies that come together every so offen to work on new materials, so we're pretty serious when we are being creative. Practicing is just plain boring.

MRR: It would seem to me that because you only occasionally work on recordings that it would create less stress on yourselves and allow you to keep Discordance Axis going for a longer time? Is this a possibility?

Jon: I have no idea how long we'll be around. Up until now everytime we've finished recording something we broke up because we all got sick of each other. That didn't happen on *The Inalienable Dreamless*, but we haven't seen each other in like six months. We start practicing this weekend [January 6 & 7, 2001] for our Japan tour. As for new material Rob has to be ready with what he wants to do. In the old days we would book time at a studio and then furiously belt out as many tunes as we could. It was a very stressful way to work, but it made the songs sound more raw, I think. Then again Rob's not too happy with most of the old stuff.

MRR: I once played in a band that rarely played live and prefered to focus on recording and the songs themselves. It seemed to cause some people to think we were an elitist band or that we were above fhe scene. Do people interpret your not playing out much as elitist?

Jon: I have no idea. I've heard us called elitist though. My real goal is to have people walk out of our show or put down out records and have the same reaction as the test audiences for the movie *Seven*. David Fincher mentions in the director's commentary that he heard people walking out saying "The people who made that film should be killed." I couldn't imagine a beffer stamp of approval.

MRR: The song "Nikola Tesla" from the *Joahou* CD is an electronic noise manipulation track And the electronics manipulation genre is definately anti–music in intent, so do you see Discordance Axis as being just a different form of anti–music?

Jon: Discordance Axis is an anti-music band in general. One of the main reasons we don't have a bass is because it was my feeling that the idea of bass is that it's a cheap tool that people use to get people "grooving". Bass provides the balance in sound It gives people something to latch onto. I want Discordance Axis to feel like an air fuel bomb that blows up in your living room. The only rhythm I want is that of minigun fire drums and screaming.

MRR: Why was *The Inalienable Dreamless* CD released in a DVD case? The store where I bought it had it stored under the counter geffing dusty, instead of on the racks.

Jon: Three reasons. First, I wanted to make only one lyric book for both CD and vinyl. DVD allowed that larger than normal format. Second, CD's are too small. We inevitably end up with six hundred page manuals to our CD's that barely fit into the CD caddy when we release CDs. When we re–release our old stuff again on Hydra Head it will be in DVD cases. Third, I wanted our CD to have a certain presence to it that most other bands don't have. 99.9% of all cover art sucks! Nobody spends more than one second with their cookie cutter packaging. People just don't care– but I do. I firmly believe that good packaging absolutely compliments the release. Every LP we've done has a specific look and feel to it From the stringent perfect columns of Ulterior to the type apocalypse on Joahou and finally with the journal type entry of *The Inalienable Dreamless*. Each motiff reflects what the record is about strongly.

MRR: How did Rob Proctor, from Assück, end up filling in for Dave temporarily? And I've heard that there is a recording with Rob playing getting passed around out there – will it ever get officially released?

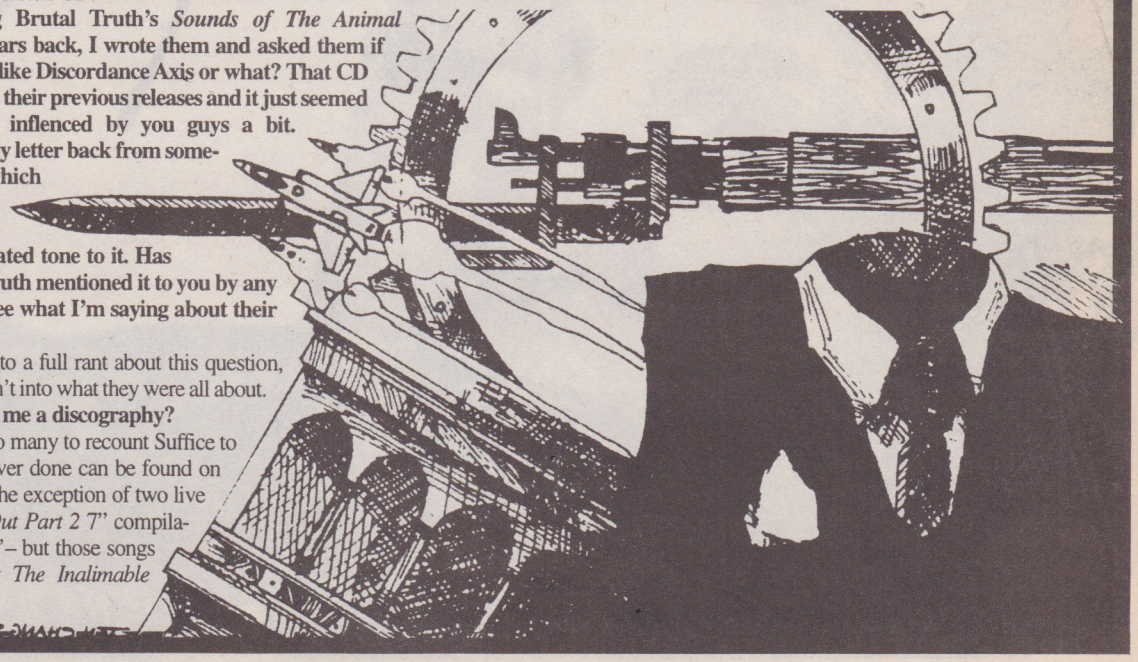
Jon: In the soap opera that is Discordance Axis we've all quit several times. We were going to Japan and Dave wanted to focus on Human Remains, thus he decided not to go. At the time Seth Putnam, from Anal Cunt, asked to join so we worked with him, but it didn't go so well. So we called up Rob Proctor who was an old friend of ours to come out on fhe road with us. He liked the songs and had a good time. As for the release of some of those tracks they are on the *Original Sound Version* CD.

MRR: After hearing Brutal Truth's *Sounds of The Animal Kingdom* CD a few years back, I wrote them and asked them if they were trying to be like Discordance Axis or what? That CD was a lot different than their previous releases and it just seemed like they were being inflenced by you guys a bit. Anyway, I got a friendly letter back from someone in the band which politely dismissed me as a kook But the letter really had a frustrated tone to it. Has anyone from Brutal Truth mentioned it to you by any chance? And do you see what I'm saying about their musical change?

Jon: Well, I could go into a full rant about this question, but let me just say I wasn't into what they were all about.

MRR: Could you give me a discography?

Jon: A discography? Too many to recount Suffice to say everything we've ever done can be found on the CDs we have with the exception of two live tracks from the *Snarl Out Part 2* 7" compilation and *Necropolitan* 7'– but those songs are all re-recorded for *The Inalimable Dreamless* CD.



"You've got to get the placard, smash it across their fucking heads and stick the fuckin' broken bit up their asses!

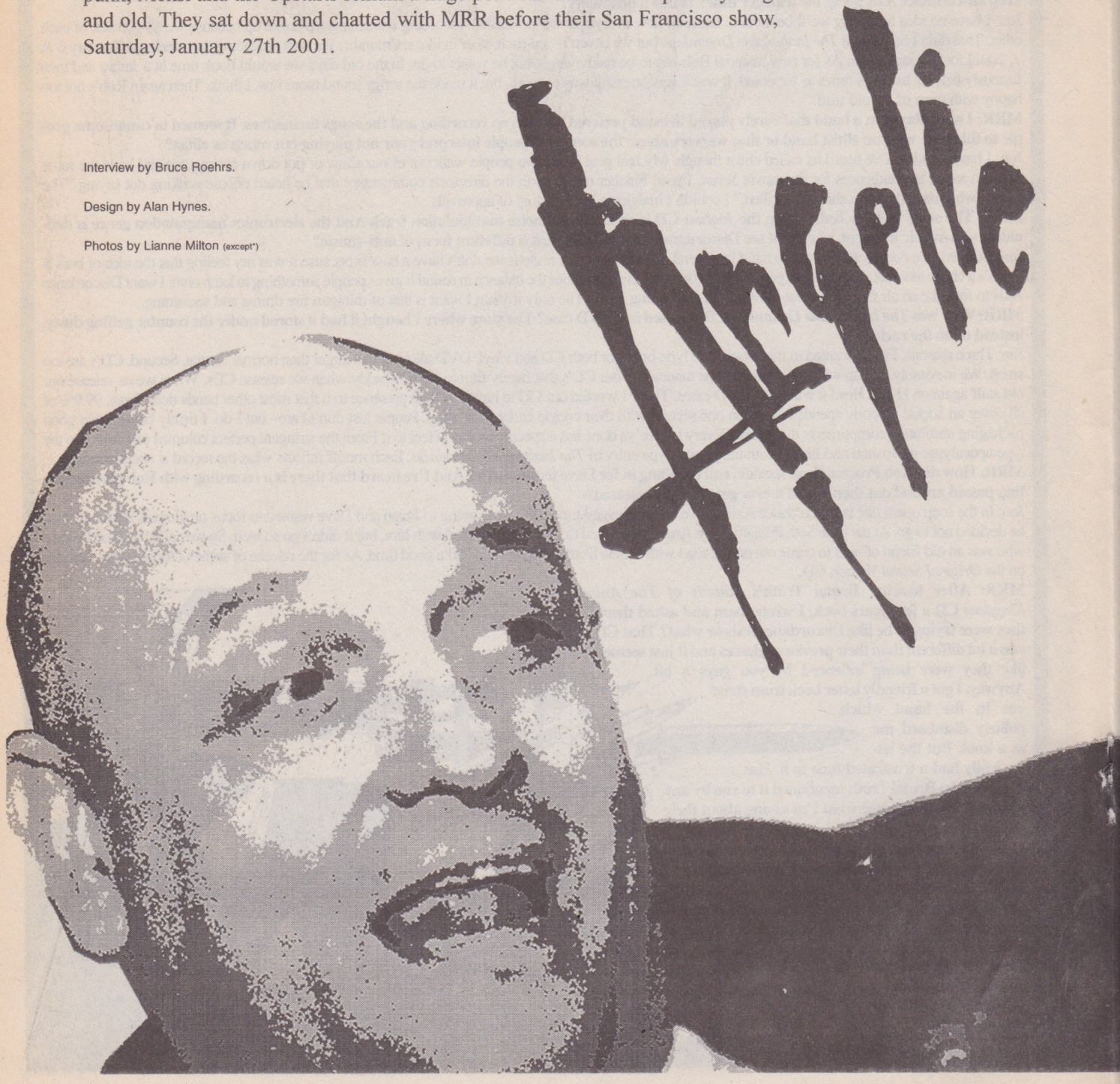
It's as simple as that, isn't it?"

The Angelic Upstarts came to the U.S. for the first time since 1982. As one of the foremost Anti-fascist, Ant-racist punk bands of the 1977-1980 era of English punk, Mensi and the Upstarts remain a huge political influence on punks young and old. They sat down and chatted with MRR before their San Francisco show, Saturday, January 27th 2001.

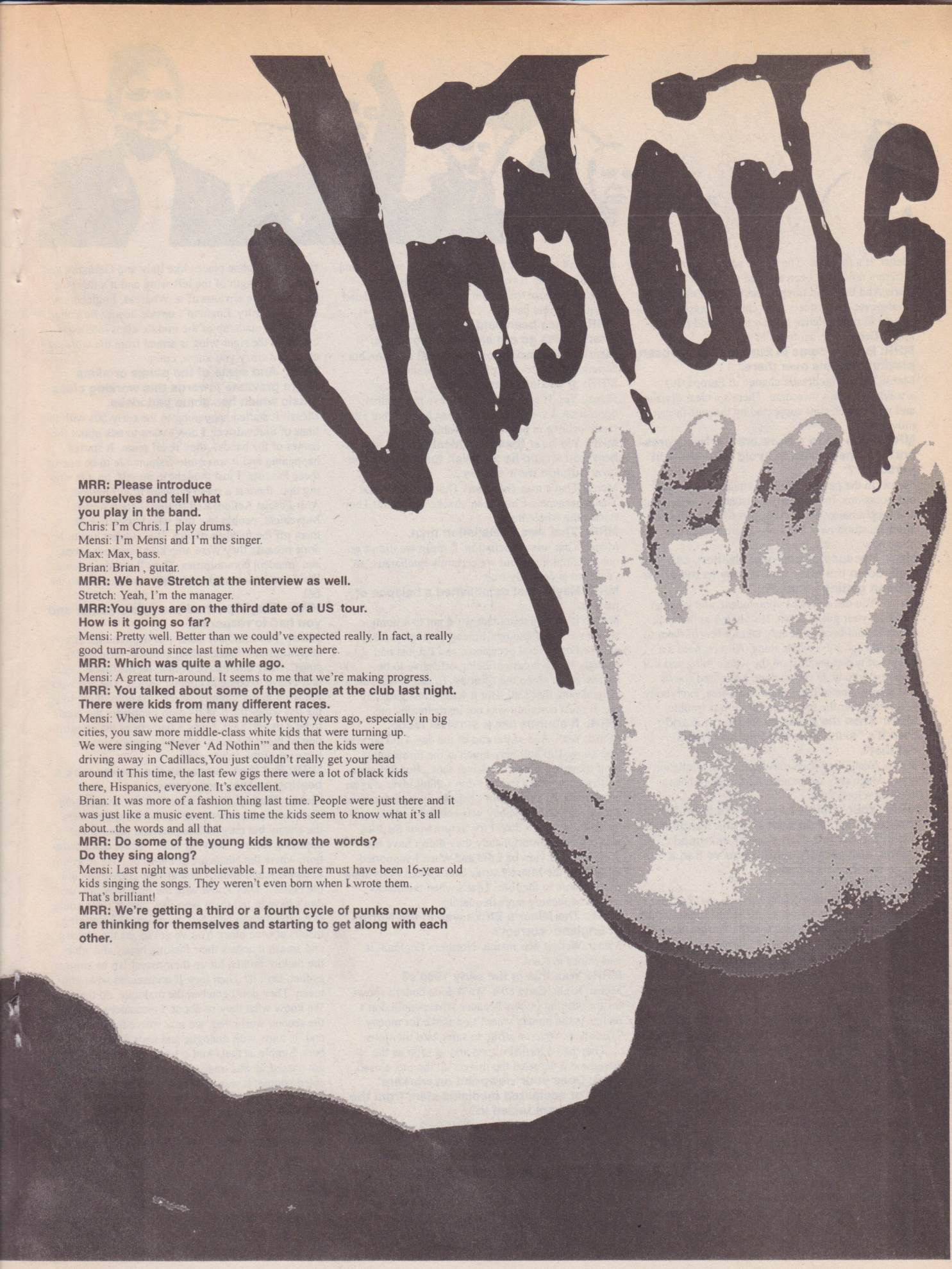
Interview by Bruce Roehrs.

Design by Alan Hynes.

Photos by Lianne Milton (except*)



Visitors



MRR: Please introduce yourselves and tell what you play in the band.
Chris: I'm Chris. I play drums.
Mensi: I'm Mensi and I'm the singer.
Max: Max, bass.
Brian: Brian , guitar.
MRR: We have Stretch at the interview as well.
Stretch: Yeah, I'm the manager.
MRR:You guys are on the third date of a US tour. How is it going so far?
Mensi: Pretty well. Better than we could've expected really. In fact, a really good turn-around since last time when we were here.
MRR: Which was quite a while ago.
Mensi: A great turn-around. It seems to me that we're making progress.
MRR: You talked about some of the people at the club last night. There were kids from many different races.
Mensi: When we came here was nearly twenty years ago, especially in big cities, you saw more middle-class white kids that were turning up. We were singing "Never 'Ad Nothin'" and then the kids were driving away in Cadillacs,You just couldn't really get your head around it This time, the last few gigs there were a lot of black kids there, Hispanics, everyone. It's excellent.
Brian: It was more of a fashion thing last time. People were just there and it was just like a music event. This time the kids seem to know what it's all about...the words and all that
MRR: Do some of the young kids know the words? Do they sing along?
Mensi: Last night was unbelievable. I mean there must have been 16-year old kids singing the songs. They weren't even born when I wrote them. That's brilliant!
MRR: We're getting a third or a fourth cycle of punks now who are thinking for themselves and starting to get along with each other.

Mensi: It's fantastic. The whole scene's completely different now. I've been amazed really.
Chris:And the good thing is there's been no trouble whatsoever. Everyone's been chucking each other around in the audience but it's all in good fun you know. Been no actual trouble.

MRR: Is it the same in Europe? You've been playing festivals over there.

Mensi:There's no drastic change in Europe. It's always...Europe's awesome. There's a clear division and we've been well supported by the anti-fascist movement.

MRR:If you go to a show,are the Nazis present? Are they going to avoid your show in particular?

Mensi: In the past we've been attacked on numerous occasions. In the end, we just started organizing and fought back. We do have sort of an international organization now. We know more about each other now.

MRR: Because of that organization, can you walk down the alley on the way to the show without getting jumped?

Mensi: You can never be complacent. and you can never let your guard down. It's always at the back of your mind because it only takes a few of them to come and spoil the whole thing. All you need's a couple of nut-cases to spoil the whole thing and kill it for everybody. If we've done a hundred shows and ninety-nine of them are trouble-free, everybody will remember the one where there was trouble.

MRR: Then the press picks up on it and then it's "skinheads did this and Nazis did that".

Mensi: Yeah, but I think now there's no confusion about which way we're heading and there hasn't been for a long time.

MRR: Your politics have always been further to the left than a lot of punk bands and much further left than a lot of skinhead bands, and yet throughout you've had a large skinhead following.
Why is this?

Mensi: Yes, without a doubt. But you see, England's the only place I know where the main skinhead following is right-wing. Some leftist skins are creeping into England, but in the rest of Europe there's hundreds and thousands. When you come to America and you see them here as well it's fantastic. Groups like R.A.S.H and the N.Y. Anti-Fascists are really starting to grow.

MRR: You we're a pioneer of that school of thought.Your lyrics and the way you carried yourself in the early days of your career could be a interpreted as socialism.

Mensi: Yes it's true. In the start it was very fashionable to be right-wing, and if you weren't right-wing, it was very fashionable to sit on the fence. That's where we got all the problems from in the early days. You see in the start, I wasn't political. ..I was never political. Still to this day I am just anti-fascist and anti-nazi and it's as simple as that .

MRR: That means you're not a fence-straddler. That means you've drawn a line and that's only so much you'll put up with and no more.

Mensi: I've got to be honest, I tolerated them in the early days because I thought everybody was entitled to their opinion. It wasn't long before my views changed because the whole ideology is orchestrated by violence and hatred.

MRR: It has been said that some of the Sharp Skins go out and hunt the Nazis.

Mensi: I would never go out and hunt a person but i certainly do believe in physical opposition.

MRR: If you are confronted...

Mensi: Yes. If confronted, I believe in physical opposition. I wouldn't go so far as hunting but i certainly believe in physical confrontation.

MRR: We hear these mythical stories about how you would lie and wait for Skrewdriver fans outside their shows ...

Mensi: That's true. (laughter) That is not a myth! That's because we had been attacked by them. They started the whole thing.

MRR: That was a retaliation then.

Mensi: That was a retaliation. I mean we didn't go out and hunt them, but we certainly retaliated....so yes. That is certainly true.

MRR: Maybe that established a balance of power.

Mensi: It's just a thing that we'd got to a point where we'd had enough. I mean I was physically attacked on several occasions, and I'd just had enough. It was a case of being offensive to be defensive, to go on the offense.To me, it was just a progression, that's all. But it wasn't instigated by me. It most certainly was not instigated by me.

MRR: It sounds like a survival tactic.

Mensi: Yeah. And at the end of the day, I did survive you know. I'm still very much at the forefront of their thoughts, the Skrewdriver fans...But fortunately, I'm not an easy touch. I don't think Iever was an easy touch. At first I didn't believe in confrontation. I believed that everybody was entitled to their opinion as long as you didn't try to turn your theories into practice. Unfortunately they didn't have the same point of view as I did and when I supported things like the Miner's strike that's when everything sort of came to the fore. That's when theattacks started happening more frequently.

MRR: The Miner's Strike was in the North of England- correct?

Mensi: Well, it was mainly Northern England. It was mines in Kent.

MRR: Was this in the early 1980's?

Mensi: Right. Early 80's. We'd done benefit shows for the striking miners because what people don't realize is the miners weren't on strike for money. The miners were on strike to safeguard theirjobs .... They had a hit-list of pits and as soon as the government defeated the miners all the pits closed.

MRR: Does your viewpoint on workers' rights or socialized medicine stem from the area you were raised in?

Mensi: I was a coal miner meself for 3 years; me dad was a coal miner for 30 years.

MRR: The anti-fascist movement is an international phenomenon, not just England or the states.

Mensi: If I can be honest, I think England's the weakest country of the lot.

MRR: Really?

Mensi: Yeah. I think they're the weakest country of the lot. I've gone places like Italy and Germany and seen the strength of the left-wing and it's fantastic. I'm quite like envious of it. Whereas, England's a strange country. England's upside down you know. The left is made up of the middle-class intellegencia. And the right-wing is armed from the working class. it's crazy you know. crazy.

MRR: And some of the punks or skins might gravitate towards this working class music which has some bad ideas.

Mensi: It started happening in the early 80s with the likes of Skrewdriver. I don't want to talk about the names of the bands - they're all scum. It started happening and it was quite fashionable to be one of these Fascists. I just thought to meself, no. On saying that, there is a small movement in England, Anti-Fascist Action, Red Action, Direct Action Movement, people like that who basically kick them off the fucking streets. This is what had to be done because they were attacking innocent people and innocent communities. They'll murder people. We'd just had enough and that's how it came to the fall .

MRR: They'd pushed you into a corner and you had to respond...

Mensi:.You could see what was happening....It's alright for politicians riding about in their limousines.... they don't have trouble on the tubes.... they don't have to come in contact with it. The left wing, the wing in our country which was considered to be the left wing- the S.W.P.- didn't consider the Nazis to be a threat. Said it was a figment of the imagination of the radical left. which i suppose was me. Figment of the imagination.

MRR: But that's because they never took a beating on their way home.

Mensi: That's right. A figment of the imagination. The real class enemy were the Tories which were the enemy but they had no practical ideas about opposing them.... They all said.... at the demonstration, where the Nazis are going to be...We're going to tackle it and shout, "you are the Nazis, you are the Nazis." They know who the fuck they are, we don't have to tell them who they are! It's not going to be standing in between the police and shouting insults at each other. You've got to get the placard and smash it across their fucking heads and stick the fuckin' broken bit up their asses! It's as simple as that, isn't it? Then they'll understand what you mean. They don't enter in the dialogue, do they? We know what they're about. Fortunately, during the second world war, we saw where their politics end. It starts with dialogue and ends in gas chambers. Simple as that. And it wasn't just Jews who got gassed, it was trade unionists, homosexuals, disabled people. It was right across the board, and people forget about that. It wasn't just the Jews that got it. It was everybody.

MRR: Your songs talk about the futility of war- in Northern Ireland or as you sing in "Never Again". You're willing to smash a placard over a Nazi head , but generally you espouse pacifism.

Mensi: Yes. If we could sit down and have dialogue with them it would be a great achievement. But because of my personal experiences, I find it's very difficult to converse with somebody who wants

"niggers" out, Jews executed, blacks out of the country. It's very hard to sit and have dialogue with that sort of people. That's why it becomes frustrating. Most of it comes down to pig ignorance. That's all it is, it's just fucking ignorance .

MRR: Perhaps education would help.

Mensi: Well, education would be a helpful thing..

Max: Some of our schools have been knocked down to four days a week now because there's not enough teachers....there's relief teachers and stuff like that..

MRR: We have money to buy lots of weapons, but we don't have money for schools or hospitals.

Max: They don't want an educated population because it's easier to rule them when they're stupid. It's a good point to remember. That's what I believe it's all about.

Mensi: I don't want to over simplify things, but Malcolm X, when he was leading the black revolutionaries, he was on the news all the time. They're all going, "Oh, look at this black man, he's going to do this, he wants to overthrow the government and kill all whites. We love him." They put him on television all the time. Then all of a sudden Malcolm X came back from Mecca and said, " Hang on a minute, this isn't a black and white thing. This is a class struggle". Bam. He was dead the next minute you know. Virtually the next minute he was dead. He was a focal point and the middle-class white America loved him. Look at this man, look what he can do. Keep him up there on the television screen. Then as soon as he changed his talk about what the job was, bang, he was dead. Crazy.

MRR: They allow you only so much leeway with your free speech, If you become truly dangerous, they'll get rid of you.

Mensi: Yeah, free speech, as long as the speech is what they want to hear, but if it's not what they want to hear, they want you out, they want you out of the way.

MRR: The leaders that speak out about educating the masses lose favor with the power brokers.

Mensi: Well, it's the most important weapon isn't it, education. If you can converse in an absolute sort of sensible dialogue with the opposition then there wouldn't be any opposition would there?

MRR: If one could get rid of the genocide and the hatred- it sounds like we are talking about a perfect world, an ideal world which might never come in our lifetime.

Mensi: But you can strive for it.

MRR: Good point. You haven't given up the optimistic outlook.

Mensi: That's why we're still sitting here 20 odd years later. I still think it's relevant...well, obviously it must be.

MRR: You had a relationship with Jimmy Pursey of Sham 69 early on, right? He produced...

Mensi: The first album, "Teenage Warning"

MRR: Then you had a dialog back and forth. I read an early interview from 1981 and you were having some discussions with Mr. Pursey.

Mensi: I couldn't grasp the situation you know. I just couldn't ... I was so influenced by him in the early

"I was so influenced by him in the early days. In the end I didn't know what the fuck he was going on about."

days and I just thought he was the best thing since sliced bread, I used to believe everything he said. Then the next minute, he'd totally contradict himself and I couldn't get me head around it. In the end I didn't know what the fuck he was going on about. i just didn't have a clue, and we sort of fell out .because he liked to surround himself with like yes- men and i just couldn't keep my mouth shut I was always firing up around him.

MRR: Do you guys ever speak?

Mensi: We'll just say hello. That's as far as it goes. I mean, I've put me hand on me heart. He's not a bad person and I'm not going to sit here and slag him off. He's not a bad person. I like Jimmy. It's just, I can't understand him, I don't understand what he's going on about. I don't. I just don't know. I'm at a loss with him...

MRR: Well, musically, Pursey changed directions.

Mensi: He went from making great music to absolute fucking rubbish. He didn't progress any way, he just went fuckin' mad. The real break of our relationship was: he used to slag the Sex Pistols off all the time. I thought they were one of the biggest influences. He said they were just shit. The biggest thing came when John Lydon formed Public Image. Jimmy came in the house- I used to live with him you know, in the same house- He came in one day and he said, Oh I've got something to tell you. I said, what's that? He goes, I'm joining the Sex Pistols. I went, you what? He says, I'm joining the Sex Pistols! I went, well, what for? He says, It's just a good move. I can get to the masses, I can speak to the kids. I said, well, if it's what you want to do. He said, well, there's another bit of it as well. I said, what's that? He says, well, I'll join the Sex Pistols, and then you'll be the singer in Sham 69. I said, fuck off! I don't want to be the fucking singer. What do I want to sing in Sham 69 for? I 've got me own band you know. What am I going to tell me lads? I'm fucking joining another fucking band for what? I says, No, I ain't fucking joining fucking Sham 69. No. That was the start of the rift. It went further on from there because he went on television and it was such a fuckin' embarrassment that I couldn't believe it. He was dancing to a Stranglers number like a ballerina... in tights... And he asked us what we thought of it, and I says, "you look an absolute fuckin' prick you know!" (laughter)

MRR: He should have known he was going to get a brutally honest answer from you.

Mensi: He really took it to heart. He didn't speak to us again after that. But he did- he looked an absolute fuckin' prick....So that was the finish of the relationship. The next time I saw him was in the NME offices and he started an argument....I lost me temper. It doesn't matter whether or not he'd been sitting there or in the White House, if he'd started saying what he said, I would have just launched into him.

Unfortunately, it was in front of a lot of journalists...

MRR: Who all were taking notes...

Mensi: ...."You fucking idiot!" I says, "prancing about like a fucking asshole!" ohhh!!!

MRR: Of course that was in press the next month...

Mensi: Yeah. So that was it.

MRR: Some of those old journalists used to have a fun relationship with you too- such as Gary Bushell. You would go on about his complexion.

Mensi: Yeah, that was just a bit of a joke. But he went strange as well. He turned from a left-wing radical into a right-wing extremist. If you saw what he wrote now, you 'd drop down dead.

Max : He writes for the main right-wing tabloid in England. He's their television correspondent.

MRR: Usually by the time you are 25 or 26 your opinions have solidified, how do you flip-flop on issues like that?

Max : Career interest you know.

Mensi: But then, at the end of the day, you've got to look yourself in the mirror.

Brian: A lot of people can do that. It's incredible what people are capable of.... That's why people can torture people and kill them, can't they?

Mensi: I can't get me head around some of the things Bushell writes. I read an article by him about 10 years ago and I was so taken aback by it- I was speechless. I couldn't believe it. he called Nelson Mandela, a "dirty little commie." I just couldn't believe it! Mandela had just come out of prison and Bushell said, "Oh, what do we need this dirty little commie on the streets for?" I never ever spoke to him again.

MRR: You have known Mark Brennan from Captain Oi! Records for years. He seems very supportive of you, and has put a lot of your records out on CD. People who have trouble finding those old records can now find the reissued stuff on CD. Do you guys get royalties?

Mensi: Of course. I put me hand on me heart. I don't agree with Mark on a lot of things, we're politically miles apart, but he is a sound geezer to me. He gets a lot of slaggin' off, but he does his job. He's always been straight with me, 100%. I can't really fault him.

MRR: That's refreshing in the music business which is filled with corrupt people.

Mensi: Yeah. Mark's always been 100% with me. He gives us every shilling that he says he's gonna give us. It's there. If he says, I'm putting this in the post the next day it will be there. If he's going to put something out, he rings up and tells me, "Is it alright if i do this?" He's only got to have me say yes or no and that's it. You can look for some upcoming Angelic Upstarts reissues on Captain Oi!

MRR: It must have been exciting putting out your first LP on a big international label in 1979.

Mensi: Fucking Warner Brothers! I mean, just about the biggest record label in the world! I thought: fuck me, I'm going to be a star!

MRR: How old were you at that time?

Mensi: Twenty-one..

MRR: That's pretty young for that much money.

Mensi: Yeah, I didn't get any! (laughter)

MRR: You did an Animals' song "We Got to Get Out of this Place," the title of the second Warner's LP. That reaches back to some of the roots of Northern English rock and roll.

Mensi: It was sort of paying a compliment to them because they had paved the way. I don't think I sounded very well (laughter)!

MRR: Eric Burdon had a tough voice to match.

Mensi: Fuckin' great singer, great soul voice. I haven't really got a soul voice. I've got a decent punk voice, but I ain't got a good soul voice.

MRR: Do men from Northern England have a different perspective and a different way of life than Londoners.
Mensi: Yes- I would think so.
MRR: Would you say that the "2,000,000 Voices" LP that came out in 1981 was a turning point in your career?
Mensi: We started very musical and I think we reached a sort of peak with that record. The next LP was record company influenced, and although it was done with the rest of the band member's permission, that's where we went off the rails.
MRR: You had been controlling your music up to that point and putting out great songs like "Mensi's Marauders" or "Heath's Lament". Was there an attempt to over-produce that record?
Mensi: Yeah. Steve Levine, he was a good kid, it's just I didn't agree with fuck- all he said. I spent most of the time in the pub during the album. He was Culture Club's producer. So he tried to do with the Upstarts first what he actually succeeded doing with Culture Club.
MRR: You had to depart from EMI after that.

"Fucking Warner Brothers! I mean, just about the biggest record label in the world! I thought: fuck me, I'm going to be a star!"

Mensi: Yeah. You see then we got together and we said, good day, and that was the reason why. And you see we have come back strong again.
MRR: Do you have some new songs that we're going to hear tonight
Mensi: Yeah. There'll be a couple heard, yeah.
MRR: Will there be an album forthcoming this year?
Mensi: We're going to release a new studio album next month, and then the TKO album later this year
MRR: Will the TKO release be a live one?
Mensi: Yeah, that will be the live one.
MRR: Excellent. You are going into your 3rd or 4th career now.
Mensi: We were just discussing it earlier. I was wondering if we would be coming back in 20 years time. That'd be a funny odd job, wouldn't it?
MRR: During the recording of the "Two Million Voices" LP, in 1981, England had two million registered unemployed, correct?
Mensi: Yeah.
MRR: But by the time it came out, there were 3 million unemployed.
Mensi: Well, it's the sign of a healthy capitalist state.
MRR: Healthy for whom?
Mensi: For the capitalists.
MRR: Right. Not for the man down in the trenches doing the work.
Mensi: It's a sign that capitalism is working.
Brian: Booms and recessions in the economy are all just created by the wealthy capitalists. We're all just puppets in their game.
MRR: The markets are all manipulated, aren't they?
Max: And the rich conveniently sell all their stock before it goes bust.
Brian: It's all so well orchestrated.
MRR: How do you feel about socialized medicine as it is practiced in England?
Mensi: Speaking from me own experience, when I was with the NUM, which is the National Union of Mine Workers, the way they look after their old people was fantastic. Proper rest homes, proper holiday homes to send the whole family. If men got injured at work they were looked after- properly cared for.
MRR: Did the Unions do well by your father?
Mensi: Yes. I'm saying that the only time me dad received a decent living wage was under the Tory government...but he had to strike for it. That's what "Heath's Lament" was about. You had to strike for decent wages. The miners always voted Labor and put them into power. When the Labor party got into power, they always promised the workers they would be looked after and never delivered. They always said well, wait until next time...and next time never came. The only time the miners got a decent wage was when they had a strike for it under the Heath government. I can remember times when I was a kid- we were never poverty stricken, we always had something to eat - but I do remember tough times in the early 60s when my dad got injured. In them days, compensation took a long time to come through, sometimes took 6-8 weeks to come through, and you used to have to go down to the school to get free dinners. The shame of getting free school dinners was unbelievable for my family, who was working class and who actually worked. It was unbelievable.
MRR: Would you have to queue up with other people?
Mensi: The people who paid for their dinners queued up on one side, and people who didn't, queued up on the other side. Absolute humiliation....
MRR: And in South Shields, everybody knows each other right?
Mensi: Oh, yeah, it was total humiliation. It was the worst thing in the world.
MRR: Especially for a child...
Mensi: Yeah, well, I still remember these days standing in the queue. It was the worst thing in the world, standing in the queue, worst thing in the world.
I hope my kids never have to go through that.
MRR: Your Dad had worked his whole life, was proud that he had taken care of his family, but because compensation took 8 weeks to come...
Mensi: It had to go through the bureaucracy. I remember he actually smashed his hands, he got hit by a roof fall, and he smashed his hands to bits - both his hands. He's still got scars on his hands today. You had to stand there in that queue because of what happened to him at work. It was ridiculous. I always thought, I never want to put my kids through that. It always stays with you. I'll never put my kids through that. I mean, I'm not digging a drum off me old dad, it was nothing to do with me dad.
MRR: Is this new record going to have some political songs on it?
Mensi: I would think so.
MRR: That was a silly question.
Mensi: I think it's going to be the most political album we've ever released. Some of the songs are frightening.
MRR: You've become more determinined in your politics. Somebody like a Joe Strummer has vascillated and started doing world music, but you are even more pissed off and venemous than ever...
Mensi: Oh, yeah. That's what keeps it going, isn't it? If Joe would get the Clash back again, I think it would be a simpler thing, wouldn't it? I haven't seen him for a long time. The last time I seen him, I thought he'd lost a plug. I seen him at the party with Dave Smith 12 years ago. I used to worship him and his band, I thought they were the best thing in the world.
MRR: It's difficult when one of your idols falls by the wayside.
Mensi: I mean, fair enough that he does what he wants to do, I just think he gave up the struggle when there was so much more work to be done. He layed a stone, and there wasn't more than 3 or 4 stones to make a path, He could've done a lot when he was in such a strong position. He just started to break in America and I thought, god, he's in such a position now, to have so much power, god, I would give anything I have to be in the position he was in, and then they just, snap, finished.
MRR: What label will the studio record be on?
Mensi: Captain Oi! Mark Brennan.
MRR: Very good, so that relationship is obviously, very happy.
Mensi: Oh, yeah. He's on the phone every other week, is the album done yet? I say, it's coming, it's coming!
MRR: Now do you guys co-write some of this stuff or do you write most all the lyrics?
Mensi: I write all the lyrics and my lads put the music together.
MRR: Was that the same relationship with Monde in the old days? Because we understood that he would get a rough framework for a song and then bring it to you to write some lyrics.
Mensi: Yeah....
MRR: How long have the rest of you guys been with the band?
Max: Since 1982.
MRR: You have been in several other bands of your own , right?
Max: I've only been in one other band.
MRR: Didn't you travel with the Gonads at one point?
Max: Oh...the Gonads was pretty much a non-existent band. It was something that Gary Bushell used to write about in SOUNDS, in all these stories, but the band didn't actually exist. He'd get people from various bands to go into the studio, write the song that he'd put the lyrics to, then get it released. Anyone would release it because he'd gone and written in SOUNDS about this band. On one particular occasion, he phoned me up and said, "Max do you want to do a duet?"....and we went and recorded 4 songs together.
MRR: And you wouldn't even play a show or two to support it? It was simply a studio...
Max: No, no. As far as I know, because so many people were involved, I don't think the Gonads have ever played live. When I'd done the 4-track EP with the Gonads, it was me, Gary Bushell, Decko who's the drummer with the Upstarts, Nuts from the Bright Blazes, and Pete from the Addicts.
That's who'd done that one.
MRR: Before that you fronted Splodgenessabounds, and have played some tours of Europe. What happens- how you organize that? Do you switch from drums to bass depending on which in carnation it is?
Max: Depending on who turns up!
MRR: How about you, Chris- how long you been with this outfit?
Chris: About two years. The Insurgence Records CD "Against all Scum" was my first ever live performance. That was the first gig I ever done with 'em.

"All these girls banging on Mensi's door. We have to let 'em out in the end."

MRR: Where was the CD recorded?
Chris: Hamburg, Germany.
MRR: Do the Germans receive you well?
All: Oh, yeah.
MRR: They're good fans aren't they? They're rabid music fans.
Mensi: Germans fans are sound, solid. We have a very solid fan base in Germany. Brian:
It's probably the country we go to more than any other in Europe. We play Germany more than we do England.
Mensi: We play Istanbul more than we play England! (laughter)
MRR: Do some of the old songs still ring true for you now?
Mensi: Well , there hasn't been a lot of change, has there? So they're still as relevant today as what they were.
MRR: "Liddle Towers" or "Last Night Another Soldier" still ring just as true in your life
Mensi: Yeah. Because the British army are still in Northern Ireland.
MRR: You wrote that so long ago...
Mensi: The problem is... I don't like to take sides, but the Union is as near to Nazi's as you're going to get. Like the Blues- they're as near to Nazi's as what you're going to get. Some of these all-star freedom fighters, they're just fuckin' out and out Nazi gangsters.
MRR: They're bombing women and children in schools.
Mensi: They're just horrible bastards you know. I mean, at least when you look at the Republican side, they've got a cause. I mean, it's their fuckin' country, for fuck's sake! It's a different country than ours, it's not our country.
I can't fathom it out.
MRR: When the religious factions get involved, it gets more complicated.
Mensi: Well, it's another story, isn't it? But this religion thing's just a lot of bullshit to me. It's absolute fuckin' bollocks. When you've got like the pope like kissin' the ass of fuckin' up and coming Nazi's it fuckin' pisses me off you know. I fuckin' hate the lot.... Oh, fuck 'em.
MRR: If you look at organized religion around the world, not much good has come out of it
Mensi: People accuse me of being a communist, and it's something I'm not. I'm not a communist . But I can understand why the communists tried to close all the churches. I can understand it!
MRR: Organized religion perpetuates hatred, racism and genocide around the world.
Mensi: Yeah. All of them. Every one of them.
Max: They love that. Dividing and ruling. Religion is one of the biggest tools for manipulating people that they have. They love it.
MRR: Divide and conquer.
Mensi: Such bollocks, isn't it you know?
MRR: We get sucked into embracing our parent's hatreds. The next generation of 5-year olds grows up hating the people across the way.
Mensi: See, Brian- he's Irish Catholic, right? And I'm an English Protestant. We've been together for 20 years, I don't think we've ever mentioned it once. I don't think we've ever talked about it. Ever. We've never spoke about it. It's just fuckin' bollocks you know. Absolute bollocks.
MRR: Maybe you have already an understanding that goes above and beyond that.
Mensi: Yeah. Never mentioned it you know.
Brian: We're lucky enough to know that it's bollocks. It's as simple as that.
MRR: Have you guys been tempted by a lot of young girls on this tour?
Mensi: What?! What?!
MRR: Is that a problem area? (laughter) I mean being rock stars and being from England...
Max: All these girls banging on Mensi's door. We have to let 'em out in the end. (laughter)
MRR: What about football? Do you guys still follow football?
Mensi: Oh, yeah! I have season tickets!
MRR: Was your father able to appreciate what you were trying to do and what you were trying to say to the people around you?
Mensi: My dad's very proud of what I did. I think his proudest moment was when I'd done benefit shows for the miners during the strike.
MRR: You must have been veryproud to do it not only for your city or your country, but for your family, your father, as well.
Mensi: That's the most important thing you know. I've got to be honest, I'm not a great nationalist these days. I can't affiliate myself to England with great conviction.
MRR: But you still sing that song, "England"...
Mensi: Yeah, because that's my song.
MRR: And the St. George in English mythology, who is St. George?
Mensi: He slayed the dragon, the evil dragon.
MRR: That was originally what we were going to call that song and then it changed, right?
Mensi: Yeah. It changed because I found out there was a Nazi organization called the League of St. George... It's very similar to what I was saying last night, when Martin Luther King used to march with the stars and stripes—it sorta takes something away from the Nationalists when you do that.
MRR: At one point you were singing about Afghan rebels.
Mensi: I don't support the Afghan regime now. It turned out to be a right fuckin' hodge-podge pox fuckin' ridden thing. I'm at the stance of rebelling against any totalitarian state.
MRR: The original version of a song on one of those Captain Oi! CDs is "Solidarity for the Polish Workers". You had your finger on the pulse at that time.
Mensi: I sort of sympathized with their cause straight away. I can identify with shipyard workers and living on the riverside. People accuse me of being a communist, but I couldn't give a toss. If my brothers, workers-in-arms, were struggling against whatever regime that was trying to put them down, then I would stand up, whether it be communist or fascist or whatever. I would stand up and say, you know, this is wrong. Unfortunately Solidarity started going the wrong way. Instead of replacing the Soviet regime, they became a regime their selves. I mean I just played Poland a couple a months ago and some of the stories I heard from the actual workers were horrific. That Solidarity were trying to close one of the shipyards down to make more money.
MRR: How quickly they forgot what they were doing.
Mensi: Yeah. Then I think to meself- sometimes the Soviets had the right idea— making the workers cooperative. The new leader was supposed to be really right-wing. Some of the kids were right pissed off about him you know.
Brian: Well, they were putting up Margaret Thatcher as a role model, weren't they?
Mensi: Yeah. That was Wells that said that.... ...I could've dropped to the floor when he was interviewed on television and he said, oh, I really admire her. I could've dropped to the fucking floor. I went, oh, no!
MRR: Now, in your position, you can provide decent health care for your kids above and beyond socialized medicine, correct?
Mensi: No, I wouldn't do that. I wouldn't go to private medicine. It's against my principles.
MRR: Would you ever send your kid to a private school?
Mensi: No, I wouldn't do that.
MRR: So, the kids go to public school?
Mensi: Yeah, state schools, yeah. 'Cause if I was a millionaire, I wouldn't send them to private school.
MRR: On principle...
Mensi: Yeah. No. If your kid's clever, he can be clever any where. Money doesn't make people clever.
MRR: It might even take away from their creativity.
Mensi: Yeah. They've got to learn from the ground up what it's about. 'Cause that's where you learn, on the street.
MRR: Let's talk about the live release that's coming out on TKO, it's going to be 12 songs live from the show tonight.
Mensi: Well, it'll be from tonight's show- We're looking forward to it!
MRR: How long have you been managing the band, Stretch?
Stretch: Just about 2 years.
MRR: So far, it's a pretty good relationship?
Stretch: Yeah, yeah.
Mensi: Sometimes we'll have a disagreement, and then we'll talk about it, and Stretch will see that I'm right , and then all is well! (laughter)
MRR:Thanks to Mark and Dave and Jim from TKO and First Round Productions and thanks to you guys for taking the time out to talk to us.

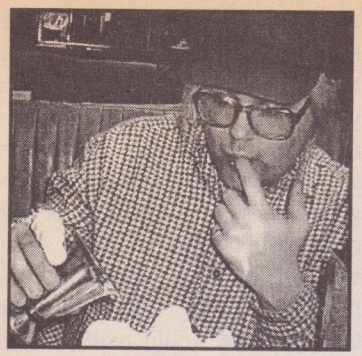
LYNYRD'S INNARDS

story by kyle ryan
photos by sally washburn & kyle ryan

In a pawn shop somewhere in Canada is some stolen musical equipment. Well, that goes without saying. To be more specific, there's some equipment that belongs to Chicago punk stalwarts Lynyrd's Innards. Some hooligans stole the band's truck after a recent show in the Great White North, and it was the last the band saw of the equipment they had known for almost 12 years.

But when you've been in a band as long as the three members of Lynyrd's Innards have, the momentum of time put in keeps you going. The ugly incident in Ontario was the only dark spot in what had been a good year for the band. Their second full-length record, *You're Wreckin' Me* (Johann's Face Records) did well and was labeled a "near classic" by one reviewer. It represented an evolution of sorts from the band's first record, *Amscray*.

The new millennium finds high-school sweethearts (metaphorically), Karl, Nevin and Jay with new equipment and new material. The lads ate sundaes and discussed their newfound wisdom at the famous Margie's Candies in the Bucktown area of Chicago.



jay, bass & vocals

karl, guitar & vocals

nevin, drums

LYNYRD'S INNARDS

For everybody who doesn't know, let's get the typical formation story for the kids in MRR.

N: We were all in high school, and we started playing in a band. Chesterton High School.

J: Northwest Indiana. Fifty miles southeast of Chicago.

K: It's a suburb in another state. We listened to lots of punk rock together and formed several non-existent bands.

You're all living in the Chicagoland area, so what are we all doing outside of the band for the record?

K: I sell books in a bookstore.

An adult bookstore?

K: I guess, no, architecture, so I guess it's an adult topic. Nothing dirty you understand, although we do have a book called 13 *Austrian Positions*. It's not actually sex positions.

J: I answer e-mails all day. People who don't know what "case sensitive" means. It's for *Playboy* on-line.

N: I work at a library.

So *You're Wreckin' Me* came out in November of '98 and was well received.

J: It was well received by the three of us.

K: It seems like people who heard it liked it. I see a lot more used copies of *Amscray* than I I ever have of the new one. Johann's got a ton of them out for reviews, and every review I've seen has been positive.

J: I haven't shown you guys the bad ones.

K: Like I said, all the ones I've seen. One of them was saying that it was really good, and it was giving it a really good review, and then at the end it said, "If you're into that kind of thing." OK, thanks.

N: Yeah, that's one thing that's bothered me about a lot of reviews. People make a good case for why they like or dislike an album, then they'll negate what they everything that they said by offering some kind of qualifier at the end like that.

***You're Wreckin' Me* is definitely more melodic than *Amscray* was. Is it more of the direction you guys think you're heading?**

J: No.

K: We never like go in a direction. I hate to sound like typical musician and sound like each of our songs evolves organically, but...each of our songs evolves organically. [laughs] We don't like sit around and say, OK, this needs an emo part of this needs a rock part or something. It's just whenever you're playing certain songs, they seem right to end it short or do this part twice and end it, or this needs an extra part in here because it makes more sense as a song, not because it should have that.

N: We also listen to a lot of different types of styles, and I think that also comes through in a way.

K: I'd say over the years and in the process of figuring out what we're better at doing and what sort of music our styles suit. And also in terms of what we listen to or are influenced by is a lot of trying to figure out what makes rock good. We can have two rock songs that are pretty similar in a lot of ways, but one of them will stink and one of them is awesome, and it's hard to pin down what that one thing is. And I think if you had to say we were heading in any direction, it's more rock.

So what can we expect from the next releases that are coming out?

N: We're doing eight Black Flag songs.

J: It'll be on Harmless. It all started on Halloween. We were doing this show. There were seven bands on the bill, and the fact that it was a Halloween show, we knew we should do something that was going to stand out. So we decided we should do an all Black Flag set. We asked our friend Matt [Arluck] from Deminer to sing as Rollins, and we just did all of *Damaged* and before stuff.

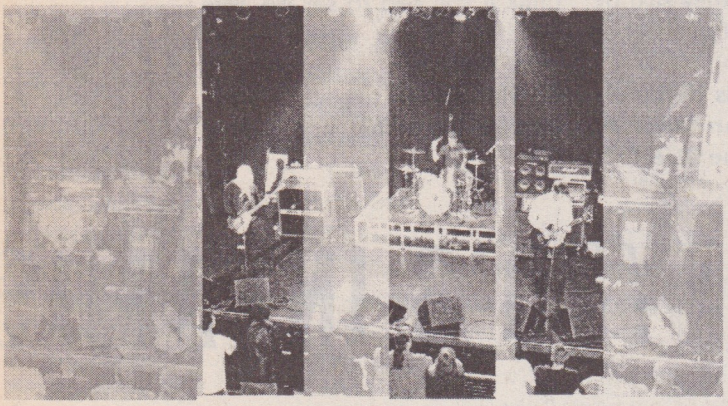
N: People just went nuts.

J: Scott [Harmless] was there because his band, the Letter Bombs, was on the bill, and he asked if we wanted to record it and do a limited edition, one-sided 12 inch of it. That's what's going to be next as far as releases next, and hopefully when we record that

we'll do the stuff for the next record too.

Why don't we discuss the Canadian debacle at this point?

K: We were in Canada. Playing a show. Ontario. Sleepy little Canadian town about an hour north of Detroit, right between Toronto and Detroit. And so we were about to play a couple of shows with Man...Or Astro-Man? And we played a show with them and the Lonesome Organist. We had a good time, drank a bunch of Canadian beer. We had offers for places to stay from two different people who were gone after the show was over, and the Lonesome Organist said "We're going to be staying at Super 8 down the street" and asked if we wanted to go out and get a room. We got there



and he was outside smoking and said, "Why don't you come in, and we'll share a room." Sure, sounds good.

J: Not in that kind of way. He was with a woman.

K: He's not that lonesome! Then he went out for cigarette in the morning, and came back and said, "I hate to be the bearer of bad news this early in the morning, but your truck's not there." And we thought boy, that stinks and thought about ways to explain why we were sharing a room.

J: Because the first thing we thought was it was towed.

N: The truck got broken into and taken. They found it about an hour away...right across the seaway from Michigan. They found it in a parking garage and it had been relieved of its contents.

K: Including my chrome skull gearshift. That was just an insult. They didn't need that.

N: We're assuming that we got tailed form the club to the hotel because the way the truck disappeared it had to have been within a couple of hours after we got there.

K: Meanwhile we're driving back to Chicago in a nice foul mood. We're had to start the car with a pair of pliers because half of the steering column is gone. There's broken glass all over the truck, I have no gearshift knob. We're just like, "Fuck."

J: This is like the day before my birthday and 10 days before we were supposed to leave on tour for two weeks out West. On way home, we were pretty quiet. We had a six- or seven-hour trip back to Chicago, and about halfway through, I think it was me that was like, "Well what about tour?" Karl spoke up and said after what had just happened, he was more determined than ever to make the tour happen, and Nevin agreed, and I agreed. At that point, we had been doing this for 11 and a half years, and it would really have been easy for any one of us to just walk away and say it's been great, but it's time to move on, and I don't think anybody could have or would have blamed anyone for that either.

N: We were lucky enough to be able to borrow a bunch of equipment to tour.

So it's sort of *It's a Wonderful Life*?

K: To make it even more of a *It's a Wonderful Life* thing, some friends of ours organized a benefit show, which when we heard about it was stunning. It sounds really cheesy to say you're touched by it or something, but it was.

J: Ten bands ended up playing, including us [Apocalypse Hoboken, The Strike, Oblivion, The Meshuganas, Pistelero, The Odd Members, The Geezers, The Mashers and The Sonnets]. It was just a really amazing and inspiring night after doing this for so long without—what any sane person would call—any measure of success in the traditional sense. At the end of the day, we're just a stupid punk-rock band. That just all of these people would really care to come together for us, it was really, really humbling and touching. The show raised like $1,500 bucks, which is so amazing. If anybody knows how much band equipment costs, that's not much, but more than any other was how everybody came together and that sense of community in a scene that can be as petty and cliquey as Chicago can be.

How have you guys recuperated?

K: Well we kind of took it as a kick in the ass to upgrade, too, because we had the same amps since we bought them in high school at a pawn shop.

N: It's been slow getting back on the good foot, but we're getting there and we're writing some good new stuff that we'll hopefully be putting out soon.

Karl, why don't you talk about your extended stint playing bass for Horace Pinker...

K: It was like eight months. I started at the beginning of August in '98, and then I guess my last show was sometime early in the summer of '99. It was supposed to be, "We're going into the studio, help us write a couple of songs and maybe play a couple of shows." Then it just ended up going on for a long time. I had fun, it was good time, and [*Pop Culture Failure*] is great. Buy that one; don't buy the one with the Jawbreaker guy on it! [laughs] Plus I had to teach that guy how to play my bass parts, which was one of the higher points of my musical career—teaching Chris Bauermeister to play bass for my songs. ■

Lynyrd's Innards will have a new full-length record out this year. The Black Flag 12-inch is available on Harmless Records.

THE STRAP-ONS

interview by Russell Muscle at Idle and Kate's house in Norfolk, VA

MRR: NOW WHEN DID YOU GUYS START?
Billy: Well we first formed in Late 1996.
MRR: OK WHAT IS THE CURRENT LINEUP?
Billy: Idle-vocals, Kate-guitar, Billy-guitar, Missy-bass, Jimmy-drums.
MRR: SO AS VIC DEMISE SAYS, SOME SHOWS YOU GUYS ARE JUST INCREDIBLE AND THEN SOME SHOWS SUCK. I MEAN CAN'T YOU FIND SOME HAPPY CO-EXISTENCE.
Billy: Yeah for awhile we had different bass players sometimes we go on right at that point were we're not quite tanked. I think those are the best drinking shows.
MRR: HOW MANY RECORDS NOW?
Kate: Well "Pimps R.I.P." on Rapid Pulse is the third 7" EP, and there is a split with The Ballbusters
MRR: SO RAPID PULSE IS MADE ANOTHER 7"?
Kate: Yeah like a lot of people know the distro. Underground Medicine they put out a lot of really cool punk rock stuff so we are lucky.
MRR: SO THESE LABELS TREAT YOU GOOD?
Kate: Oh yeah Incubator and Rapid Pulse both gave us a bunch of records and then let us get more at distro rates.

MRR: TELL ME ABOUT THIS CD LABEL COLLECTIVE THAT PUT OUT YOUR NEW CD "GEEKING DREAM", AND 'HOW DID THIS GET STARTED?
Billy: Well we got the idea and then we got the balls to ask labels to pitch in.
MRR: THAT'S PRETTY COOL SO WHERE ARE THE LABELS IN THE WORLD LABEL COLLECTIVE FROM?
Idle: Volxdroge is from Germany, Long Beach Records is from CA, Rapid Pulse from CT, Center of the world from TX and a couple local.
MRR: THAT MUST HAVE BEEN HARD GOING THRU A NAME CHANGE TELL ME ABOUT THAT?
Idle: Well first of all we are giging and selling records under both names because the corporate rockers never gave us money they just exploited our name.
MRR: AND YOU WILL ALWAYS BE THE PIMPS AROUND HERE, WHAT HAPPENED?
Idle: Well basically some corporate rockers changed their name, signed to a record company which is owned by Disney, then they bought our name at the trademark office. They email us all arrogant like, we have the name and as unfair as it seems to find a new one and we made the mistake of emailing back that we had prior use to protect us from getting our name stolen out from under us. We filed an opposition to the trademark because we had prior use.

So the fake Pimps then changed their application to have first use in 1995 instead of 1999. The name was sold out to corporate Rock and kind of stupid hy the tum of the century anyway so we changed our name. I guess we were poor working guys slaving and spending to promote a band for Walt Disney Inc. So when you see those stickers all over CBGB's and places like that Think of The Strap-Ons. Its still in opposition at the Trademark Trial and Appeal board despite their lawyers efforts to get the opposition dropped.

MRR: SO WHATS IN THE WORKS?
Kate: We got a lot of new songs recorded
Idle: A Swiss label said they will make a split LP with the new recordings and there's gonna be a split EP with The Stations early next year.
MRR: WHO IS THE SPLIT WITH?
Idle: A cool Swiss band called Los Buffos.
MRR: SO PEOPLE GOTTA GET THIS 25 SONG CD OF YOURS THE ARTWORK AND EVERYTHING RULES WHAT ELSE?
Billy: I'm always updating the web page www.thestrap-ons.com soon there will be pages about the corporates trying to fight The Strap-Ons and the arrogant e-mails from these fake corporate sell outs trying to take what we have built for free.
Idle: There is also a link to the Johnny Thunders and the New York Dolls tribute albums I am doing.

MRR: YOU GUYS ARE ALSO ON A FISTFUL OF ROCKNROLL COMP SERIES HOW-DID THAT COME ABOUT?
Idle: Yeah we are glad to be on it Sal from Electric Frankenstein said he wanted to use "Punk on Punk Crime" so we decided not to put it on our CD. We're on Volume 10.
MRR: WHAT ABOUT YOU MISSY AND JIMMY?
Missy: I'm stoked for the tour and to record more.
Jimmy: Hell yeah.

Contact
The Strap-Ons
POB 8241
Norfolk, VA 23503
strapons@exis.net or
www.thestrap-ons.com

★ LANA DAGALES·LANA DAGAL

THERE ARE SOME RECORDS THAT GROW ON YOU WITH REPEATED LISTENS... RECORDS THAT OVER TIME YOU MAY LEARN TO LIKE IN SPITE OF NOT REALLY CONNECTING WITH THEM INITIALLY. BY CONTRAST THERE ARE ALSO RECORDS THAT BLOW YOU AWAY AS SOON THE MUSIC STARTS FLOWING OUT OF THE SPEAKERS. THE DEBUT 7" BY LANA DAGALES WAS ONE OF THE LATER. AS SOON AS I HEARD THAT JET-ENGINE BASS START RUMBLING, THOSE FRENETIC DRUMS START POUNDING AND ALL THE DEMENTED SCREAMING, I KNEW I WAS A FAN. BEFORE MY NEEDLE HAD TRACKED ALL THE WAY ACROSS SIDE ONE I KNEW I WANTED TO DO AN INTERVIEW.

MRR: I try to avoid asking for history lessons as much as I can but considering LANA DAGALES only has one 7" out it probably makes sense to get a little background on the band...

Greg: Well, Etay and I met each other around the end of '97. Etay had just made it to CA after touring with his previous band Nekhei Naatza, they were a great Israeli hardcore band which is now dysfunctional. We pretty much started to jam off and on for quite some time in hopes of finding a guitar player who was interested in jamming. Probably around the middle of '98, we decided that finding a guitar player that would work out wasn't going to happen any time soon so the best thing is to work with our resources. Around this same time, we found Emelye who would fill the shoes as our lead singer. By the end of '98 we recorded a demo together which never really made it out too far cause by the time it was complete, Emelye's path of life had turned in a new direction. She decided to relocate to Virginia where she was going to start college. It was a clean break up and there was no hard feelings. Now I was stuck doing vocals—again, this trend seems to occur fairly often in bands, not that I didn't like doing them, but I just wanted to focus on bass playing in this band where I was afraid that singing would inhibit that. We wound up recording a demo for our final project—Etay and I went to recording school—on a 24 track. This wound up being the 7" on Boredom Noise. Thus, the story continues...

MRR: Do you think it fundamentally changed the sound of the band to go from a female vocalist to a male one?

Greg: Yes and no. Emelye sang low end where as I sing more of a mid range. Also, we took a small break from shows after she left. This gave us time to sit back and write new material before playing out again. After our small break from shows, we wound up with shorter and faster songs. Where as before, we had a small hint of sludge to our sound. I guess the last song on the Boredom Noise record does as well, although, not as slow as before.

MRR: I'm sure you get sick of people asking but what is the story behind the band's name? It's not your typical "tough hardcore" kinda name.

Greg: Lana Dagales is a word we learned through a video so we are not sure that the carry over is correct in spelling since this was not written down in English. It was actually an Iroquois word which translates to "Destroyer of Town". This was a word used in spite of early presidential leaders like Washington, who was a General when he acquired this name, Jackson and Jefferson.

MRR: (Laughs) So it is a typical hardcore name... just not in English! I assume it is pronounced the way it is spelled since you were trying to translate it to English?

Greg: Yeah pretty much

MRR: It used to be that two-piece bands were seen as "gimmick" bands. Do you think they are now being seen as more "legitimate" by people in the underground...

Greg: I think so, the funny thing is, you look at bands like the Ruins who started in the late '80s and Godstomper (mid '90s) and other bands who only have 2 instruments and a front man like (early) Agents of Satan and Discordance Axis... plus many more I can't think of right now. It seems like there are more people who play instruments out there in the scene. This (my theory at least), has caused people to pay attention to the musicianship of a song and not just how catchy a riff is. Since there is only two people, this forces these bands to really work their instruments (for those unfamiliar with the ruins, you need to see them at least one time to really understand where this is coming from) which causes people to look at it as legitimate. Maybe it took over a decade of this stuff, but it is happening. This theory has happened over and over again. Just like Jimmi Hendrix was off the wall for putting distortion on his guitar the way he did, then Sabbath for the intense heaviness which was absurd at the time. But after years of sticking it out, there will always be people who understand it eventually.

MRR: Which raises the question, I guess, "Does it really matter how people view the validity of two person bands?"

Greg: No

MRR: Do you feel it puts more pressure on you live since you are basically the only "frontman"? Well you and your dreadlocks (laughs)...

Greg: No not really. Basically, you either have a good show or a

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bad show, doesn't matter how many people you hide behind, people can still tell if you are wreaking the place up. Furthermore, I encourage everyone to watch Etay's drumming! Seriously, he does a great job at bearing half the load in the live and recorded settings. So, anyone who see's us play, watch Etay! This will help relieve the frontman duty!!!

MRR: When you decided to release the 7" on your own label did you originally have the intention of releasing other people's stuff as well?

Greg: Yes, this was just a kick in the pants to get me moving. I knew that eventually I would want to put out bands that I was friends with and really enjoyed.

MRR: Is this the first time you have done a label?

Greg: Yep, I am still a rookie. I have to thank Jon from Satan's Pimp right here for helping me out with numerous contact numbers as well as very good advice along the way. It has helped me out tremendously! Thanks Jon!!!

MRR: So what has been the hardest and easiest things about doing it?

Greg: The hardest thing is dealing with the crap that pressing and printing plants dish out. Through my personal experiences, things like pressing plants destroying lacquers, then trying to convince me to have a grumpy man to re-cut a laquer for free. Not a good idea, didn't work either to let you know (laughs)! Or sending records to the wrong address and hoping that your neighbor is nice enough to drag 5 boxes down the block and inform you that they received them, Not good to leave boxes worth a bunch of money in my neighborhood! Furthermore, these businesses not responding to numerous phone calls due to the fact they don't want to admit they've screwed something up. Finally, getting the covers to a record under-pressed, then to make things worse, only 75%-80% of them are usable and the rest are trash. Then the icing was applied to the cake when I am told that I have to pay for extra film because something happened, yet no explanation was ever given. hmmm, what about the extra records that have no covers? The easiest thing is receiving the final product! Giving the band their share! Hearing a band that you really want to put out say "yeah, we are completely into doing something"! Trading your records with other labels for theirs—you come across some amazing releases that way! Going to the P.O. Box and finding mail there! These easy things are what make the concept of a record label time consuming, yet worth while!

LANA DAGALES.
BOREDOM NOISE.
P.O. BOX 11351
OAKLAND, CA 94611

E-MAIL TO:
MRBRAINOIL AT AOL.COM
BOREDOMNOISE AT AOL.COM

GO TO HTTP://WWW.GEOCITIES.COM/BOREDOMNOISE
WWW.GEOCITIES.COM/BOREDOMNOISE

MRR: How far along is the 7" for Satan's Pimp Records?

Greg: Well, it is getting pushed along, we are hoping to see it within the next 3-6 months. Things are still in the air, Jon would be the one to talk to about that. I do know that there are a number of releases that need to hit daylight before the Lana Dagales 7" goes into press.

MRR: Will that 7" be along the same lines as the first one?

Greg: Sort of, probably a little more developed. The songs are shorter on this one and recorded better. You can expect 12 songs and 2 noise tracks on this one!

MRR: Recorded better, huh? So what grade did you get from recording school for the first one (laughs)?

Greg: I think we did pretty well, it was more of a concept thing, you pass or fail if I remember right. The final was worth about 30% of your semester grade or something like that. You basically needed to hate your partner and argue the whole time or not

know what the hell is going on after 9 months or not show up. The quality of the recording didn't really matter too much since the theory applied that everyone likes to hear music differently. It was all about how well you could align the 24 track, use phantom power, EQ, use the patch bay and things like that—fundamentals of being an engineer. Etay and I pretty much had it down well enough to stumble through our recording without any trip ups!!!

MRR: Any plans for a full length release yet?

Greg: We have talked about it, but it is more up to what comes out in our next writing sessions.

MRR: How would you compare your other band BRAINOIL to LANA DAGALES?

Greg: Brainoil is pretty much everything Lana Dagales is not. Where Lana Dagales is short and speed up hardcore, Brainoil is slow to mid tempo heavy rock / sludge influenced. It is sort of like comparing Discordance Axis to Buzzoven—not that we sound like either of these bands, I am just trying to paint a picture here.

MRR: And you've recently joined GOB, right? They just happen to be one of my all time favorites... anything exciting in the works with GOB?

Greg: Yes, I have the honor of filling in as the bassist for GOB! We are trying to work something out which is sort of tricky with all our schedules and locations. All I can say is once we do, I'm sure some form of release is going to come out if not a few!

MRR: I'm taking a poll... do you like the term power violence to describe this kind of music?

Greg: Not really, hyper speed hardcore influenced, hardcore / grind influence or something like that would sound more soothing to the ear for me. That coined phrase has been spent quite some time ago I'm afraid, but if people insist on calling us that, we will learn to live with it.

MRR: It is a better description than "Total Crap" tho', isn't it?

Greg: Yes definitely. Although, it could be flattering if you are hearing "total crap" coming out of Britney Spears mouth (laughing).

LANA DAGALES· LANA DAGALES· LANA DAGALES· LANA DAGALES·

PHOTOS BY CHRIS(TINE)
PHOTOS OF CHRIS BY THE PHOTOBOOTH
INTERVIEW BY ARWEN

MRR: HOW DID YOU BEGIN TAKING PICTURES?

I've been into taking pictures for as long as I can remember. Both of my parents instilled an interest in photography in me from a young age. So as a young kid, and even through school, I was always snapping away. In high school I got interested in really learning about photography and using a manual camera and black and white film. From the first basic run-through of how it all worked, I was hooked.

MRR: DO YOU PLAN TO ALWAYS TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS, AND IF SO, WHEN DID YOU REALIZE YOU'D BE DOING IT "FOREVER"?

Yeah, I think that I will always take photographs. I really see things photographically. I enjoy things more when I have a camera to document, because I see everything in frames, and without a camera they feel liked missed frames. I'm not sure at what point I realized that this was something I was going to do forever. It feels like something that has always been with me.

MRR: DID YOU EVER FORMALLY STUDY PHOTOGRAPHY? HOW HAS THIS INFLUENCED YOUR WORK?

Initially, my father taught me darkroom printing and how to process my own film. Then I took several classes in high school and did some independent study contracts. In 1989 I went to The School of Visual Arts in NYC. I studied there for four years and have a Bachelors Degree in Fine Art. I loved photo school, and I learned a lot, not only about technique, but also about different types of photography and the possible routes to take. I learned, for example, that I didn't want to be a commercial photographer or work in a studio environment. SVA is a really good school and I had the opportunity to work with some great teachers. I took a path of straight photography, which means generally creating your photos in the camera without a lot of darkroom manipulation or extra processes afterwards. In general, straight photographers don't crop their photos; the black border around the frame is a testament to that. Documentary photography and social documentary photography are schools of straight photography. While I was in school I was photographing the punk scene—bands and people and squats and the streets.

The one thing that photo school did was teach me to really intellectualize everything. I was photographing what was visually interesting to me and also talking about a vision I had—my ethics of what the punk scene meant. I did get to a point, though, where I had to accept that photos of punks with mohawks drinking 40s was not showing the concepts that I was talking about, of creating a network for social change and producing and distributing our own records and zines and other projects of DIY punk. So I learned how to make the photos I was taking also communicate the message that I wanted. The problem is, I got so into documenting and telling a story that I started to take a somewhat distant perspective on everything around me. Sometimes I was disheartened to realize that my visions were not present in those visually stimulating things around me. I also forgot how to take a picture just for fun, or because I thought something looked cool. So once I graduated from college, I had to re-teach myself that you can just take a picture for fun without over-intellectualizing it. However, all that I learned in school—technique, history, and esthetics—is very much incorporated into everything that I do with photography and how I view photographs in the world at large, and man, do I love photography.

MRR: WHAT PROJECTS, BESIDES S&L, HAVE YOU DONE OR CONTRIBUTED PHOTOS TO OVER THE YEARS?

I've done a lot of photos for bands and a lot of bands have used photos that I've taken (meaning that I didn't take the photos specifically for them)—on records and layouts. I've had photos printed in numerous zines. A lot of them I've sent to the zines and a lot of times they're recycled from *Slug & Lettuce*. It's actually been funny how many times I've seen the grainy reproductions of my photos taken out of the newsprint *Slug & Lettuce* and reprinted in zines, blown up into posters. There is a photo of Amy from Nausea, where she has her fist raised in the air. It's one of my personal favorites and it's one that has shown up in a lot of unexpected places. One time I even got a "photo zine" from Greece that was all photos of mine from *Slug & Lettuce*. I thought that was kinda neat (it was kinda unfortunate, though, that there was no mention of *Slug & Lettuce* or where the photos had come from).

MRR: WHAT ARE SOME OF THE OTHER MEMORABLE PLACES WHERE YOUR PICTURES HAVE BEEN PRINTED?

I had photos printed in Poison Idea's *Feel the Darkness* CD ('91) and that was a really big deal to me at the time. They were (are) a well known band and I was proud of the photos and honored for them to be printed in the centerfold. It was also like breaking out from the local NYC scene into a place where more people would see my photos and my name and that was really cool. I was doing a lot of band photos at NYC and using them on flyers for shows at ABC—something that kind of got integrated with the time. I've contributed photos to a lot of zines and magazines. I was honored to have a photo spread in *MRR* years ago (early '90s) when they were featuring "art." And when I first had photos run in *MRR* with a scene report—again I was thrilled. I was really proud of the stuff that I've had in *Clamor* because they have been photo essay features. And I was really proud of having a photo printed in the *Sun* a couple of years ago.

MRR: HOW DID PUNK INFLUENCE YOUR ROLE AS A PHOTOGRAPHER? WOULD YOU BE DOING IT IF IT WERE NOT FOR PUNK? OR VICE VERSA?

The two have been totally integrated all along. When I first decided I wanted to use the manual SLR camera and really learn photography—I was already going to shows (this was in like 1986) and so bands and my punk friends were among the first things that I photographed "seriously." And over the years the two have grown together and always been connected. I think that I probably still would have gotten interested in photography, were it not for my involvement with punk. However, what I would have done is really impossible to imagine.

CHRIS(TINE) BOARTS LARSON

MRR: WHICH PHOTOGRAPHERS HAVE MOST INFLUENCED YOU?

My favorite photographers are those who worked during the depression—in particular during the Farm Security Act (FSA)—photographers like Walker Evans and Dorthea Lange who were photographing migrant farmers and a lot of the devastating poverty that went with the time. It's that style of straight documentary photography that I really love. Margaret Bourke White and Mary Ellen Mark are also two of my favorites. White because she was a rad woman who charted new territory both in photography as well as for a woman. She knew what she wanted and she went after it. She was so strong and visionary. She was one of the first *Life* magazine photographers. Mary Ellen Mark is a contemporary with the same spirit. She does some of the most amazing documentary photography. I had the luck of seeing her speak in the late '80s when I was in school in Boston and her passion and dedication to her subjects and working methods (she would spend months in a location—such as the red light district of India—getting to know the women long before she would ever get out her camera and start photographing). I learned so much from her; she has such a fire in her.

I love social documentary photography. Straight photography. That school of photography developed in the earlier part of the century and it's something that I have stuck with in my inspiration. I love the *Magnum* photographers and the early *Life* photographers. I also like Andre Kertez—more for his light studies, Lewis Hine—for his ultimate social documentary work in the LES of NYC. Danny Lyon and Shelby Lee Adams are amazing. In the past few years I've developed an obsession with Ansel Adams. I never really thought much of his work when I was in school and thought of him as the boring mainstream guy who did landscapes and was all into technique. But I started reading biographies and books about him and he was such a feisty guy. He did *so much* to get photography recognized as an artform. And he was also an avid environmentalist and did as much to fight for preservation of National Parks. I now look at his work with a whole new outlook. Edward Weston is another guy who's work I never really cared for—but whose life and working methods (again a purist photographic outlook as a simple lifestyle) are very admirable. I recently got into reading about Tina Modotti who was a radical political activist, mostly in Mexico and later in Europe. These days I am as interested in the photographers' lives and the inspiration that motivated them as I am in their actual photographs. Imogen Cunningham is another California photographer who was all spunk and spark. I am especially drawn to the woman photographers. There are so many photographers whom I love and admire, it's hard to not write a whole essay about that alone.

MRR: HOW DID STARTING—AND CONTINUING—*SLUG & LETTUCE* AFFECT YOUR PHOTOGRAPHY?

Well again, they've gone hand in hand. Initially, *Slug & Lettuce* was simply a great forum for printing my photography. Showcasing it even. It became an integral part of the zine and one of the things that I enjoyed the most and felt was the most important. At times, *S&L* has kept me inspired and given me the push to photograph bands that I otherwise might not have. And that in turn has helped to round out my documentation—especially of the NYC scene while I was there. Because of *S&L*, I was always thinking of documenting the scene and not just photographing the bands that jumped around or looked cool (and made for good photos) or just those who were my favorites.

MRR: DO YOU SOMETIMES FEEL TORN BETWEEN THE ZINE AND OTHER PHOTO PROJECTS?

Nowadays I do feel more torn between photography and *Slug & Lettuce* than I did in the past. But it's only because of time. I can't help but think that if I didn't have *Slug & Lettuce* as the dominant force in my life, I

AMY - NAUSEA

POISON IDEA

WASHINGTON WHEAT FARM

FETUS SQUAT - 5TH FL. NYC

would have so much more time to dedicate exclusively to photography. And sometimes I really wrestle with myself because photography is my passion—my obsession—the thing that I want to do with all my time. When it seems that there is something keeping me from that pursuit, it's frustrating. So of course I try to channel the two together. I print non-band photography in *Slug & Lettuce* and try to have it be a reflection of what I am doing. It's really only when I think, well, look how much time I've put into *S&L* and look what I have been able to do in fifteen years. Now what if I were to have put all that energy into photography? What might I be doing with photography that I can't even conceive of? It's the sort of thing that almost makes me jealous of people who have only one passion or hobby. But then again, I also realize and accept that it's the multiple interests I have that makes it all my own, ya know.

MRR: A GENERAL QUESTION: WHAT TYPE OF EQUIPMENT DO YOU USE, AND WHY? HOW HAS THIS CHANGED OVER THE YEARS?

I keep it simple and straightforward. I use a Minolta X700 camera—which is a sturdy workhorse manual camera. It's an older style that is fairly simple (i.e. it's not all computerized with flashing bells and whistles). It does have an auto feature, but I've never used it. If I could get a winder onto my Minolta 201 I would use that—it's the most basic (old 35 mm SLR) Minolta camera—the one that I first learned on. It works for me just fine. I like to keep it simple because then I feel like I can control what I am doing. I use a 28-70 mm zoom lens. I have two different kinds. I like the range. The quality is good (zoom lenses tend to lose quality over a set focus), but I like the versatility of that amount of zoom and the quality is sharp. I have a Vivitar 285 flash and a quantum battery pack—and that is the basic set up I use for shooting bands. That hasn't changed in ten years and I see no reason for it to. I'm very much of the "if it works, why change it" school. Actually, more like the "it's broken and I can't get the same thing cause it's obsolete now, shit, how will I ever manage to go on?" school.

MRR: DO YOU DEVELOP YOUR OWN PICTURES? IS THERE ANY STEP IN THE PROCESS WHERE YOU RELY ON SOMEONE ELSE TO HELP PRODUCE THE PHOTOS?

I print all my own stuff. I used to process all of my own film by hand, but since I work in a photo lab, I've taken to doing it there. But I would really rather do it myself at home, because I trust myself more than the machines. I get proof prints made sometimes. And for some band shots I'll just use those. Like for *Slug & Lettuce* reproductions, I'll usually just use the machine prints. But anything that I consider to be my art—or my "real work" or my "serious work"—I will print myself. I print on fiber paper and I have a size on the easel that I always use with a certain amount of black border showing on the print. It's all so anal. But everything has to be the same so that it all goes together into one cohesive body of work.

MRR: IS IT IMPORTANT TO YOU TO DO IT ALL YOURSELF?

Yes. I love printing. I think that the printing is just as important as snapping the frame. There is so much that you can do in the printing—so much you can control and change through the paper choice, the size you print, the chemicals you use, the style in which you print. I love the darkroom. That is where you see the magic of photography. That is one of the reasons why I don't like digital photography: there is no darkroom and no magic. I couldn't imagine expecting someone else to do my prints for me because that is my art and my personal expression. And I wouldn't want to have someone else do that for me—it's too much fun myself and way too important.

MRR: YOU'RE OFTEN RECOGNIZED FOR YOUR BAND PHOTOS, BUT YOU HAVE A BROADER RANGE OF SUBJECT MATTER. WHICH ONES ARE THE MOST FUN TO SHOOT?

Well it's funny, because I love photographing bands. But it's not what I consider to be my "art" or my "real work." I realized that ages ago, and it's a distinction that I can't really explain. I got to a point of being like, well yeah, I do this band photography (and that is indeed what, if anything, people know me for), but what I really love is photographing decrepit old buildings. Looking for the timelessness of found objects left behind. Watching plants reclaim old buildings that people have abandoned. There is a whole magic to the urban landscape—without people, without action. I look for these quite desolate places—places that most would think are depressing or ugly—and I look for the beauty there. The beauty of peeling paint or aged wood or stone. When I find these places I get such a rush—I literally go crazy—lose my mind in the photographing moment. I shoot fast and sleuth-like, so as not to be seen, even though there is usually no one around. If a person does walk by or a car drives by, that usually ruins it for me and I wait till they are gone.

I got into photographing the squats in NYC initially because I liked the old buildings and the stories they told, and knowing people who inhabited them literally gave me access. I cringe now to think of the times that I just wandered into abandoned buildings on the LES of NYC in 1990 with a camera, alone, just because I had to get inside and photograph. I was lucky to never have any trouble. But once I realized I had friends inside some of these amazing old tenements, I was climbing up missing staircases and have photographic ecstasy. Then I started to see the transformation of the buildings into living spaces and I got more wrapped up into the squatters movement, and then it became about so much more than just "fucked up old buildings"—it became about people's homes and a fight for living space in the city. It was a mutually beneficial thing to for them to have a record of their building before and after. I compiled a bunch of these photographs into a book/zine that I originally wanted to properly publish. It was called "Free The Land." I never could get the money together to print it and so I only made less than a hundred copies.

But as far as the band photographs—that is just what I do. I don't mean it in a dismissive or belittling way—because I love it. I love doing it and have always enjoyed it and that is why I continue. But I don't particularly enjoy printing band photos. I think it's largely in part because it was usually always being done for someone—for the band that wanted prints or for the zine that wanted copies. So I got into the habit of feeling like I was in mass-production, rather than printing a perfect 8x10 art print. I probably really should have done more of that. But I never really thought to present a portfolio of live bands when I was showing portfolios—because I was so much more into the other stuff—the old buildings, the crazy trees, whatever it was.

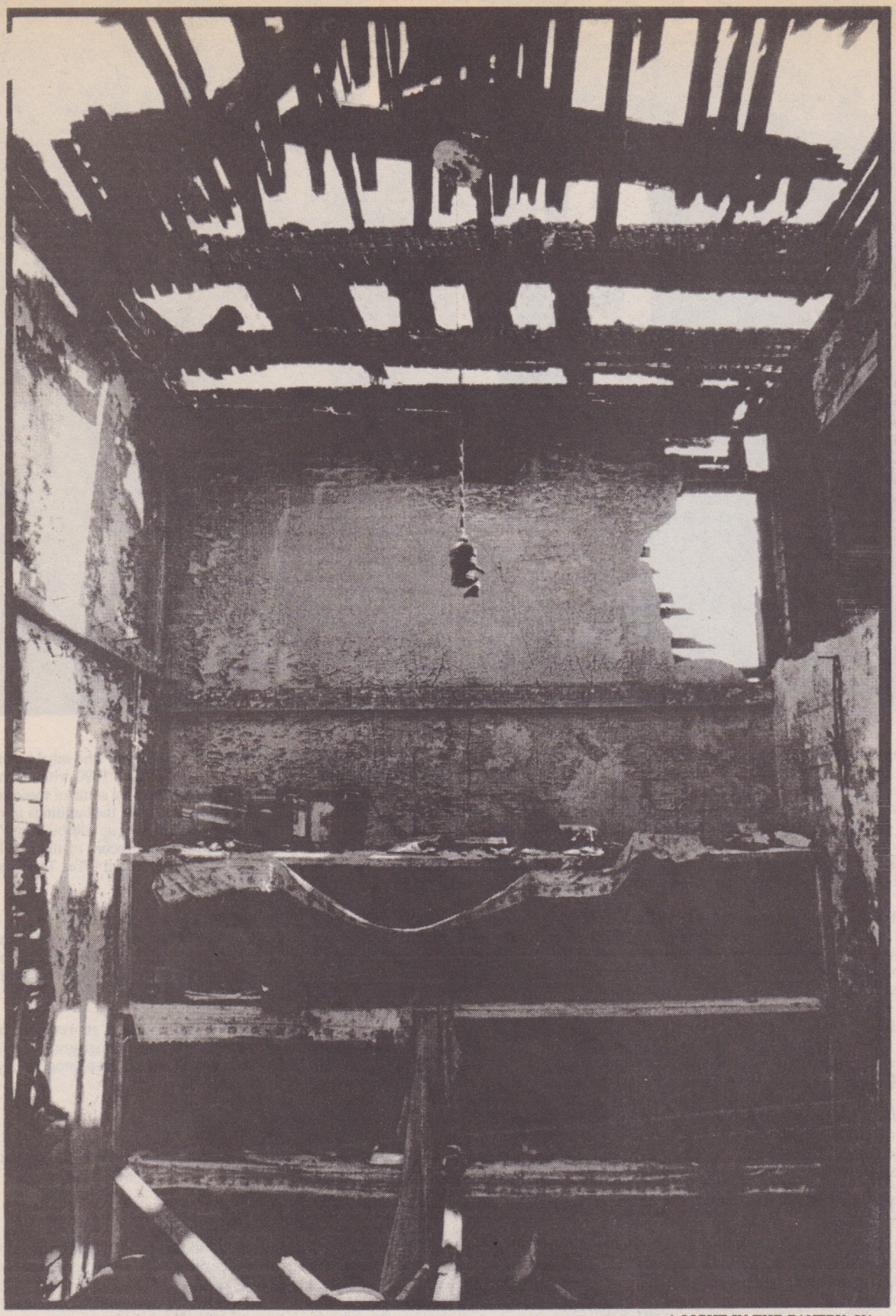
But with that said, I have also always photographed the people that were around me—as bands, as friends, as punks, as the scene. I got really involved in photographing in several of the squats in NYC in the early '90s. What initially started from my attraction to the fucked up buildings grew to a fascination with the transformation of the old buildings into a new living space. I started to take on a documentary role, and that included photographing the people that inhabited the spaces. And I was also doing that at shows—photographing the crowds, the people milling around.

MRR: DID YOUR SENSE OF CREATING A DOCUMENTARY LEAD TO YOUR DECISION TO PRINT A BOOK OF YOUR PHOTOS OVER THE YEARS?

Yes, I have fantastic photos from all those years and I'm working on putting together a book of that material. So ultimately the band stuff, in conjunction with the punks and the people of the time, will become my main focus—essentially my "serious art and real work."

MRR: WHAT WILL THE BOOK COMPILE, AND HOW WILL IT BE ORGANIZED?

Part of what really made me want to do a book was to include everything—all the shots that no one has ever seen—shots I had never printed before. I could have done a book just with the photos I've printed in *Slug & Lettuce* over the past ten years or so (or even focusing on the six or seven from when I was in NYC). And that would have been a good book. But whenever I go back and look an old contact sheet, or go to print a Citizens Arrest, Born Against, or Nausea photo, I'm amazed at all the other shots I'd see that I had not printed, that no one had seen. I'd get lost in seeing this old familiar faces that have long since disappeared. I would start to think of them, wonder where they were, remember those who had died. I would get lost in reliving the time. That is one of the reasons why sorting through all the negatives was so hard—it was literally like reliving it all, and it was awesome, but intense. I realized that I really wanted to have it all sorted and organized to document the time. Even if just for me, to put it all into a cohesive focus. But I want to be able to share it with the people who were there, who can appreciate those times, those lost friends and old faces. And it will also be nice for all those people who may not have been there, but might have wished they were.



A LIGHT IN THE PANTRY, VA

MRR: WHAT IS THE STATUS OF THE BOOK NOW?

At this point, I have all the negatives gone through and the proof prints made. I now have three file folder drawers full of file folders sorted by band (as well as crowd, people, etc.). Getting to this point was really a monumentous task. I had literally thousands of negatives to sort through and part of my intent was to really get everything included. I'm ready to get into the layout now and I'm only slightly deterred by the fact that my computer is totally maxed out and I'm not sure it will really be able to handle all the scanning and photo files. That, and the fact that I have no publisher and no money to publish it. But I decided long ago that I wasn't going to let that stand in my way. I have gone on the understanding for several years now as I've been working on this that if I waited until I had the money, it wouldn't happen, but that if I just get the book ready, it will somehow pull itself together. So that is the faith that I rely on.

MRR: DO YOU EVER FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE TAKING SOMEONE'S PICTURE?

Oh yeah—I don't like to photograph people. I mean, bands are a whole different thing. Not that they aren't people, obviously, but they are in a setting and a forum where it's expected and acceptable to photograph them, most times, no questions asked. There was a time when I was a lot more comfortable photographing people in the punk scene—when I was really involved in a tight scene in NYC and knew all the people that I was photographing, it was fine. I didn't really think anything of it. But I am very reluctant to photograph people I don't know.

MRR: DO YOU FOLLOW A CERTAIN PROCEDURE IN TAKING PHOTOS OF PEOPLE?

I don't like to do set up staged stuff—I much prefer the casual caught-in-the-moment type of shot. And if you say "hey can I take your photograph?" then you set up the dynamic of a "staged" or set-up shot. I just try to avoid that altogether. It's funny—I have thousands of photographs of people, but I don't think I photograph people. I guess I just don't do as much of late, as I once did. But I think there is definitely an etiquette to taking someone's photo and you can't do it without some sort of understanding.

MRR: HAVE YOU EVER EXHIBITED YOUR PICTURES? WHERE AND WHEN?

I've had my work exhibited several times in different contexts. I did several photo shows at ABC No Rio in NYC. And that was really cool because it was a way for people who saw me with a camera all the time and knew my photographs of bands to see the other street stuff that I did. I organized several "punk art shows" at ABC, in which I included my own work. I had a couple of exhibits at my school in NYC. I've had work in a juried show here in Richmond. And I did two shows of my newer work here in Richmond last year at two different local bars. I'd like to pursue the opportunities to get my work shown in other places. And *that* is one of those things that doesn't happen simply because of time passing.

MRR: CAN PUNK INTERACT WITH THE "ART WORLD" IN A MEANINGFUL WAY?

Yes. Documentary photography is art, and that is very much interwoven into the punk community. There is actually a lot of punk and photography mixing together, and I'd guess that behind every printed band photo are a whole bunch of non-band photos that person really gets into. As far as meaningful, well, I can think of a lot of really inspiring ways in which the punk scene and art work together well. As document, as expression, as statement, as social document, as inspiration. I mean really—what is art? What constitutes art? People have been debating that one for hundreds of years. For me it's a visual expression documenting the world around me. Punk is art and art is punk, and I think the more we acknowledge the art side of punk the more we build our movement. If you look at art movements and schools of photography over history, we've got our own here right under our noses—we often times just don't give it enough recognition or appreciation.

ABC NO RIO - CROWD

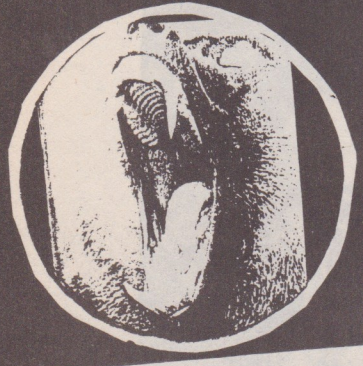
CHRIS BOARTS LARSON C/O SLUG & LETTUCE, PO BOX 26632, RICHMOND, VA 23261-6632.

LOS RABBIS

The Hardy Life of a Roving Band of Hunters

SHOP-A-HOLIC: What's Mike's secret passion? That's right, it's hittin' the stores! Mike has said that he "shops more than most women"!

ROCK 'N ROLL Dean
Though you might not know it from Dean's explosive Latin-pop sound, throughout his Puerto Rican childhood he loved listening to American rock-n-roll bands like Boston, David Bowie, Cheap Trick, and Journey.



A HAIRY SITUATION: Adam has to dye her locks every week in order to keep her hair at optimum Punkness"!

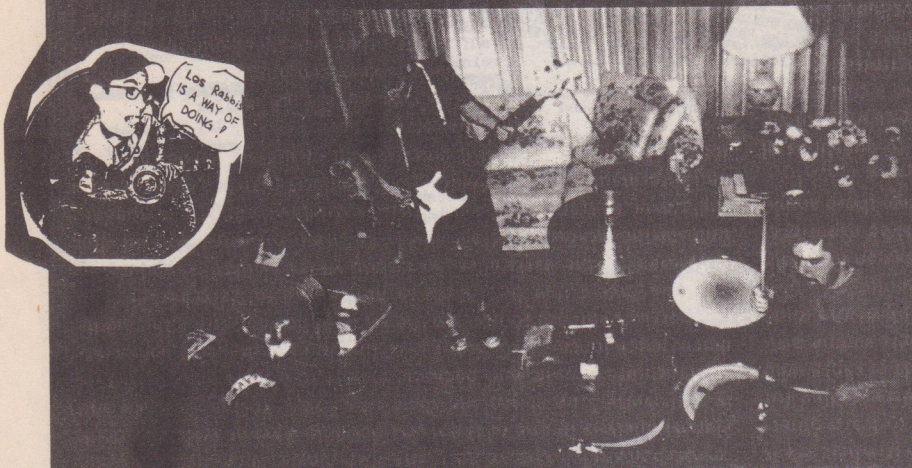
MH. INSECURITY: After seeing a fan's sign that read "Mike nice butt," Mike exclaimed: "I don't have a nice butt! Look at that! My butt is huge!"

WORLD RENOWNED PUNK ROCK ARTIST, T.J. DINGES (9 YEARS OLD) MET UP WITH WORLD RENOWNED TEENAGE PUNK ROCK PIONEERING PHENOMENONS, LOS RABBIS (COMBINED AGE: 72 YEARS OLD) FOR AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW AT TAQUERIA LA CUMBRE IN SAN FRANCISCO. THE INTERVIEW TOOK PLACE AS LA CUMBRE WAS CLOSING SHOP FOR THE NIGHT. LET'S WATCH:

La Cumbre Employee: Take your time. It's okay.
Adam: Is it okay?
Employee: Yeah.
Adam: Do you need help cleaning up?
Employee: No.
Adam: I'll do it.
Mike S: We want to help.
Adam: We love this place. Do you recognize us?
Employee: Oh yeah. You guys always have the free soda coupons.
Adam: Are you related to Eddie *(owner of San Mateo La Cumbre)*?
Employee: We're cousins.
Adam: What's up with San Mateo burritos versus San Francisco ones? We like these more.
Employee: Well, this is the original. Our chef has been with us for over twenty-five years.
Adam: I've heard that Carlos Santana used to work here.

no reason)
Mike C: He said, "that's the best song you've ever made."
Adam: He listened to it the whole way through with the headphones on. *(pause)* Hey TJ, remember the time that we played in Palo Alto and we had you with us and you screamed...
Mike S: The show where we did the song with all of the swearing in it.
Adam: What did your dad think of that?
TJ: He wasn't that angry. He was like; "Oh shoot, they've gone wild."
Mike S: What was it like being on stage with us?
Mike C: Were you scared... of us?
Dean: Are we scary to you?
TJ: No.
Mike C: What do you see when you open your eyes in the dark?
Mike S: What do you see right now with your eyes closed?
TJ: I see you guys on tour. Mike opened the sun roof of the van and fell out.

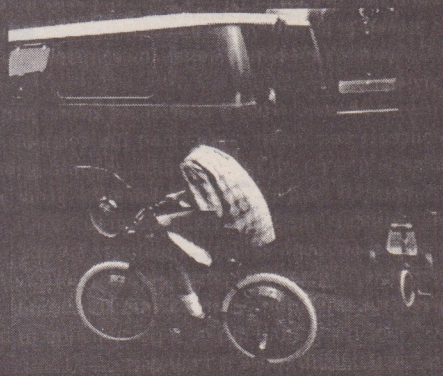
Adam: What's up with your teeth?
Mike S: You should counter it with "What's up with *your* teeth?"
D: Yeah do it. Do it. Tell him.
TJ: What's up with your big nose?
(laughter)
TJ: Dean actually has the biggest nose.
Dean: I'm a Jew, what can I say?
Mike S: Do you know what Dean's last name means?
Dean: It means—and don't follow up on it—"hit your nose again." It's the original Russian version of my name.
Mike S: If I was gonna be a girl, my mom was gonna call me Rachel.
Adam: I'm named after dirt.
(long pause)
TJ (to Mike C): Did you know I'm going to Colombia?
Mike C: Colombia?! When?



Employee: Just his brother. He used to work in the kitchen with Eddie. Carlos just came by last week with his family.
Dean: TJ, what's your favorite Los Rabbis song?
TJ: I really have to think, but since I don't know most of your songs, I'd have to say "Little Miss Mullet."
Adam: That's San Jose's favorite song.
Dean: Yeah, San Jose loves that song. We have a few San Jose songs.
Adam: I can't believe that they just wanted to hear the metal songs. We'd play a quiet song and they just weren't into it. They still moshed, but.....
Mike C: *(to Dean)* It's also your dad's favorite song.
Dean: Yeah, that's my dad's favorite song. What's Jim Dinges' *(TJ's father and Mike C's stepfather)* favorite song?
Mike S: "Eskimo Song." *(laughs for*

Adam: He got sucked out the car.
Dean: What would happen to us without Mike Strenski?
TJ: You would scream like this: *(makes the sound of a young boy imitating a little girl screaming).*

TJ: For fourth grade.
Mike C: But Colombia's so far away! The country? Colombia?
TJ: No, not the faraway one; the one you can get to by car.
Mike C: The District of Colombia? Like where the President lives?!?
TJ: I don't know, goddamnit! Let's just start this over....



FIELDS

FIELDS OF FIRE were formed in late 1999 in Santa Barbara, California. Their sound has been compared to bands such as Minor Threat, Uniform Choice and Gorilla Biscuits. You can order their 7 song seven inch by sending $3.50 US/ $4.50 world to New Leaf Records/ 401 S. Citrus Ave./Los Angeles, CA/90036 USA.

Phyte: How do you feel about your recent incident of violence?

Ben: The incident of violence you are referring to took place on November 16, 2000 in the town of Santee, California, just a little bit east of San Diego. We played a show in San Diego with Over My Dead Body, Creep Division, and F-Minus. We got in a car and met up in Santee to spend the night at someone's house, and we were in front of a store, and 4 or 5 nazis came out of a car and beat the shit out of us, mostly me for absolutely no reason at all. We were all white.

Phyte: Did it have anything to do with the show at all?

Ben: No. This was miles and miles away from the show, and was totally unrelated to the show. How do I feel about it? I feel that racism is an epidemic in California, which is thought of as a generally progressive state, but it's got its fair share of racists and bigots and backwards-thinking people. A lot of people who live in San Diego particularly tell me it's a big deal down there.

Phyte: Did you fight back?

Ben: No, I tried to run actually.

Phyte: What's your take on violence in the case of self-defense?

Ben: I'm all for it. I'm for violence only for self-defense. And if everyone thought that way, no one would fight each other.

Phyte: Do you now fear skinheads, or did you fear skinheads before?

Ben: I've always feared nazis. I don't want to say the word "skinheads" because there are a lot of skinheads who are against racism.

Phyte: Should nazis be tolerated within the hardcore scene?

Ben: Absolutely not.

Phyte: How do you propose that we as a scene keep them out?

Ben: Every band that gives a shit about it, should say something about it when they play, and make nazis feel as uncomfortable as possible and let them know that they're not welcome here. And then if nazis start pushing people around and resort to violence, then they should be dealt with accordingly.

Phyte: Meaning beat the shit out of and thrown from the scene?

Ben: Yeah.

Phyte: How do you feel when you play shows? What kinds of emotions run through your mind and body when you're playing?

Ben: A lot of it depends on the crowd participation. We just played tonight in Las Vegas and it was kind of dead. People were just standing around.

Phyte: Yet you seemed very intense tonight. Almost the most intense I've seen.

Ben: A lot of the time when people are just standing there, I feel like I have to make up for their lack of energy by being even more energetic, as opposed to when we play a place like Oxnard, or L.A., or Santa Barbara, and everyone's singing along and I can put the mike in the audience. I think that more kids should sing along even if they don't know the band. I give them a little lesson at the beginning of the songs we play. You know, "This is how the song goes, so if you want to sing along here are the words."

Phyte: Do you think FIELDS OF FIRE kind of suffers from not being the "cool" band to sing along to?

Ben: Yeah, absolutely. I think particularly Orange County [CA] has a big mosh metal scene, where if you don't wear all black and you don't have the tight gear, and don't play music that's "danceable," which means music that's drudgingly slow, then it's not cool to dance or sing along to. Also, emo is really popular now. We have nothing to do with that whatsoever. So yeah, a lot of the time I do feel like we're the outcasts. We don't look fashionable, we don't have a uniform look, we don't have an image, and I'm proud of that fact.

Phyte: Have you noticed the same trend that I've noticed in most scenes, all it really takes is one person to kind of start things moving as far as crowd response? For instance, your drummer Graham, started circle pitting and instantly 6 or 7 others joined in. Usually it just takes one.

Ben: Absolutely. And it carries over into things that are not too positive either. You know, it takes one person to ruin a scene.

BEN

xbenedgex@hotmail.com

OF FIRE

Phyte: Do you as a person fear criticism and mockery with the band?

Ben: Yeah, absolutely.

Phyte: And how do you deal with that?

Ben: If you don't like the band, then that's cool. I understand. Every zine that has reviewed our record thus far has enjoyed it very much with the exception of one zine out of Indiana called MAG, which is very metal-core oriented. They sent me the review, and it said something to the extent of "Isn't old school tired already?" And I think that's awesome. Here are these metal kids that can't take it. I enjoyed that a lot more than some of the positive reviews.

Phyte: Is old school tired already? Will it ever be?

Ben: No. If you think its tired, then that's cool. You don't have to go to one of our shows. But, we're not a cookie-cutter old school band. We have a lot of influences ranging from early 80s hardcore ala Minor Threat, to late 80s hardcore like Gorilla Biscuits.

Phyte: And even more diverse influences like Circle Jerks.

Ben: Yeah. We even throw a little 1977 style punk into the mix. So, I think bands that all sound exactly alike are tired, regardless of the genre.

Phyte: Speaking of criticism, are you you're biggest critic?

Ben: I'm sure of it. I think I have big problems with self-esteem. We even have a song about that called "Take It (One Day At A Time)." I might even have an anxiety disorder, but I don't know how to cope with it. I'm a real tense guy. Anyone else in the band will tell you the same. Jamie is a real mellow guy, Graham is real aggro, but he's really positive and always stoked, Chris is kind of like the snide, sarcastic guy of the band, and I'm the tense, nervous "we gotta get there on time!" type of guy.

Phyte: What as a band do you guys have out at this point?

Ben: We have a demo tape, which is a live recording from KCSB. It was the first show we ever played. That's through Chris' label Ghetto Sounds. We have a 7" called "The Kids Can't Be Bought E.P." I put that out. That's New Leaf Records #1.

Phyte: Explain the title.

Ben: "The Kids Can't Be Bought" is taken from the lyric of an old Boston hardcore band called SSD. What it means to me is that there are kids who refuse to follow trends and refuse to conform. They can't be bought off by advertising that caters to people in their age range like "Extreme Sports" and all that garbage.

Phyte: Even advertising within the scene?

Ben: Even advertising within the scene, because it does happen within the scene. It relates to what I was talking about earlier -- bands that have the latest, coolest image.

Phyte: What are you're future plans for the band?

Ben: A split 7" on Phyte Records with a yet-to-be-decided band, I'm going to put out a full-length CD with "The Kids Can't Be Bought E.P." and newer material. That's going to be called "Skatepunks" and it'll be out sometime in 2001.

Phyte: Speaking of the latest trends, isn't it kind of trendy to be on the entire skate-thrash up and up right now?

Ben: If you are referring to "bandanna thrash," like bands that are wearing bandannas and flipped-up hats like Suicidal Tendencies style, that is another trend that I don't feel we fit into at all either.

Phyte: But even just the skating thing to me seems to be having a big resurgence. It's sort of a trendy fashion.

Ben: I guess. I don't know. The thing is we've always skateboarded, and we skateboard all the time. When it's not a trend anymore we'll still be on our skateboards. That's just us.

Phyte: Do you think you'll still be writing and singing songs about skating?

Ben: Yeah!

Issa: Are you going to keep putting stuff out yourselves or are you going to get other people to put it out?

Chris: If other people put it out, that takes the burden off Ben and I'm totally down for that.

Ben: There's a few labels I thought about, if they are down to put our stuff out, but if not, fine. I'll just keep putting it out.

Chris: If someone wanted to put our stuff out I wouldn't reject them.

Ben: I'd reject them if I didn't like the label or what they did.

Issa: What are the criteria for picking a label?

Ben: They support the bands that are already on the label, they do well with selling those bands' records, they give the bands creative control, and they have good distribution.

Graham: It would be cool to be on Youngblood.

Phyte: Do you have plans to tour? I know you've played a lot of shows in California and now one in Nevada, but do you have plans to tour the U.S.?

Ben: Yeah, we're going to buy a van and try to do a summer tour in 2001.

Chris: Touring is our #1 priority.

Phyte: What is the primary goal of the band, if there is one?

Ben: The primary goal of the band is to play a lot of shows, have a great time.

Phyte: Is there a general message you want to spread?

Chris: Its anti-society.

Ben: I think the basic message of most of our songs is: life is short, do what you want. Don't do what you've been told to do since day one, which is "Be a normal person, get a job, got a wife, have some kids, put a down payment on a house and be a grownup." Have fun, be a kid.

Jamie: Have fun, and do whatever the fuck you want.

Chris: The way shit is right now is fucked up, and its anti-everything that's going on right now on MTV.

Issa: Who writes the lyrics?

Graham, Chris: Ben does.

HU-VOS (chris)

Jamie: Ben's responsible for everything.

Ben: That's not true.

Issa: Who writes the music?

Chris: At first it was Ben, but we're branching out. The band started out around stuff that Ben wrote.

Issa: Do you guys all agree with the lyrics?

Jamie: Yeah, totally.

Graham: Yeah, I do too.

Issa: Do you ever have conflicts over that kind of stuff?

Jamie: No, not at all. Whatever anyone's down for, if that helps their life.

Chris: But "Declaration" [a song with a straight edge message] is a song that he's [Ben] singing. I would never sing that. He's the singer, so he can sing those lyrics.

Issa: Chris and Jamie, does it bother you that your band has a message that you don't really agree with?

Chris: It doesn't bother me.

Jamie: Not at all. Whatever anybody's message is, that helps them get along it their life.

Graham: I think Ben's lyrics are cool, because a lot of them are political, but at the same time they're not lame and P.C. They're straight forward. Half the songs are just about having fun and being a kid, which is what we are.

Chris: The straight edge thing is the thing we don't agree about.

Phyte: Does it affect the way you interact as a band?

Issa: How many of you are straight edge?

Ben: Graham and myself are straight edge, and Jamie and Chris are very much not straight edge.

Ben: Yeah. There is definite tension. I just hope it won't lead to turmoil down the line.

Graham: It works out well. I don't care that they [Chris and Jamie] are not straight edge and they don't care that I am straight edge.

Chris: It'll never be a real problem. Its just a conflict that someone's got to adjust to. There's nothing that can't be worked out.

Issa: I personally think it's awesome when bands are made up of straight edge and non-straight edge people.

Phyte: Ben, to you as a person, and not necessarily as a band, is straight edge a political statement? We were talking about not buying into the American Dream and not being a consumer in this capitalist culture, so is everything you do as a person, inherently political?

Ben: An argument can be made for that. Like "the way you treat other people is political." I don't try to force politics down people's throats or anything. I'm straight edge mostly for the reason that I don't want to destroy my own body and my own mind and do things that I wouldn't normally do. You could call that political if you want.

Phyte: Ben, why did you cut your hair?

Ben: My hair was getting messy, it was getting in my face, it was getting all over the place. Cutting my hair gave me a whole new sense of freedom, and this is dumb! [laughs] Why are we talking about hair? Let's move on to more important issues.

Phyte: Ben, does Judaism play a large role in your life?

Ben: It once did. It doesn't anymore. I consider myself a human above any other label such as "Jew" or "punk rocker" or "straight edge," but secondly I consider myself a straight edge punk rocker. And then way down the line I consider myself somewhat of a Jew. My father is Jewish and my mom isn't. Because its officially passed down by the mother, you could ask some people and they'll say I'm Jewish, and you could ask other people who'll say I'm not.

Phyte: How do you feel about religion in hardcore?

Ben: I think of it more on the political end of things. Like, if you're using religion to say, "Abortion is wrong and gays shouldn't be tolerated," then I think you're a fucking idiot. But, if you're using religion to say, "I'm opening up to you. You're my brother or my sister, and I want people to love each other," then I think that's awesome. All it comes down to is what your politics are as far as I'm concerned. If you're a right-wing bigot, then I wouldn't say "You don't belong in hardcore," but I'd say that I do not stand by you in any way shape or form. And if you're a progressive, I'd say, "Right on."

Issa: What made you decide you wanted to be in a punk rock band?

Jamie: The music!

Chris: The music is fun. That's what I listen to and that's what I want to play. And that's what I can play. Its what I'm all about.

Issa: And how long do you think you want to do this for?

Graham, Jamie, Chris, (simultaneously): Forever!

Jamie: For the rest of our lives. We're gonna fuck shit up for the rest of our, nevermind.

Issa: Any final words?

Jamie: [visibly intoxicated and losing verbal abilities at this point] However, whatever anyone gets through with life through, its cool man.

Chris: [also drunk, but better able to hold his liquor] No dude. If you're complaining about shit, fuck you. Give it up.

Ben: Uh, okay.

Graham: SKATE HARD!

GRAHAM

SoCALHC

Layout by Chad/Belief fanzine.

All photos by Spencer Starr.

www.geocities.com/fieldsxofxfire

Heavy Punk Thunder from the Lake of Burning Fire

The Flesh Eaters were a rock beast every bit as ferocious as their name, a bolt of heavy metal thunder and subterranean howl in place with one of the finest American rock-n-roll meccas of our time—Los Angeles in the early 1980's. Arising from a punk rock party scene that exploded in the wasted midst of Hollywood tinsel and trash, The Flesh Eaters first mutated into a punk-fueled "roots rock voodoo blues" group (marked by the masterful A Minute to Pray, A Second To Die LP and a classic line-up of LA scene heavies) and later into a "speed metal esoterrorica" four-piece who throttled American hardcore with their mix of amped-up guitar hellfire and rough-hewn Jagger/Richards blues. Singer and band constant Chris D. (Desjardins) was able to sprout new heads for his band every couple of years while keeping a supremely intense, performance-as-catharsis ethos very much alive, and always charting fertile new musical ground. Live, Chris D. would shriek like he was conducting the last performance before Satan's bloody rapture, and as if he just might be taking the audience down with him. The rock pundits of the day thus brought forth much enthusiasm, enthusiasm now all but buried in the yellowing copies of local fanzines. Most of the amazing Flesh Eaters LP's remain sadly unissued in compact disc form. Though I'm concentrate on the body of work produced by this singular band between 1978 and 1983, a Chris D.-helmed band called The Flesh Eaters continues with a revolving line-up to this very day (and hey, they're not half bad, either).

by Jay Hinman

this article originally appeared on
Perfect Sound Forever:
www.furious.com/perfect

Before we begin, let's get to know Mr. Chris D. Here's a man intimately involved with some of the germinal rock-n-roll of the U.S. punk era. He was an early force behind 1977-1979 LA punk 'zine *SLASH*, and while documenting sounds the likes of which had never been heard by humankind DID have its rewards, his unique vocal & lyrical gifts were lying dormant, a crime soon rectified by the formation of the early Flesh Eaters in late 1977. A word has come up in many descriptions of Desjardins' voice, a word you rarely see elsewhere: YOWL. Yowl is what Chris D. did with this magnificent voice — not yell nor howl, no no no – YOWL. For the uninitiated, imagine Richard Hell at his inebriated best, say on "Love Come in Spurts" or "Down at the Rock and Roll Club." Now drown that voice in gallons of gasoline and let it thrash up to the surface screaming & clawing. Ladies and gentlemen, *yowling*. At his best, Chris D. had a voice of skin-crawling beauty and intensity. If he had been just a rote screamer that'd be one thing, but Desjardins wrenched his words through haunting whispers and banshee-like shrieks, very often in the exact same syllable. Check out "Drag My Name in the Mud" from 1982's *Forever Came Today* for a yowling performance without parallel.

Desjardins also produced or remixed some of early American indie/punk's high-water marks: The Dream Syndicate's *The Days of Wine and Roses*; The Germs' *What We Do is Secret*; The Gun Club's *Fire of Love*; Green On Red's *Gravity Talks* and The Misfits' *Walk Among Us*. Desjardins may have remixed the latter but appeared to congregate with Glenn Danzig & co. like oil and water – in an old issue of *FLIPSIDE*, the Misfits whine poetically about their 1982 tour with the Flesh Eaters. Seems Danzig was dismayed on the tour's San Francisco stop when the Flesh Eaters actually wanted to *see* the town before the show (dubbed "homoland" by the Misfits). The collective brainpower of the Misfits, it seems, was quite happy to be left at a Bay Area McDonald's while the Flesh Eaters went off to explore. Subsequent collaborations or tours were deemed unnecessary. (*"Fiends" may also be aware that later that very evening, Misfits guitarist Doyle hauled off and clubbed the living daylights out of a teenager with his axe, splitting the kid's head wide open and making the band VERY unwelcome in homoland thereafter*).

Ruby Records was Desjardins' vanity imprint at Slash, and was responsible for the Gun Club & Dream Syndicate masterpieces listed above. Be advised, though, that Ruby wasn't always Desjardins' label. When a string of mediocre pop-punk records came out in the late 1980s on the Ruby label, I had the opportunity to ask Chris at a Stone By Stone show if they were his. "No, I don't have anything to do with that HORSESHIT" came the reply. So there you have it.

One curious trick in Desjardins' arsenal is mixing his song titles with album titles and vice versa. Once can imagine a list of titles and themes kept warm & at the ready for recycling; thus, the song "A Minute to Pray, A Second to Die" appears one LP *after* the release of the same name; the title track from the *A Hard Road To Follow* LP never makes the album yet shows up on a greatest-hits LP years later; the song "Divine Horseman" becomes the name of a post-Flesh Eaters band four years later, and so on. I've got a long out-of-print book of Chris D. lyrics, poetry & stories called *Double Snake Bourbon*. The titles from said book gives a glimpse into Desjardins' recurring themes of blood, recklessness, sex, the occult & religious guilt:

Johnny Blood, The Baptist
Hell's Belle
Robitussin Sob Story
Underworld Rosary
Yellow Fever
Fistful of Vodka
Lake of Burning Fire
Pray Til You Sweat
Snake Handler
Devil's River

Religion in particular plays a tormented role in the man's lyrics. Desjardins was either majorly spooked by churchtime devil-talk as a kid, or brought some serious Catholic hang-ups to his art. To be fair, more than half this imagery is mixed with an undying faith in love and the union of man and woman – the lighter side of religion, if you will. Chris D. very often wrote of being carried away through slithering demons and the hounds of hell by the love of his baby, or thereabouts. It stands to reckon that this heart bursting with *amor* led to a pattern of adding his current flame into the band, from Jill Jordan on the *A Hard Road To Follow*-era '83 Flesh Eaters, to Julie Christiansen throughout the Divine Horsemen and Juanita Myers in today's Flesh Eaters. All of whom, it should be noted, have provided a terrific foil to Desjardins' brooding and yowling.

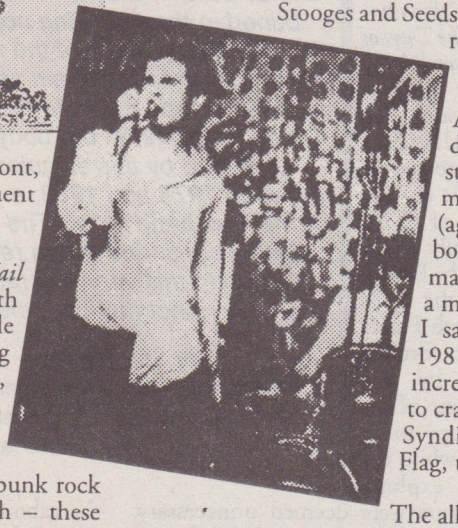
The debut Flesh Eaters 45 was released in 1978 on Desjardins' own Upsetter label, the name of which was a tribute to Lee Perry & the tripped-out dub reggae popular with the early punks. "Disintegration Nation" was a four-song EP recorded with the backing of local three-piece The Flyboys, who issued an LP later that year to the sound of roughly one hand clapping. The outstanding new wave fashions on the inner sleeve may give a strong hint as to why. Nonetheless, this record, with just a hint of the ferocity of the LPs to come, is full of jagged, blazing glory, with

a touch of rockabilly adulation and an up-front, slashing guitar sound that laid down a subsequent trademark.

Desjardins then issued the killer *Tooth and Nail* comp on Upsetter the next year, packed with classic LA punk from The Controllers, Middle Class, Germs, UXA & of course three frothing Flesh Eaters tracks: "The Word Goes Flesh", "Pony Dress" and the truly wacked "Version Nation." This is a reworked "Disintegration Nation" with Chris wound up in such vocal contortions it sounds as if he's delivering the punk rock gospel in Satan's Spanish. Interesting, though – these early Flesh Eaters may have been subjected to too many lineup changes and limited vinyl pressings to have the cranial impact of their peers, legends such as the Weirdos, Germs, X, Bags, etc. Of all the bands that played at The Elks Logs benefit for the legendary Masque club in February 1978, now captured on the terrific 3-volume *Live at the Masque* CD series, the Flesh Eaters are only one of a handful that have been intentionally left off. Certainly I've never heard recordings of this early band playing for the crowds, and there hasn't been a groundswell of collector scumdom clamoring for the tapes. The true genius and raw power of this band was still to come.

It wasn't necessarily to be found on the 1980 debut LP *No Questions Asked*, but no one in their right mind would call the record a wash. The album suffers a wee bit from muted production and some discontinuity, which is not particularly surprising given that eight musicians rotated through 14 short tracks. Among the band members were X's John Doe & Don Bonebrake, as well as Joe Ramirez from The Eyes and Pat Garrett of The Randoms. Stan Ridgeway, later of Wall of Voodoo, also played in an early version of the Flesh Eaters and is given a few of the music-authorship credits here. The sound is sharp, static bursts of punk heat, dressed up with Chris' phantasmagoric visions of plagues, hemorrhages and rabid cops. The sound is best represented on tracks like "Impossible Crime", "Dominoes" and "Police Gun Jitters" – there's even a DUB track called "Cry Baby Killer". It's worth noting that Desjardins's tales were repeatedly inspired by B-movies (the name of the band being a prime example, not to mention "Cry Baby Killer"), with a ghoulishness particularly heard in the lyrics of this LP. *No Questions Asked* marked the end of the first wave of the Flesh Eaters, and gave birth to the all-star roots/voodoo combo of 1981's *A Minute to Pray, A Second To Die*.

Joining Desjardins in this next line-up of the Flesh Eaters were Doe & Bonebrake from the by now nationally recognized X, Dave Alvin and Bill Bateman from The Blasters (guitar and drums respectively) and sax player Steve Berlin, a year or two shy of joining Los Lobos. Though the "on loan" status of the musicians involved did not bode well for anything more than a one-off project, what these gentlemen created together was an unequalled masterpiece. *A Minute to Pray, A Second To Die* is 35 minutes of the best raw, netherworld blues and marimba & sax-led garage stomp you'll ever hear. Think about what you know of the best work of X and The Blasters of the time, add Chris D. at the absolute top of his game, and some out-of-this-world arrangements that harken to some unholy trinity of the Stones, Stooges and Seeds, and you've got quite a goddamn record. What reputation the Flesh Eaters still have left in the early '80's history books and Ameripunk cognoscenti is likely due to this album. The band stand posed like paragons of ultimate cool on the back cover (against a brick wall, no less), symbolizing for the world the transformation of punk rock wildness into a more musical, complex – and dare I say MATURE — beast. It was 1981 in Los Angeles, and some incredible rock music was beginning to crawl out of the woodwork: Dream Syndicate, Minutemen, and Black Flag, to name a mere few.



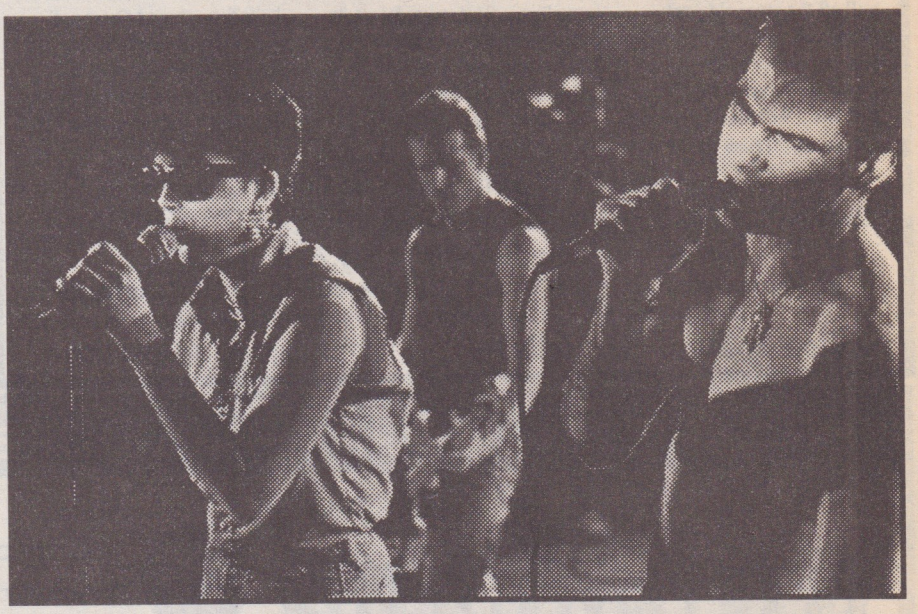
The all-star band gigged for a couple of months in LA with the likes of the Gun Club and The Fall, each show made out to be an "event," given the rising popularity of X and The Blasters and the strong critical reception accorded *A Minute to Pray*.A Target Video of one of their few live performances exists (with the camera strictly locked on Desjardins for 98% of the show), and this band can also be heard on Side 1 of

the posthumous *Flesh Eaters Live* LP. Homage is indirectly paid to early surrealist filmmaker Maya Duren on the 7-minute-plus "Divine Horseman," a tour-de-force that is arguably this band's peak moment. Other standouts include "Digging My Grave," "Pray Til You Sweat" and "See You In The Boneyard," but really, there's not a clunker in the bunch. Too good to be anything but temporal, the band went their separate ways and Desjardins went quickly to work on keeping the flame alive.

What followed was anything but a letdown. *Forever Came Today* followed hot on the heels of *A Minute To Pray...*, recorded with a steady new line-up (with Berlin as a holdover) on St. Valentine's Day 1982. The new team was Don Kirk on guitar, Robyn Jameson playing bass & Chris Wahl pounding the drums. Another band, another classic LP, only this time with a caterwauling, hell-bent HEAVY rock unit. The screeching "Shallow Water" and "Hand of Glory" are nasty and razor-sharp cries of torment and pain, while the more tempered "My Life To Live" and "The Rosy Hours" are elongated, lyrically twisted musings on life, love and death. One of my big regrets is never seeing this band kick out the massive "Drag My Name in the Mud" on the live stage. Miles away from roots rock, *Forever Came Today* was deservedly well-received and was championed by a few critics, if a bit unfairly shuttled into the punk ghetto. Now that Chris D. had a true touring unit, the Flesh Eaters set forth to bring the noise to the dank clubs of America. Paired with young hardcore bands as Punk USA turned faster, louder & more violent, the band stepped up to the plate and delivered a wallop of speed metal-tinged thud that scared the baldies and the mohicans straight back to mama's bosom. Louder than any punk, this was the true "grunge", a few years before it was appropriated to good and not-so-good ends up in Seattle. *Forever Came Today* must be reissued *en masse* at once and handed out with earplugs to a new generation looking for lost idols and future inspiration.

The violent and hell-soaked sound continued at times on 1983's *A Hard Road To Follow*, but with a new soulfulness and boozy undercurrent that swaggered rather than spit. All key band members remained, a Flesh Eaters first, with Jill Jordan brought in for backing vocals on a number of the tracks. Like its predecessor, this record has its terror-soaked hardcore-ish screamers such as "Eyes Without A Face," but mid-tempo crunching and lurching is the normal speed, as on "Poison Arrow," "Buried Treasure" and the fantastic "Fistful of Vodka." Let's not forget that all this guitar-led chaos was pumping with the blood of Desjardins' lyrics, which bordered on the poetic and were deeply intelligent and clever streams of wordplay. "We'll Never Die" is romantic ne'er-do-well Desjardins, daydreaming of shooting a pack of cops in the eyes because his girl told him he wasn't the one for her. Ah yes. *A Hard Road To Follow* was released on Chris's wholly owned Upsetter Records, not on the larger Ruby/Slash, and was somewhat lost in the shuffle of burgeoning Americana rock, then gaining a national foothold with R.E.M. and the like. Somehow "Eyes Without a Face" wound up on the 1985 soundtrack for horror spoof *The Return of The Living Dead* along with goth-punk from 45 Grave and the like, but by then the Flesh Eaters had thrown in the towel. Six years, four incredible albums and one classic single, and the band members knew it was time to move on to other things.

So now you're pumped and ready to rock with the Flesh Eaters. Where do you find all this treasure? Start scouring the used bins, because three of these four remain vinyl-only. In lieu of the original LPs or the thankfully reissued CD of *A Minute to Pray, A Second To Die*, there are two excellent Desjardins-compiled "greatest hits" compilations on SST called *Greatest Hits: Destroyed By Fire* and *Prehistoric Fits*. Both cover the breath of the era we've been discussing here, with tracks from all four albums, and are excellently representative of the Flesh Eaters' majesty. Give a fair shake to Desjardins' other musical work too – the Divine Horsemen's *Time Stands Still* and *Devil's River* LPs and the Stone By Stone *I Pass For Human* record are particularly strong testaments to Desjardins' creativity and ability to successfully evolve. Finally, renaissance man Chris D. has spent most of the past decade researching and self-compiling a massive encyclopedia of Japanese gangster (Yakuza) films. Aptly titled *YAKUZA EIGA: An Encyclopedia of Japanese Gangster Films 1956-1980*, the book is due out any day now, and is partially funded by The Japan Foundation Artist Fellowship. Indeed, the man has left a hard road to follow, and burned a shockingly bright legacy as the leader of one of the hallmark bands of the punk and post-punk eras.



SELECT FLESHEATERS DISCOGRAPHY

- ***s/t*** 7" EP Disintegration Nation/Agony Shorthand/Radio Dies Screaming/Twisted Road. (1978, Upsetter Records)
- ***Tooth and Nail*** Compilation LP Flesh Eaters' tracks: The Word Goes Flesh, Pony Dress, Version Nation. (1979)
- ***No Questions Asked*** LP (1980, Upsetter)
- ***A Minute to Pray, a Second to Die*** LP (1981, Ruby/Slash)
- ***Forever Came Today*** LP (1982, Ruby/Slash; Expanded Music [ITALY])
- ***American Youth Report*** Compilation LP Flesh Eater song: "Pony Dress" (1982, Invasion/Bomp)
- Flexi comp w/last issue of TAKE-IT! magazine from Boston. Song: "River of Fever (live)." (1982)
- ***A Hard Road to Follow*** LP (1983, Upsetter)
- 7" w/*Forced Exposure* magazine."Mother's Worry" by Divine Horsemen (demo 1985) and song: "Divine Horseman" by the Flesh Eaters (live at Maxwell's in Hoboken, N.J., 1982) (1987)
- ***Destroyed By Fire—Greatest Hits*** LP/CD/CASS. CD & Cass have two extra tracks. (1987, SST)
- ***Prehistoric Fits—Greatest Hits, Vol. 2*** LP/CD/CASS (1990, SST)

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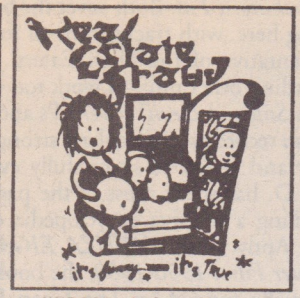
CCR003 Tough Guy 7"
"Right away I knew this 7" was good. In fact, it is totally great. Real Estate Fraud manages to pull off the same old punk guitar riffs and bass lines with style as well as adding some clever drum beats and patterns... Well worth your time and money!" (Punk Planet #19)



NNR001 It' s Funny 'cause It' s True 7"
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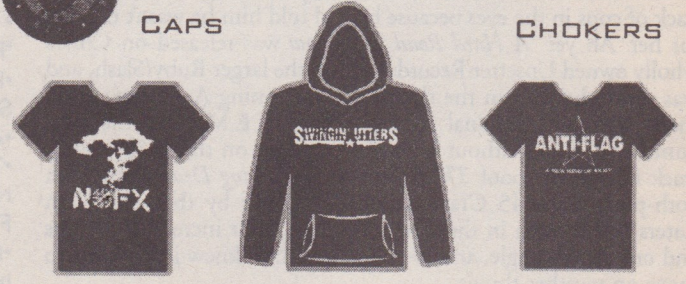

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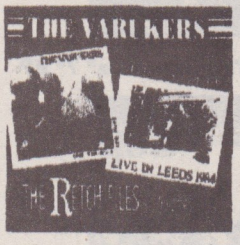

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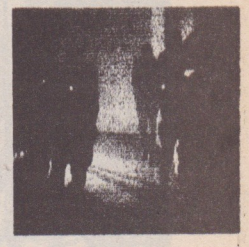

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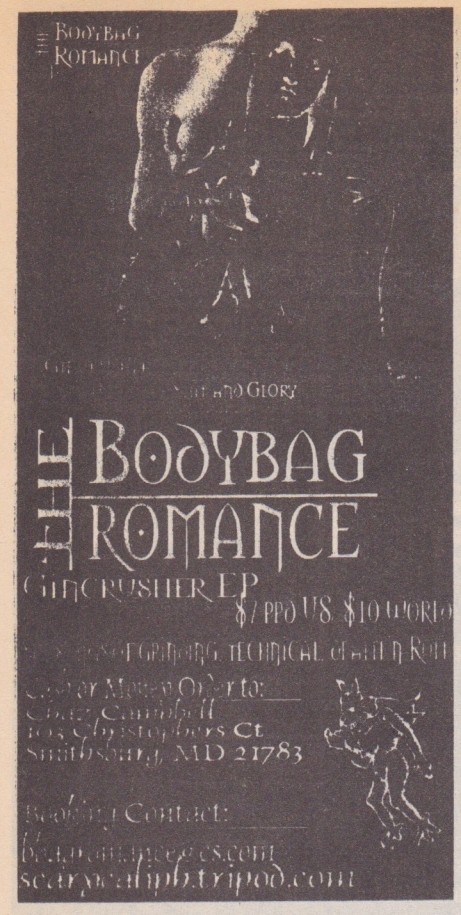

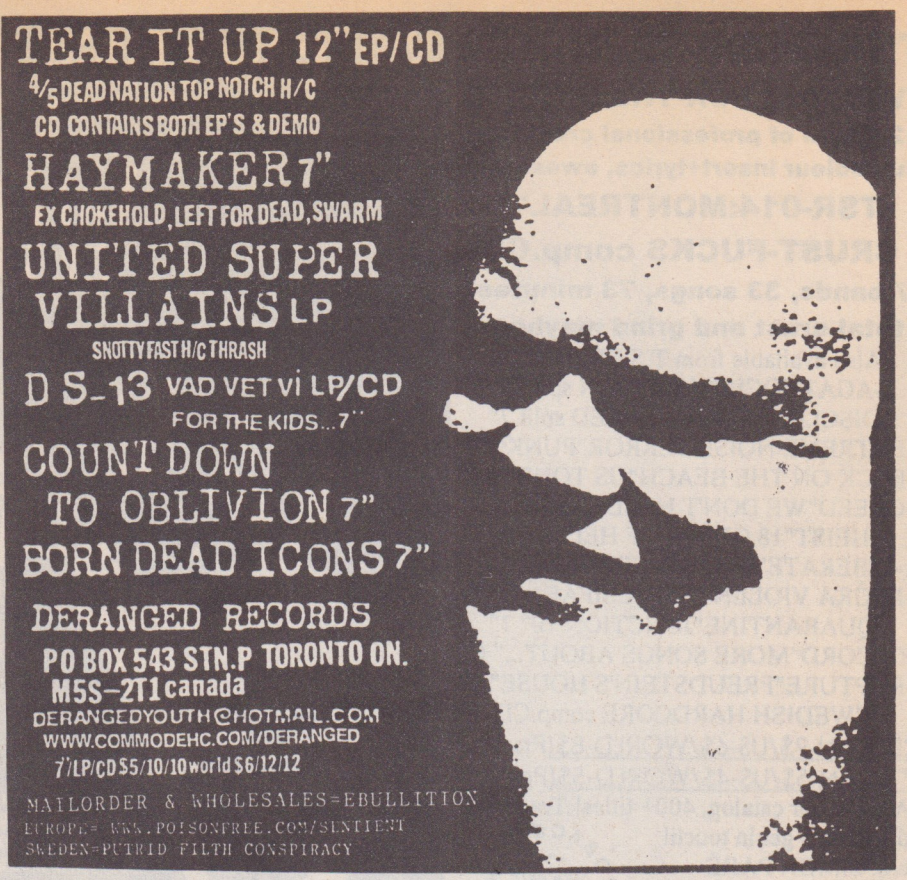

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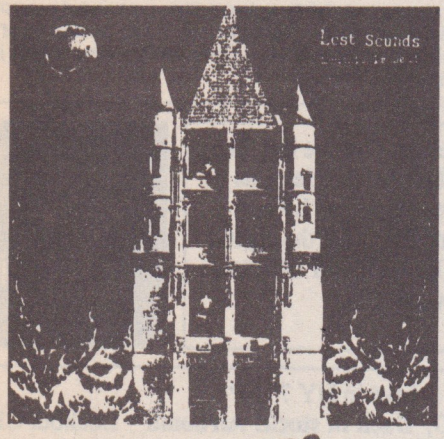

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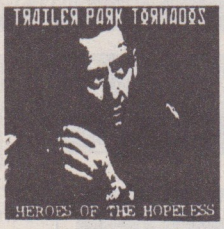

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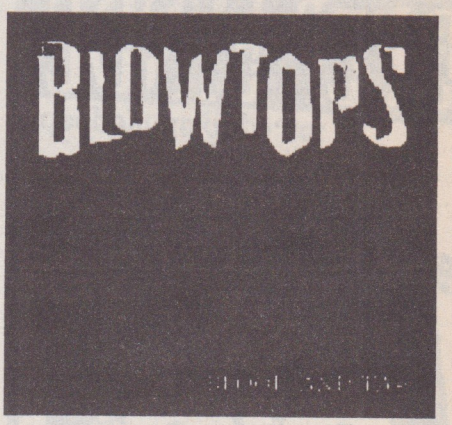

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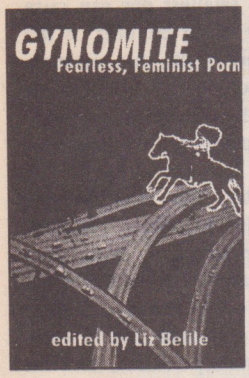


Now this is exciting smut. I've long been a believer that feminism and pornography can fit together in a warm and tingly sort of way, but rarely do I get to see it done so well. This is a collection of forty-two pieces about sex by a diversity of women who are clearly not ashamed of their desires. Hence, the inclusion of "fearless" in the title is absolutely accurate; the writers' lack of shame or guilt translates easily through each essay and story.

Don't get me wrong, though; some of the pieces are definitely of the raunchy sort, which can be challenging to say the least for she who is used to nothing but the most vanilla of erotica. And this is certainly porn. (What's the difference, you ask? The first story of the collection, "The Difference Between Erotica and Pornography," by Ms. Belile, should shed some light for those who are still confused.) As the back of the book jacket describes, the rest of the pieces include "Lesbians writing gay male sex... straight chicks writing as horny men...girly girls getting macha, older broads bucking wild..." realistically complete with descriptions of "...butt zits, saggy tits, wiry nipple hair, jellyroll bellies, knife fetishes, and all." And did I mention that some of the stories are really, really hot? "Thing fer Skinny," by Ms. Belile yet again, especially stands out in my mind. It was the first one of the collection I read, and I've re-read it six times since. The tale involves one gorgeous little tattoo artist boy, a male roommate/bandmate of his, and the female narrator. Oh, and a lot of blood, nakedness, and not to mention, ménage-à-trois, Let me tell you, soaked my panties instantly.

For one who has already put quite a bit of effort into accepting my turn-ons and fetishes without embarrassment (even if I choose to keep them to myself), this collection is refreshing as hell. Because even having put forth that aforementioned effort into accepting that "dirty," often private and secret part of my mind/clit, I still occasionally feel ashamed when Penthouse Letters gets me wet with their tired formulas and horribly sexist and racist stereotypes. And let's face it, the authors of those letters ain't catering to chicks like me. So hooray! for *Gynomite*, which is definitely for me. Every bit of writing in here is interesting, unique, and best of all, believable. Not that each story is a fantasy-cum-reality for each author, but I think I'm correct in my assertation that each of these women are writing for themselves first and foremost. I'll be re-reading this book for years to come, I'm sure. The essays are smart and witty. The pornographic fantasies are sexy, real, and interesting. Everything in the collection is challenging in some way, whether it be to the rules and conventions in my head by which I judge porn with my ridiculously limited notions of what is allowed to be deemed "sexy" or a "turn-on," or perhaps I'm challenged and inspired to write my own smut. —Amy Watson

Male Lust: Pleasure, Power, and Transformation •
Kerwin Kay, Jill Nagle, Baruch Gould, Editors
350 pages • $24.95
Harrington Park Press • 10 Alice Street • Binghamton, New York • 13904-1580

"Understanding the effects of privilege and power is a critical factor in understanding male sexuality because men constitute a privileged class. Systems of power, such as male dominance, do not leave the powerful untouched. The very exercise and maintenance of power actively shapes the lives of the powerful. The superstud with his ever-ready dick is admired and envied, yet the requirements of his position keep him tightly confined. Failure to achieve success, to come up limp, spells disaster. Men experience powerlessness precisely because they are expected to be in control, to be real men."

I am aware that everyone can have problems. That being in a position of power and privilege in our society doesn't necessarily exempt one from tragedy. I know that you can't compare suffering because there is no hierarchy of pain. What may not seem so bad to one can be outright devastating to another. Yes, losing a million dollars in the stock market is just as painful to that individual as losing a job and the means to pay rent is to the now homeless individual. Yes, I understand that everyone has feelings and everyone, even rich, white, heterosexual men can get hurt. But, the big difference is that rich, white, heterosexual men rule the world. They don't experience oppression on a daily basis; they are the cause of it. They benefit from the suffering of others. So don't expect me to have sympathy because the oppressor is tired of oppressing. Or because they can't take the pressure of being powerful and privileged. The man who gets carpal tunnel from beating his wife, the CEO of a hugely successful company that is hit hard with capital gains taxes, the SUV driver who complains about the cost of filling his gas-guzzling tank... Boo fucking hoo.

Editor Kerwin Kay says that *Male Lust: Pleasure, Power and Transformation* is necessary because it breaks through the silence surrounding male sexuality. *Male Lust* sets out to challenge the dominant image of the male as unemotional sexual predator, to offer a more diverse and individualized take on male sexuality. To show that men have individual experiences and emotions that do not necessarily fit the mainstream images. But most important, to encourage straight men who are looking for new models of sexuality and want to have some real discussion about what's happening emotionally around sex. The emphasis is on straight men, because gay men, who have been oppressed in terms of their sexuality, have been confronting these issues for years. And outside of the gay community, there is relatively little written about the subject of male sexuality. But does there need to be? Like all aspects of mainstream culture, sexuality is white, male, heterosexual, upper and middle class in its point of view and assumptions. Male sexuality is an intrinsic, pervasive part of life, it forms our beliefs, dominates our culture and determines our laws. Capitalism, politics, sports, religion, education, health insurance, marriage, and

sports utility vehicles are all based on male sexuality. It seems redundant even to say "male sexuality" but then again, I'm a female. Kay seems to understand this point already. He writes, "Unlike marginalized men, whose social identities are constantly at issue (and therefore reinforced) privileged men move in a world where they constitute the ordinary. Because a privileged man's life is 'unremarkable' he is less likely to know how his social position affects his life." Strange that Kay never stopped to think that what may be unremarkable for him, what he might perceive as a silence surrounding male sexuality is quite deafening to those it excludes.

But the editors did do a fabulous job in piecing together a broad-ranging collection of contrasting viewpoints. Not to mention a few that have seldom been heard before. Contributors come from all walks of life. Minority as well as majority groups, male, female, gay, lesbian, straight, bisexual, transgendered, white, black, Hispanic, Asian, educated, and the not-so-educated. From within the mainstream as well as far off the beaten path. These disparate voices bring new concepts and ideas, that extend the common understanding of what it is to be male, what is considered sexual and what it means to have Male Lust.

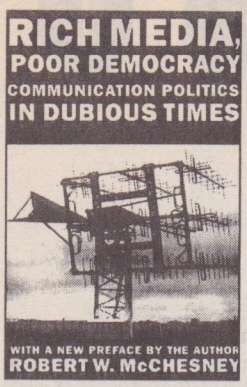
And it's these individual voices that make this book worthwhile. Steven E. Brown offers a rarely-heard viewpoint of a sexually active disabled person in "Movie Stars and Sensuous Scars." He shows that a disability, in it of itself, is not a deterrent of sexual longing nor an automatic repellent against perspective suitors. But it wasn't until after he learned to accept and love his own body that he gained the confidence to give and receive sexual pleasure.

John Ward's "Making Room for Roy: A Survivors' Journey to Wholeness," Martin Phillips' "What I Learned from One Mean Fucker" and Andrew Clark's "Missing Parts" each deal with male sexual abuse. While women are all too familiar with the horrors of rape, it's still considered an anomaly to be a male rape victim. Which in a way, is too bad, because each showed a greater sensitivity towards women as well as a deeper understanding of the damaging effects when sex is confused with power and/or violence. A hard lesson to learn otherwise as shown by Phillips, "Is rape considered more degrading for male than for female victims? Perhaps so, in the minds of those who hold archaic beliefs about manhood and gender. These subtle attitudes linger and, in some sense, represent the triumph of the idiot. This graceless state of mind is part of the rape conditioning men possess..." I'm not ignoring the devastating effects rape has on men, but for those who refuse to have empathy for others, maybe experiencing a little sexual violence first hand will work to change those archaic beliefs...

"Questions about sex are intimately linked to questions of power. For men, the connections between sex and power show themselves in an assortment of ways, the portrayal of sex as a competitive game, a matter of 'scoring', the image of sex as an intrinsically desirable commodity, a reward offered to those who achieve, or who at least buy the right car, the valorization of the always-hard, always-ready dick. These same messages are repeated again and again, in innumerable forms and innumerable instances and in their repetitions, the lies become familiar, expected and unremarked upon."

Male Lust does bring up certain issues that get ignored in mainstream culture. But I don't think it changes the dominant stereotype of male sexuality. Instead of presenting men who actively work to change this image, *Male Lust* presents men who, for a variety of reasons, were never expected to fit this image in the first place. Or men that have had a personal experience not commonly shared by other men, that gives them an entirely different perspective. Gay men, disabled men, transsexuals, women—even men of color—were never included in the image of "real men." So of course they offer experiences and insight that challenge the stereotype. Of course their reality is different. Still, if this book succeeds in getting straight men and people in general to question the patriarchal mindset of our culture, it will be a resounding success. —Catherine Cook

Rich Media, Poor Democracy: Communication Politics in Dubious Times • Robert W. McChesney
427 pages • $17.95
The New Press • 450 West 41St Street, 6th floor • New York, NY • 10036



I attended a rollicking Jim Hightower talk a while back, for some benefit or other I can't quite recall. Jim Hightower is a folksy political commentator much like fellow Texan Molly Ivins, only he does a radio show instead of a syndicated newspaper column. Both Ivins and Hightower also author popular books and Hightower's writing, like his speaking, leans decidedly to the left with a strong populist flair and an earthy sense of humor. "Even the smallest dog can raise its leg against the tallest building" is the nugget I remember from that evening. Anyway, I noticed Jello Biafra in the audience on that occasion, so afterwards I approached him and asked why he was there.

"I'm looking for material for my spoken word," Jello told me with that oddly inflected lisp.

Robert W. McChesney's *Rich Media, Poor Democracy* is where really interesting commentators like Jim Hightower get their material. This book is a methodical, comprehensive, democratic Marxist analysis of why we seem to have so many TV channels yet see so much utter garbage on them, and why we call ourselves a democracy yet never manage to get even half the electorate out to vote. McChesney says these two things are intimately related, and he musters more than enough evidence and argument in this well-researched study to prove his point. *Rich Media, Poor Democracy* is a Marxist analysis in one of the worst possible ways as well. The book is not overly long at 320-and-some pages of text, but its style and structure are prosaic and pedantic almost to a fault, making it feel much, much longer. McChesney is calling for a revitalized, democratic labor/Left alliance to take up the issue of democratizing the media after all, except that he's likely to put people to sleep rather than rally them to the barricades. So unless you're willing to endure an uninspiring academic effort here, I'd wait for the likes of Jim Hightower to translate the otherwise extremely valuable arguments and information in *Rich Media, Poor Democracy* into a more usable format, juicing it up with a good dollop of grassroots outrage and unblushing humor in the process.

That this book and its message are not more accessible is a shame, because McChesney does have a genuine grasp of capitalist market forces and how they shape other aspects of our society. The vast, parallel political and communications wastelands we are familiar with in this country arise from past and ongoing "corporate concentration, conglomeration, and hypercommercialization" in the capitalist market that results in a handful of transnational corporations coming to dominate particular economic sectors; if not in outright monopolies then in cozy anti-competitive oligopolies. "The media have become a significant anti-democratic force in the United States and, to varying degrees, worldwide" as a consequence because while "[c]apitalism benefits from having a formally democratic system, [it] works best when elites make most fundamental decisions and the bulk of the population is depoliticized." Thus the corporate media actively discourages the unwashed masses from getting involved in political decision-making, for fear they might do something stupid like decide that the public airwaves actually belong to the public and insist that all media be nonprofit and noncommercial.

McChesney asserts time and again that there isn't "any necessarily 'conspiratorial' intent" behind these economic developments;

merely "rational market calculations," above-board "class interests," and the blind forces of inexorable capitalist development. In this he keeps with his mentors: the Baron/Sweezy/Magdoff "monopoly capital" school of Marxist analysis. And while I agree that you don't need to invoke the bogeyman of ruling-class conspiracy to account for the way things are or to steer up passions against the "undemocratic and corrupt" media oligopolies laid bare in *Rich Media, Poor Democracy*, the unmitigated ponderousness of McChesney's presentation, thanks to his gurus in political economy, tends to suck dry any anger or rage or fire such realities might engender. A case in point is when McChesney examines "the activities and holdings of the three most important global media firms—Time Warner, Disney, and News Corporation," what he terms "the holy trinity of the global media system." What we get is an exhaustive accumulation of mergers and acquisitions that certainly builds an awesome statistical mountain. However, nothing springs to life from this immense pile of facts remotely resembling the malignant, omnivorous capitalist behemoth with squirming, monopolistic tentacles reaching everywhere that's presently killing off public service and public participation as well as our public airwaves.

There are plenty of secondary issues in *Rich Media, Poor Democracy*, "[t]he decline, even collapse, of journalism as a public service," "the commercial carpet bombing of our children," the fallacy that "the Internet, or, more broadly, digital communication networks, will set us free," the new theology of neoliberalism, and the commercialization of the First Amendment among them. (Not all of these secondary issues work, by the way.) McChesney's arguments around severely limiting commercial free speech are unnecessarily tangled and muddy, and would benefit from confronting head-on the fiction that a corporation can be a legal individual. He manages to write an entire chapter on the Internet without mentioning the word porn, or that it's currently what's making money in cyberspace. He invests heavily in a history of the failed US broadcast reform movement of the 1920s and 1930s alongside that of its successful Canadian counterpart. From this history McChesney in part concludes: [w]ith the passage of the Communications Act of 1934 and the creation of the Federal Communications Commission, this U.S. broadcast reform movement disintegrated, and the profit-motivated basis of U.S. broadcasting was politically inviolate forever after." How in hell then did NPR, PBS and the CPB, let alone Pacifica, arise after the second World War if "broadcast structure was no longer a legitimate political issue, and the commercial basis of the industry became politically sacrosanct" after 1934? And his suggestions for changing things around? Building nonprofit and noncommercial media? Public broadcasting? Regulation and anti-trust? Absolutely tepid!

These minor quibbles aside, I return with my major objection to *Rich Media, Poor Democracy* from a slightly different perspective, by considering the role McChesney takes for himself in writing this book in the shadow of C. Wright Mills. "[A]s Mills understood better than anyone, the way forward—the way out—is for scholars committed to democracy to tell the truth about the system, to the end of assisting citizens to organize to change the system." Telling the truth for this scholar means writing chapter after chapter using one relentless expository structure. Tell the reader what you intend to write, write it out in excruciating conformity to your original outline, then conclude by summarizing what you just wrote. In a word, boring.

Not that you can't find good material in *Rich Media, Poor Democracy*, if you dig deep enough. Disney has its own planned community outside Disney World in Orlando, "replete with Disney-run schools and social services." It seems Franklin D. Roosevelt signed onto the Communications Act of 1934 so he could have his fireside chats. "Between 1988 and 1996 the ACLU and its branches received over $1 million in donations from Philip Morris, RJR Nabisco, and other tobacco companies." Somebody like Jim Hightower would have a field day with any one of these savory tidbits. I'm not suggesting that McChesney replace Mills' metaphor of the "scholar telling the truth" with a wisecracking, rabble-rousing populist, mind you. Instead, replace the ivory tower scholar with the dedicated muckraker.

Upton Sinclair depicted the appallingly grim life of working class immigrants in the Chicago stockyards in his controversial novel, The Jungle, and helped inspire legislation and reform in the US meat-packing industry. Jessica Mitford's non-fiction work about the US funeral business, *The American Way of Death*, similarly scandalized US society and spurred on a variety of social and legal reforms. The power of the written word resides not just in telling the truth, but in galvanizing people who read those words into fighting for the truth. A lesson for McChesney's next book no doubt. —"Lefty" Hooligan

The Autobiography of Abbie Hoffman • Abbie Hoffman

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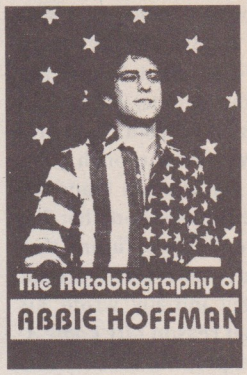


When I first read this book ten years ago, it was titled *Soon to be a Major Motion Picture*. At the time it demonstrated the counter-cultural sixties in a human form. Petty thief, to student protester, to the Yippies, and then to life on the run (from a probable conviction for a drug offense) Abbie Hoffman was the shining light of the radical left and the price paid for resisting the American way of life. I remember Abbie as a comedian with an analysis and saw his example as worth emulating.

When presented with this book again I was very wary. Abbie represents the worst and the best of the sixties, and revisiting something that meant a lot to me then, with my more cynical view now, concerned me. The way that hedonism was called rebellion and rock-and-roll was called revolution by the hippies represents the kind of jingoistic mentality that limits the possibility of a deeper social commentary, in my estimation. Not that punk rock isn't guilty of exactly the same crime, but that's a tale for another telling. But, hedonist that he was, Abbie was not a simple-minded hippie. Abbie was a committed radical, and an activist with seemingly endless energy. It seems as though, more than many, Abbie curbed his sense of humor with a dedication to the relevant issues of the day.

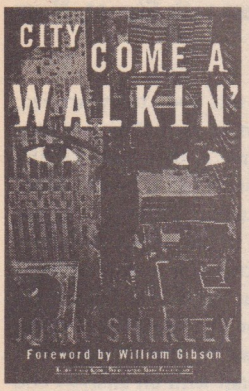
Which is to say that Abbie's autobiography was as inspiring to me today as it was years ago, although for very different reasons. Then I was inspired by the practical jokes that he and the Yippies were able to play on straight society. Now I am inspired by the telling of the very real difficulties with working non-hierarchically, of the perils due to Abbie's fame, of the petty personalities who rose (later) to positions of authority, and of the journey through all of this when, it seems, the world was against even the allusion to the world that Abbie and his cohorts articulated clearly.

This came at a great cost to Abbie personally. Even though he is fairly vague about the specific relationships that he had along the way, it is clear that he was a difficult person to stay close to, as the book is littered with the bridges he burned. As the sixties came to a close and living stopped being as black-and-white as resistance to the War, Abbie seemed to become an anachronism and this tension weighed heavily. After getting busted for drugs Abbie was faced with the difficult decision, go on the run or go to jail. He chose life underground and it is clear that such a life is not healthy. The pages of his life underground drip with paranoia and neurosis. And although the

end of his life underground involved very little judicial punishment it also didn't fix what was broken while under.

Abbie died of an apparent suicide in 1989 in the midst of a depression. He lived and died like a rock star and represents the classic archetype of the Fool; while laughing at him you realize that you are actually laughing at yourself. Clearly he is not my contemporary, but his culture (both normative and counter-cultural) is not unlike mine. For this reason, and due to just how fucking interesting his life and times were, is this story worth telling and reading. —Aragorn

City Come A Walkin' • John Shirley
216 pages • $13.95
Four Walls Eight Windows • 39 West 14th Street, Room 503 • New York, NY • 10011



The most telling part of reading *City Come A-Walkin'* was discovering after the fact that my copy of John Shirley's novel is a reprint of a novel that was first published almost twenty years ago. That impressed me because the descriptions of the people, clubs, and urban landscapes all seemed completely plausible to me, even though John Shirley's story is set in a San Francisco of the future. (Did I mention that I'm from the Bay Area?) It's a future that probably seemed a lot more distant when John Shirley initially wrote his novel than it does today, and maybe for that reason *City Come A-Walkin'* comes off as being possibly more political than it was probably ever meant to be. The technology and corporately-controlled machinations described in *City Come A-Walkin'* are actually a tangible reality in 2001, albeit not yet on the level of those imagined by John Shirley. Unfortunately, it's not that far a stretch before we will soon be reaching a similar level dependence on technology. If we ever do arrive at that point, then perhaps we will also be cleansed of the corruption that comes with it by the spirit of our beloved City? If so we will also have to deal with the fact that City cannot do certain things without help from humans, and if our City is anything like the City in John Shirley's novel, then we will also be at the mercy of a spineless, unsympathetic, weak-minded loser that screws up almost everything he is instructed to do, only to be saved time and time again by the strangely powerful City, and the spirits of other cities (Even Sacramento, although I find it hard to believe that Sacramento has a spirit force—although it does take on the appearance of a hooker). The question we will be left with is the same one I was left with after reading *City Come A-Walkin'*: whether or not the temporary cleansing of corrupt forces in major cities will result in anything positive for the everyday folks that John Shirley is best suited to write about. The novel doesn't really attempt to answer that question, or the other nagging question that begs to be acknowledged, even if it can't be answered conclusively. Why would Catz Wailen, the sexy singer/songwriter psychic, so suddenly (even though she claims rather unconvincingly to have been in love from almost the first moment they met) fall head over heels for Cole, an overweight, middle-aged club owner, with whom she'd been friends for a number of years without ever finding herself so emotionally and physically attracted? Could the sudden appearance of City have caused Catz's testimonial, even though she's wary of City's intentions almost as soon as City makes its fears and wishes known? Oh, where is a book-of-the-month club when you need one?

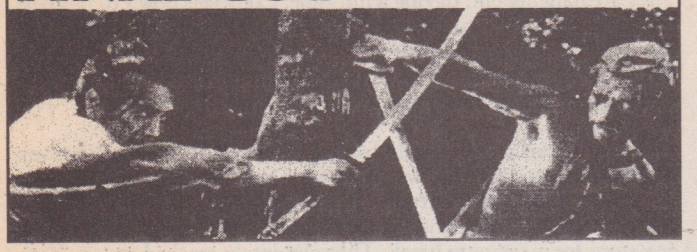
The basic premise of *City Come A-Walkin'* is that cities around the world are being destroyed by corporations and a high level of corruption that involves politicians, CEOs, and even the mafia. Cash is of no value because everyone uses cards that are linked to debit accounts; religious organizations have become terrorists and pawns for those in power; and because everything is linked by computers and a handful of corporations, the individual characteristics of cities and those that inhabit them are ultimately being rendered obsolete by the greedy powers-that-be. It turns out the cities themselves have an energy and presence that has been completely unaccounted for in the plans of those who wish to destroy them. In San Francisco, Cole and Catz encounter their city, which they call "City," in Cole's club where Catz is performing her improvised lyrics to what Shirley calls "angst rock." Catz is so sensitive that she is slightly psychic, and so she picks up City's vibe even before Cole has recognized that City looks slightly different from most of his regular clientele. City is dressed like he is a g-man in some 1950's film noir, except for the reflective mirror shades that are bonded with the skin around the temple area of his head. Cole and Catz give chase when City leaves the club, and it is then that they are able to get a sense for the power and information that City posseses. He can help and hurt with equal efficiency, and he reveals from the start that his targets for attack are not random, but directly connected to his objective of saving himself and the city that Cole is unable to tear himself away from. His powers, it turns out, are inconsistent and not very effective in the daytime, so City enlists Catz and Cole to help him with his plans for destroying the forces that are trying to destroy him.

Cole is in love with San Francisco, and so he is likewise wedded to City and his plans. Catz is not so convinced, and it turns out that she is in love with Cole and fears for his safety. Catz tries to come clean about her feeling and fears, which makes her a threat to City's plans, and hence she finds her own life in danger. Cole says that he loves Catz as well, but not as much as he loves City obviously, which isn't much of a suprise seeing as Cole is still a gutless, moronic, loser of a human being. The City knows this of course, which makes Cole the perfect sucker for City's plans. Cole doesn't realize to what degree he is being sacrificed by City, and even if he did he wouldn't be able to comprehend the fate that is soon to befall him. He is being used, which perhaps makes Cole feel youthful and wanted, recalling his days as a male prostitute. This fact of Cole's life is the only similarity that likely exists between his character and Catz, who is sexually compulsive, which I'm guessing may be caused by some childhood abuse or family dysfunction she suffered.

If you are a fan of *Blade Runner*, then you will likely find *City Come A-Walkin'* a good read, because the future described in it is an immediate one, but no less frightening than those that would have our world being invaded by aliens with a thirst for human blood, or some similarly horrific fate. It's interesting how both *Blade Runner* and *City Come A-Walkin'* anticipate the presence of trendy-looking punks in the future, and yet we can see now that punks are no longer so easily stereotyped by fashion, not to mention the overwhelming influence that MTV and hip-hop were to have on the nation's youth after these two works were completed. Details like these, and the fact that John Shirley held a poetry reading at Gilman and proved himself to be a complete and utter jackass, does not make *City Come A-Walkin'* any less entertaining and thought-provoking to read. —Jay Dead

MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



SWORDS DON'T KILL PEOPLE, PEOPLE KILL PEOPLE

Nagisa Oshima has always tried to shake up his audiences — and as often as not he succeeds. Many of his earliest films were contemporary tales of raw, feral youth; later, in the mid-seventies, he released **In the Realm of the Senses**, which was (and is) banned in his native Japan for its explicit hardcore sex. A short time later, he directed **Max Mon Amour**, a touching French love story between Charlotte Rampling and a 300 pound chimp.

Taboo isn't quite as extreme as **Max Mon Amour**, but it has some of the same straight-faced humor. It's 1865, and the traditions of the samurai are about to give way to the ways of the west. The Shinsen-gumi samurai patrol, responsible for helping maintain public order for the shogun (and therefore the status quo), is recruiting for new talent, and they've found two worthy young men. One is Hyozo Tashiro (Tadanobu Asano), a vigorous but still untested talent; the other is the inscrutable Sozaburo Kano (Rhuhei Matsuda), who's so young that he hasn't even cut his forelocks yet — one of the traditional signs of boyhood. The problem is that he's so cute that even men who "aren't that way" start to think of him "in that way," quite to their own surprise. Several of the men start vying for Kano's affections, which can't be good for morale. One swarthy samurai says he could die a happy man if only he could share the rising sun with Kano; soon enough, he gets his wish. He also dies at Kano's sword. Captain Hijikata (Beat Takeshi, in a rare deviation from his usual cop and yakuza roles) is the first to suspect that something is awry with his new recruit, though most everyone else is so smitten with the boy that they can't see clearly. When several samurai are found dead, Hijikata is forced to test the loyalty of his recruits — until he suddenly realizes he may have made a fatal mistake.

Taboo works well enough as a samurai adventure cum psychological study, but it's hard to penetrate its surface and figure what it's all supposed to mean. (Aside from its gay samurai concept, this comes off a pretty thin movie.) But when young Kano twists the emotions of his cohorts with sadistic glee, certain that his youth will win over even the most straight-arrow of the troops, it's clear that battles of wits eclipse any of the swordfights here. Kano is a perverse antihero aware of the fleetingness of his own youth and power, and he makes use of it any way he can, destructive or not. He's both the flower and the perversion of the samurai ethic; in merely a few years, the Meiji era would embrace modernization — which would spell the last days of the samurai.

In the Mood for Love is a clever romance certain to appeal to those with a cinematic bent. It's directed by Wong Kar-Wai, maybe Hong Kong's best dramatic filmmaker ever, a filmmaker who he has access to deep-pocket production values and all the top-flight talent. This one of my instant favorites of the new year, a clever romance that's not quite a romance. Chow Mo-wan (Tony Leung) is a sensitive, pragmatic typesetter who recently has been having words with his wife; in recent days, it seems she's always out. Moving into an adjacent apartment at the same time, Su Li-Zhen (Maggie Cheung) is deeply in love with her husband, but he's always away on business trips to Japan. Often, Chow and Su's mates are away at exactly the same time, and they come to realize (at about the same time) that they're mates are cheating on them. Both are good looking, and clearly attracted to one another. Su takes refuge in Chow's apartment during her roommates' all-night gambling parties, and Chow picks her mind for inspiration for his martial arts serials which have begun to appear in local magazines. Their romance develops, but never quite consummates. It's the early 60s, but Chow and Su both rather old-fashioned in their sexual habits. Instead, they play a dangerous game: instead of having an affair, they play-act the roles of their mates as they imagine they might have acted meeting for the first time, or what they might be doing on a given night out. In other words, they cheat on their mates without really cheating; the pair hope to gain small insights into their spouses without quite getting revenge. All that separates the pair is a wall; they might as well be living in the same apartment. There's a good argument that they're more psychologically intimate with each other than with their own mates. The only question that remains for them is how far to go with their game.

The photography is always a treat in Wong Kar-Wai films, and there's a moody linoleum tint to the celluloid that gives the illusion of 1962 Hong Kong (even though most of this was filmed in Thailand).

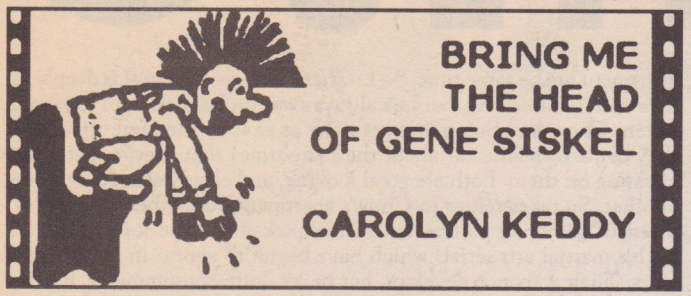
If In the Mood for Love sounds intriguing, you might want to check out Wong Kar-Wai's classic **Chungking Express**, the film chosen to kick off Quentin Tarantino's Rolling Thunder film series. (The Tarantino version also contains eight additional minutes — and it's well worth seeking out.) It's the story of two HK cops, badge numbers 223 (Takeshi Kaneshiro) and 663 (Tony Leung), as they search for love in a disconcerting urban world where time is worth more than they realize.

Dateless and down on his luck cop 223 compounds his bad fortune by falling for dope smuggler Brigitte Lin (hidden somewhere behind a trench coat, blond wig and sunglasses), who mows down her enemies with aplomb (actually, a gun). He spends his time moping in his apartment, playing with model airplanes and having dialogues with a selection of stuffed toys, cabinets, aquarium fish, dishrags, soap, himself — basically, anything that'll listen. His odd culinary habit involves eating canned food with expiration dates corresponding to his last breakup, a diet which includes gorging on Sunkist pineapple (with salt, catsup, hot sauce) and other exotic combinations. The food may bring back old memories, but it's not going to bring his girlfriend back. And he has no chance winning over stone killer Lin. Brigitte Lin's action sequences are filmed with a fantastically exciting jerk-motion photography that's not uncommon in HK films; but it's never been done better — breathtaking whirls of violence and escape.

The movie is divided into two parts, and ectomorphic Faye (Faye Wong, who bears more than a slight resemblance to Lin) takes the baton in the second half. She's the Chungking Express counter girl who listens to "California Dreaming" over and over on her stereo (the audience hears it seven times), falls in love with cop 663, gets his apartment keys and cleans up, putters around. (We even hear Wong's terrific cover of the Cranberries' "Dreams" on the soundtrack.) Eventually, she goes to California as a flight attendant — just as cop 663 falls for her, another romance lost to bad timing. Clocks are almost an extra character in this movie — a device shared with In the Mood for Love.

Chungking Express is a surprisingly bright treatment of lives and loves out of synch. Cops 223 and 663 are men of ingrained habits and predictable beats who find it difficult to forget old relationships...but as soon as they do, the prospective women in their lives have grown, found someone else, or have begun chasing some other dream. The 663 is particularly out of synch; he buys the doomed

Chungking Express food counter after the old owner abandons it to start a trendy karaoke bar. HK and Kowloon residents in particular will appreciate the film's irony; in real life, the whole complex where the movie takes place was on the verge of being demolished for redevelopment, and it no longer exists. This movie about the evanescence of love shows how things that make up a nostalgic parts of our world can simply vanish into thin air — almost like listening to a song, or watching a movie. – Steve Spinali



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

THERE'S NOTHING GAY ABOUT BEING ANGRY, YOU GUYS

I want to commission an artist to do a painting for me. Now before everyone writes in saying I should commission him or her, I'd like to mention that I already have someone in mind. To me, she is the greatest painter ever. I already have a piece of her work in my house so you know I'm a fan. It would be so cool to become the new Peggy Guggenheim. I need an air of eccentricity. I saw two movies this month on the topic of art that got me thinking about this whole artist commission thing.

The first is a collection of shorts that was sent in to me. I am surprised people have finally started reading this column, though I know why. It's all thanks to my new, super cool heading logo. I want to thank Nellie Nelson, it was her idea, and Michael Millett, who helped lay it out. I did the cool drawing. If I had only known it was that easy to get everyone's attention, I would have done it a long time ago.

The video collection is called **Emotional Massacre**. It starts out with a very funny piece of animation called "**The Best Day Ever.**" It's only a couple of minutes long and stars then man behind the collection Cody Critcheloe. I like that the credits are narrated as they appear on the screen. It's a nice, friendly touch. Cody is having a bad day and is depressed. 'It's the worst day ever," he complains, contemplating suicide. Then his friend Rachel reminds him that soon they will be dead because of all the bad things they do, like smoking, eating red meat, drinking booze and smoking pot. There is a great deal of excitement and the high pitched voices drive my cat crazy. The animation is simple cutout crayon drawings.

Then **Emotional Massacre** starts to get kind of silly. Some cartoons with interchanging heads and a Goth girl on a short bus. A piece about Lydia Lunch getting fat. That one kind of annoyed me. A note to Rachel, when you get older, you're gonna get fatter too. You deserve to become a big blob. A couple of music videos of the band Ssion. The music is pretty cool. The band is stiff, but the singers, Cody and Rachel, scream and run around. I was watching this with the former guitarist of A.P.P.L.E. Michael Millett and he was pleased that Rachel was showing her peace punk roots by wearing an A.P.P.L.E. jacket. There's a live performance of Ssion that for some reason has popular songs dubbed over it. I'll assume there was a good reason for that, like the music was so bad that they needed to use something else or maybe the microphone wasn't working so the sound didn't record. I didn't want to listen to Madonna's "Burning Up" or Psychedelic Furs' "Love My Way" so I just fast-forwarded that part. A very funny imitation of Courtney Love by filmmaker Cody Critcheloe filmed at a talent show. In that one the dubbed in music was at least relevant to the performance. He is imitating Courtney Love and lip syncing to the music. All these pieces prepare you for the "full-length feature" which is really a 20 minute short.

The main event is titled **I'm Serious**. I can't make up my mind whether it is a brilliant piece of parody or an honest portrayal of the filmmaker and actors' naivete. Either way it's great. It starts off with interviews with different artists discussing their art. The pretension of young artists and their naivete are captured so precisely. I am amazed. It seems as if each actor has picked an artist from their Modern Art textbook and pretended to be that person. The best interview is with a female artist Shannon who spits and paints dicks. She acknowledges that another artist Janine Antoni has done a similar thing, but points out the difference is that she is spitting on the paintings of the dicks. Each interview ending with Cody asking if they are pissed off. Each one is so they agree to meet at Cody's house to do something about it.

At Cody's house everyone doesn't seem so mad anymore. They are hanging out, having a fun time. Cody gets down to business. He wants a revolution. Everyone half-heartedly agrees to do it. Then when they are to meet the next night everyone is late and about half the group shows up. Cody is yelling at the ones who do show up. He is so mad, but the people present want to have the revolution. That shuts him up.

There are obviously budget restraints so we don't get any real destruction, but what we do is see is fun. People running around screaming, knocking over trash cans. Cody grabs a tree, in a gesture of pulling it out of the ground, while yelling, "I hate trees!" Then everyone stops for a cigarette break. That absolutely cracked me up. Yeah, have a revolution, but we need to take a break and at the same time support one of the biggest corporations there is. That'll show them. Here Cody gives his great speech with a nice close up shot. "There is nothing gay about being angry, you guys. This is about art. This is about being American and this is about not voting." It's very dramatic, in a silly way, and inspires everyone to run through the halls of a school, screaming, knocking chairs over, and going in to the bathroom to flush the urinals and throw toilet paper about. Very low budget, but it gets the point across. I watched it a couple of times. Fantastic.

If I were actually going to become an art patron, I would choose to support someone like Cody Critcheloe over someone like Jackson Pollock. I know it's hard to believe, perhaps blasphemous to any art lovers out there, but after watching **Pollock**, I'd know I'd want to support someone with imagination and creativity and who seems, at least a bit, fun. Ed Harris' portrayal of the painter is that he is either self-absorbed in his painting (that I guess he should be) or a slobbering, rude, obnoxious drunk. No matter what state he's in, he is never nice to anyone. There are a lot of people around helping him out: his brother's wife who puts up with all his shit, his wife who puts up with all shit and his biggest critical supporter who doesn't really put up with any of his shit, but he offers lots of constructive criticism and is a big fan.

It seems that movies about painters always come across very negatively. I would rather not know anything about this person. I felt the same way after seeing **Basquiat**. I would like to believe that all artists aren't that selfish. Then it hits me that in this movie Lee Krasner who is as equally talented as Pollock. When they meet she shows him some of her paintings. He even compliments her on one. She comes across as amazingly strong compared to him. She can fix her own breakfast and talk to people civilly while remaining a painter. I wonder why she would put her career on hold while helping an asshole like him become famous. Of course, the movie's not about her so I should keep my thoughts on the subject at hand.

I guess you are supposed to feel that this is a tragedy. He's a brilliant painter whose life is cut short. But he is shown as a bloated drunk who's losing his popularity. I started feeling like I couldn't wait for him to die. I know it's going to happen and after what seemed like an eternity of people pretty much handing him a career (the film is less than two hours), I kept wondering when. The "dramatic" car crash at the end was a bit much. Lots of screaming and jumping about from the passengers and then the car disappears into some shrubs. You don't even get to see the actual crash. Oh well.

If you'd like a copy of "**Emotional Massacre**" write to: Cody Critcheloe, PO Box 591, Lewisport, KY 42351, $8 ppd., codykennedy@hotmail.com.

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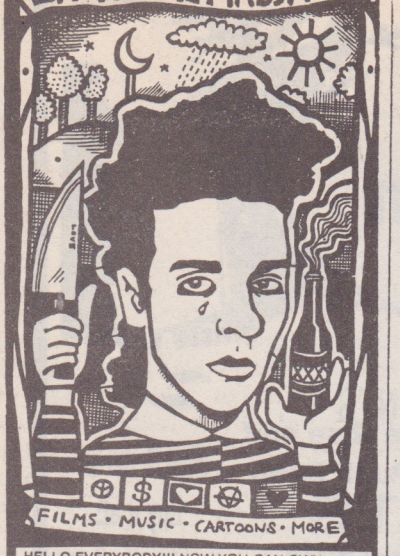

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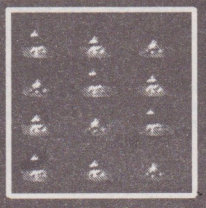

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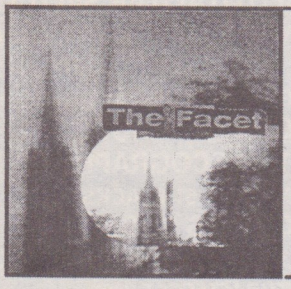


THE FACET
"adult comedy"
cd/lp nbr-011
cd-$8
lp-$7
cd/ep-$6

"preventing explosion"
cd/ep nbr-010
QUALM
notbadrecords.sexypage.net

RECORDS

Send MRR your release for review. Don't send wimpy, arty, emo, metal or MTV corporate rock shit here. Don't have your label give us follow-up calls as to whether we received and are reviewing a record. We want punk, garage, hardcore, and will review all those that fall within our area of coverage. Include post-paid price and contact information when mailing. If possible, send two copies of vinyl records (one for MRR, one for the reviewer). *We will review CDs, but just CD-only releases.* If on vinyl and CD format, send us the vinyl. We are reviewing cassettes again, so send HIGH quality cassette-only releases directly to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.* Staff: (PA) Peter Avery, (EC) Enrico Cadena, (RC) Rob Coons, (AC) Arwen Curry, (AD) Andy Darling, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (DD) Dr. Dante, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, (NF) Neale Fishback, (BG) Brian Gathy, (LH) Lance Hahn, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (TH) Tom Hopkins, (TJ) Tobia Jean, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (DL) Dulcinea Loudmouth, (RL) Ray Lujan, (BM) Bobby Manic, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (RM) Raimundo Murguia, (WN) Willie Nelson, (DP) Donna Poole, (SR) Sandra Ramos, (SP) Spencer Rangitsch, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (AS) Andrew Scott, (SS) Steve Spinali, (JT) Jessie Trashed, (WT) Will Thundercat, (MW) Max Ward, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White, (JY) Jeff Yih, (RY) Rema Young, (HY) Henry Yu.

ACK - "Play" CD

First of all, what's with the title of this CD? Who do they think they are, friggin' MOBY? The whole thing smacks of something that Asian Man would have released before they jumped on...err, *discovered* the emo bandwagon. It's a bit of BROADWAYS with the lesser elements of AMERICAN STEEL, and a bit of LATEX GENERATION (read: good hooks, formulaic). They might be the only anime-themed band from Brazil, for what that's worth. (RD)
(Caixa Postal 62526, Rio de Janeiro, RJ 22252-970, Brasil)

THE ACTION TIME - "Versus the World" LP

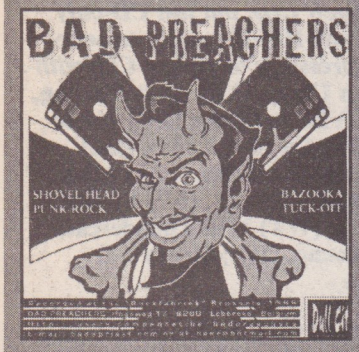
Yet another addition to the burgeoning genre of bands doing a musical '60s soul/pop collision with '70s punk, spouting manifestos about the power of youth culture and vague, rebellious politics. Sound familiar? They do have a very English take on things, though. Their clothes are stylishly mod (requisite) and belt back and forth between a male singer and three women backup singers. There's one or two songs where a lone woman sings, but they mostly just accent things, or go "bop-shoo-bop." ACTION TIME have energy and wayward hooks here and there, but for the most part, their songs don't stick with you, and their politics sound like empty posturing. Also, they lean a little too much on the new wave side of the fence for my comfort. I'll take MAKEUP or INTERNATIONAL NOISE CONSPIRACY over this any day. (BG)
(Southern, PO Box 577375, Chicago, IL 60657)

AKKOLYTE - "Future Fascists of America" EP

Two Texan heshers serve up a fat slice of distorted, sinister, bass-driven hardcore, complete with screamed vocals and metallic breakdowns. The absence of guitar makes the sound interesting, as they rely a lot more on rhythm for their power, rather than just cranking the guitars up to eleven or adding another overdub. The loose, raw recording adds a lot to this—any attempt to clean up their sound could have disastrous consequences! (AM)
(Chode Brand, 1138 N. Edgefield, Dallas, TX 75208)

ANGELIC UPSTARTS – "Anthems Against Scum" CD

This live disc comes pretty close to their recent show in song selection and sound. I love the UPSTARTS! The majority of the early stuff was great. I even loved the *Reason Why* LP. The songs here are mostly from their first five LPs as well as covers of "White Riot" and "If The Kids Are United." So why don't these guys kick ass live? Like their recent show, this is flat and slow sounding with tame guitar. This is a band full of punk legends so they have the experience. Is someone afraid (soundman or manager possibly) to tell them to pick it up or just plain turn it up? I hate to dis' the UPSTARTS but I can't sugarcoat this. Bummer. (RL)
(Insurgence, 2 Bloor St. W Suite 100-184, Toronto, Ontario M4W 3E2, CANADA, insurgence.net)



ANTI CIMEX - "Country of Sweden" CD

This is an absolutely essential re-release of 1990's *Country of Sweden* and the self-titled mini LP from 1986. The final 7 songs, the ones from the mini LP, are the ones that really make this re-issue worthwhile; the songs are still raw and intense, and lack the "professional" quality that makes the *Country of Sweden* tracks sound rather sterile. Don't get me wrong, the whole thing shreds, but sometimes there is a reason that "I only really like the early stuff, man." For example, check out "Scandinavian Jawbreaker" sometime...man, what a stinker! (WN)
(Distortion, Box 6294, 400 60 Gothenburg, SWEDEN)

ANTI-FREEZE – "Four Letter Words" CD

I couldn't tell whether this band likes BLINK or the ATARIS more. It's close. BLINK wins! Very unoriginal yet competent and enjoyable pop punk. For now this has me boppin', maybe next week I'll be ashamed. Such is the world of pop punk. (RL)
(Kung Fu, PO Box 3061, Seal Beach, CA 90740)

ARGIES - "A Media Asta" CD

This is really good. They sound very similar to the CLASH but in Spanish. (SR)
(Combative and Vampyr Discos, no address)

AUS-ROTTEN - "The Rotten Agenda" LP

This third LP from these raging anarcho-punx from Pittsburgh begins with an awesome sample mocking religious conspiracy theories about perversity of modern society—bonus points for the chant which starts out "Jesus" and slowly morphs into "Seig heil!" The sample provides the perfect segue to the explosive track "Modern Day Witch Hunt" which supplies the perfect starting point for this essential album mixing elements of CONFLICT, CRASS, CRUCIFIX and DISCHARGE. Solid, well thought-out and well-written lyrics attacking the church, sexism, the World Bank, capital punishment, and so much more—no one-line simple answers here! Once again, Adrienne from SPITBOY's voice joins in the mix- and her vox mix in perfect with Dave's growl. Awesome totally solid stuff here. Too bad this may well be their last effort—as they have recently broken up (but we've heard that before), but a what a powerful fucking piece of work to leave us with. Oh yeah, and how can I forget the cover—a priest with a pig's head holding a cross made from crucified dildos! Amazing! (MT)
(Rotten Propaganda, P.O. Box 42341, Pittsburgh, PA 15203)

BAD PREACHERS - "Punk Rock Show" EP

Toe-tappin', beer-swillin, circle-pittin', buzz-sawin' garage rock. Simple yet effective chord structures squeeze out two instrumentals, and two songs with vocals. With song titles like "Punk-Rock" and "Fuck Off," you should start to get the picture. (RC)
(Dull City, Marmorvin. 14A, 9800 Vadse, NORWAY, gt-john@online.no)

BANTAM ROOSTER - "I Gemini/Welcome to the Carrousel"

I'd heard these freaks before on a couple comps, years ago. Never quite tickled my bones with their experimental grunge. I just don't have patience for bands that rely too much on pile driver '70s riffs repeated ad nauseum. They don't seem to break much new ground with this one. I'm sure fans would love this guitar drums fuzz fest. I'm not one. Side two's "Welcome to the Carousel" is notable for its infusion of psychobilly-style vocals and background synth. They keeps things interesting in a way that's lacking in most of their other material. Still doesn't make it worth the price of admission. (BG)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

BIG IN JAPAN – "Destroy the New Rock" CD

I was looking forward to hearing this but did not expect to be blown away! Now this is a great, quirky but punky and energetic, record. Featuring Zac of ZOINKS and SCREECHING WEASEL fame and the rhythm section of the late great GAIN, this is a pop killer. But this is no pop punk. This is true to the early punk new wave of ELVIS COSTELLO mixed with the East Coast's great FIGGS. Throw in a dash of those GAIN-esque mod overtones. All done with loud guitars. One of the new year's best for sure! (RL)
(Honest Don's, PO Box 192027, San Francisco, CA 94119, biginjapan99@hotmail.com)

BILLYCLUB – "FUVM" CD

Not to be confused with the English super-group of the same name, these guys are from Texas and are way faster and angrier. This is the second review I've had this month that has a *Taxi Driver* sample. Dude, that is *so* 1983. Anyway, this is good straight-forward pissed-off furious punk. Remind me a little of old CRO-MAGS. *Hard.* (AD)
(Billyclub, PO Box 823276, Dallas, TX 75382, billyclub98@hotmail.com)

BLACK MARKET FETUS - Flexi EP

Pissed-off political grindcore. Fast and bass heavy with throat-shedding vocals. Bonus points for putting this out on a flexi. You don't see many of those anymore. (RC)
(3919 Grand Apt. #3, Des Moines, IA 50312)

BLEED - "Motor Psycho" CD

Don't get shit like this every day, except, apparently on Milwaukee's East side. These guys play intelligent retro-rock 'n' roll. Mixing '50s style and '60s spirit but bringing something of their own to the table. Raw, unclean, hip-shaking, and easy on the ears. Take yourself a listen. (RY)
(MuSick, PO Box 1296 Redondo Beach, CA 90278)

BLEED FOR ME – "You're Already Dead" EP

DEAD KENNEDYS song band name, and CRASS song for the title of the EP shows that these guys like the punk rock genre of music. Chugga chugga metallic geetars and sore throat screamy vocals, along with black 'n' white cover and depressing lyrics make this a definite party fave. Two bass players make this extra heavy. I'm going home to kill myself. (AD)
(Bleed For Me, 71 Brittania Dr, Buffalo, NY 14051)

BLEED FOR ME - "You're Already Dead" CD

The first part of this CD is all throbbing hardcore with tons of bass heavy breakdowns. There are some faster parts, but it mostly slowed down. The demo tracks that follow are actually a little better. And the last songs, that are from an upcoming LP, are faster and better than everything else. Just watch out for that really bad GORILLA BISCUITS cover song. (RC)
(Stick Boy, 26 Wells Ave., Buffalo, NY 14227, stickboychris@hotmail.com)

THE BLOW UP - "Microscope/Suicide Door"

I don't know why I think this sounds like the DWARVES; it sorta does and sorta doesn't. It sounds like this is a b-side release without a real strong tune on either side. (HM)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98225)

BLOWTOPS - "Blood and Tar" 10"

This is sleazy and evil, taking me right back to the nights I've spent laying in a ditch by the side of the road, seeing in red, white and black, running through the streets with no shoes, smoking crack on the street corner with some crazy lady as we cry together over our broken hearts. These songs sort of speak through some sort of malt liquor haze, like the music you would hear as you came into consciousness, looking up from the carpet of some cheap hotel and wondering how you got there. Distorted guitars, METEORS, redneck BIRTHDAY PARTY. They do a cover of "Richard Hung Himself" by DI which is slower than the original but still good.(JT)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195)

BLUTT - "Hors Phase" EP

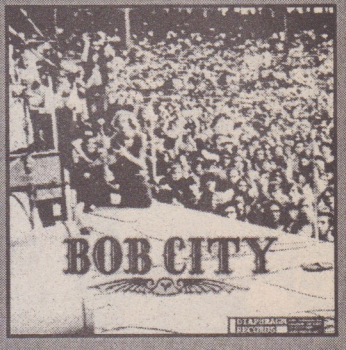
Strange single, the a-side is in a late-70's pop vein with a roots base, think Sire-era FLAMIN' GROOVIES or the ZIPPERS or something along those lines. The other side is straight-up rocking garage with swing 'n' feedback. Schizo. No complaints, uh, you'll probably never see it for sale anyway. (RW)
(Les Huenes Dactylographes 7, rue Germain Pilon, 75018. Paris, FRANCE)

BOB CITY/A PLANET FOR TEXAS - split EP

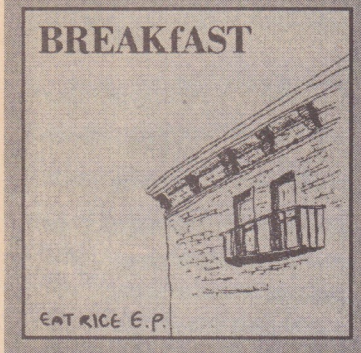
BLACK SABBATH, THIN LIZZY, and the STOOGES are all in BOB CITY's record collection, I'm sure, and I'd make bets they all share in a little ganja as well. In fact if you ask me I think they are even high as kites in their band photo. The first song is of the hard and heavy variety with the full-on guitar drama. The second song is the polar opposite with acoustic guitar and wobbly folk vocals. What the fuck? This is a fucking pain on my brain. On the flip, A PLANET FOR TEXAS sounds like something that didn't make the Van's Warped Tour. The lyrics are beyond gay. This is pure crap on a stick. Not worth the vinyl it was burned on. (DL)
(Diaphragm, 2480 Indianola Ave, Columbus, OH 43202)

BONES - "Screwed, Blued and Tattooed" LP

This is a pretty good rock and roll punk release. From Sweden, this has a DEVIL DOGS and GOTOHELLS feel. It's good to hear this stuff without the metal guitar heroics of, let's say, the HELLACOPTERS, or even TURBONEGRO. Although the songs do sound the same by the end, this is a strong full-length. (RL)
(Prison, Bissenkamp 17, D-44135 Dortmund, GERMANY, peoplelikeyou.de)



RECORDS



BORN AS A JOKE - "Gegen die Revolution" EP

Well, this band isn't doing anything too crazy. BORN AS A JOKE play poppy German ska-punk. I wish I knew what their singer was singing about. This is not bad at all, but I can't imagine ever putting this record on. (WT)
($7 ppd: C. Lampert, Unterm Ratskopf S8, 38855, Wernigerode, GERMANY)

BREAKFAST - "Eat Rice" EP

Spastic hardcore that maintains its sense of focus despite the fact they're all over the map musically. Another great Japanese band—one of the great things about knowing Max is knowing his tastes—almost without exception, if you see "625" on it, it rocks. I was a bit taken aback by the long instrumental towards the end, which didn't fit at all. Remove that, and what you've got are five blazing tracks of ferocious, demanding hardcore. More than enough variety and personality to keep things interesting, this is a powerhouse release. (Lyrics are that curious mix of Japanese and English when there's English involved at all—much of it wasn't translated.) Excellent. (TM)
(625/Bad Man c/o Martin Cesky, Nebrehovice 7 38601, Strakonice, CZECH REPUBLIC)

BUZZCOCKS - "Beating Hearts" LP

Have you ever heard the BUZZCOCKS? Well this sounds like the BUZZCOCKS playing their poppy brand of British new wave/punk rock in front of an audience of people at the Apollo Theatre in Manchester on October 27th 1978. This record is a nicely packaged double LP gatefold, pretty cool. Personally, I love the BUZZCOCKS, if you do too maybe you'd like to have this record. However, it's not an essential record to own. All of these songs have appeared in countless other live and studio recordings by this band. Nonetheless, I give it a thumbs up. (AS)
(Get Back, Abraxas srl-via Aretina, 25-50069, Sieci (Firenze), ITALY, buzzcocks.com)

CANDY SNATCHERS - "Bum/You Want What" 45

"You Want What? I Want More!!" Me too, motherfucker! The SNATCHERS still explode with such fury, that I feel I could hurt myself just listening. Or they're so good it hurts, whatever. They don't deny their fans a fucking thing, *ever,* and that's about as cool as it gets. Never enough! (RY)
(Solamente, 124 St. Marks Place No.2, Brooklyn, NY 11217)

CECILIA ET SES ENNUIS - "Les Interrogations Existinetielles" EP

On this true debut release, CECILIA ET SES ENNUIS, the lead vocalist from the NO-TALENTS (but dressed up so she might fit in with the SHOCKING BLUE) offers up three peculiar bits of neo-'60s pop distinguished by the intrusion of weird synth sounds and a distinctly light party feeling. Three songs, a bit limp and a bit too thin-sounding for my tastes. (SS)
(Wild Wild, BP 55-92120 Montrouge, FRANCE)

CHICKENHAWKS - "Live as Hell" EP

Yeah so this is a live recording and there's a woman doing the angry rock and roll singing. They call it rock and roll and I'm sure some would agree, but for a live record this doesn't shake me around and make me scream uncle like it should. I have no idea what band to compare this to...since there is a girl singer I will use the obvious X comparison.... Maybe like X doing slower groove-oriented MC5 covers. Yeah that's what I'll say. Hehehehe *excellent.* (BM)
(Steel Cage, PO Box, 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125)

CRIMINALS - "Extinct" CD

I have always been a fan of the CRIMINALS, so it pains me to write this. I wish they hadn't released this. It is not up to what I consider their usual standards. Three previously released songs, a silly cover, only four new songs, lyrics and cover all done up on a computer and not by hand. This just makes me sad, and listening to the CRIMINALS is supposed to piss you off. (DP)
(F.O.A.D., 4430 Telegraph Ave, PMB 72, Oakland, CA 94609)

CRISPUS ATTUCKS - "The First Album" CD

This is the first LP from a band who turned many heads a bit ago with their *Destroy the Teacher* LP. Noticed for their frantic delivery and unabashed fondness for speed, this is a fitting look back at their roots before the *Destroy* LP hit. Fourteen songs in a bit over twenty-four minutes, there's a rawness to this that wasn't so evident on the sophomore LP. Energetic, political and somewhat undeveloped (read the lyrics from several songs back to back and you'll see what I mean)—nothing to be ashamed of here—even this kicks ass on many bands's second and third releases. (TM)
($9 ppd: Soda Jerk, PO Box 4056, Boulder, CO 80306)

A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS/FALLING OVER DRUNK - split CD

A live set from each of these bands released as a split CD. Nineteen tracks in total (eleven from ADBS and eight from FOD) all recorded at radio station KZSU back in 1999 (separate sessions). I had requested to review this because the previous ADBS releases were so great, but this wasn't quite everything I'd hoped for. I think the primarily letdown is due to the recording—because it's a live recording, it's, well...unfocused. Both bands do respectable jobs (distorted noisecore and quick hardcore, respectively), but there's a certain concentration here that really detracts from the overall impact. Still bands to watch out for—but check their studio stuff before this. (TM)
($5 ppd: Hide The Bodies c/o Paul, 1750 Empire Blvd, Webster, NY 14580)

THE DEVOTCHKAS - "One-Sided Society" EP

Those angry young punk women from Rocky Point, New York, the DEVOTCHKAS, have a punk treat for you frisky Chaos punks. These songs have churning guitar work, lightning-fast drums and bass and a snotty attitude. Along with the snarl and venom of the upbeat punk tunes, you get some meaningful lyrics. In "One-Sided Society," the DEVOTCHKAS sing, "I'm not perfect/I know my flaws/But you're not the one who lays down my laws.../Before you accuse me/ Take a look at yourself..." Besides four ripping punk originals, you get a 4 SKINS song, "Sorry." Pretty damn good! (BR)
(Punk Core, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953, punkcore.com)

DIECAST - "Day of Reckoning" CD

Last time I checked, this was death metal...but I guess anything is up for redefining. In 1990 I would have pooped my pants over this, now, there are way too many curved-rim baseball hats, triggered drum effects, basketball jerseys and kick-boxing involved. God, and the STONE TEMPLE PILOTS style of singing on some parts has got to go. (MW)
(Now or Never, 61 Riordan Place, Shrewsbury, NJ 07702)

THE DIMESTORE HALOES - "Long Ride to Nowhere" CD

This is cutsey-wootsie rock 'n' roll done pretty well. Lots of oh ohhs, whoa whoas and meaningless lyrics. Songs like "That Girls in Love with Death" and "Kids Want Some Action" is what they're all about. (SR)
(Pelado, 521 W. Wilson #C103, Costa Mesa, CA, 92627, peladorecords.com)

THE DIRTS - "Placebo Erect" EP

It is hard for me to understand why this kind of record is necessary or appealing to anyone, including those who produced it. It is also hard to imagine that there is much thought put into the writing of the songs. I don't know, the whole record just seems kind of disgusting and pathetic. The DIRTS play a few boring punk rock songs with terrible lyrics. There is one acoustic song, too. Whatever. (WT)
(Pink Corvette, 2810 California St. NE, Minneapolis, MN 55418)

DIRTSHAKES - "The Kicks Are Alright" 10"

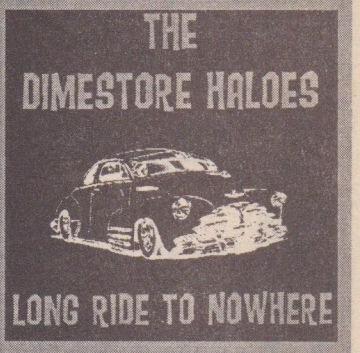
Whoa, blindsided out of Germany, the DIRTSHAKES deliver. Solid punk rock crossed with power pop that delivers the hooks and the good natured grins. This 10" is one enjoyable mofo, that comes with a full Technicolor poster to boot. The DIRTSHAKES are worth seeking out, and I look forward to hearing more in the future. (JF)
(Alien Snatch!, Morikweg 1, 74199 Untergruppenbach, GERMANY)

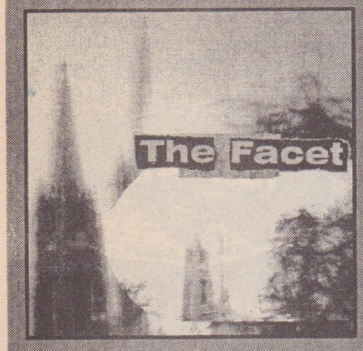
DISCONTENT - "Who Killed Vinyl?" EP

Hostage Records has a new punk record for you! DISCONTENT has been around for a while, but it took a couple years for Hostage to get the shit on vinyl. Their new EP, *Who Killed Vinyl?* has that blazing guitar back drop, rough-hewn lead vocal, and tight harmonies that you punks have come to love! DISCONTENT comes right at you head-on with "Fugitive." This is a fine beach punk number with a good BONECRUSHER feel to it. "Who Killed Vinyl?" steams in next, and this song keeps the momentum going. Turn the EP over and DISCONTENT slow things down a notch with an introspective song, "Good Enough". If this sensitive punk rock ballad isn't your cup of tea, then turn the record back over and listen to "Fugitive" again! (BR)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

THE DISEPTIKONS - "Solutions Supported by the Angry" CD

Hmm, an interesting mix of mosh metal, melodic hardcore and fast punk. This is alright, but a touch on the generic side of things. They make a valiant attempt at covering "Snap" by DRI, but fall way short. (RC)
(Infamous, PO Box 1221, Citrus Heights, CA 95621)





DOG TOFFEE - "Killer Rock 'n' Roll" LP

What the heck's a dog toffee? It's an English thing, so I guess I'm not supposed to understand. From the back photo, you might well guess these Limesters are blasting out some Fonzie Punk (TM courtesy of Stephen Green, *MRR*'s shortest-lived columnist) and you wouldn't be far wrong, although there's an extra dose of Rawk (though not nearly as distasteful as the HELLACOPTERS or anything) and a hint of pop at times. The songs could stand to be a bit shorter, though they're fortunately not as long as you might expect on a six-song LP. (DD)
(Radio Blast, PO Box 160 308, 40566 Dusseldorf, GERMANY, radioblast@t-online.de)

ENDLESS STRUGGLE – "In the Day" LP

You've seen the movie, now you can hear real live SLC punks! This is what we've come to expect from Charged Records: upbeat UK '82 influenced punk with lots of color photographs of their hairdos and SLJs (that's Studded Leather Jackets to you and me). Funnily enough, back in the day this was referred to as "hardcore punk." You can (literally) read their influences off their sleeves—EXPLOITED, CONFLICT, GBH, etc., etc., etc. I don't know...it's all a bit TOTAL CHAOS, if you know what I mean. (AD)
(Charged, PO Box 157, High Bridge, NJ 08829)

EVERYDAY SINNERS/FORTY FIVES - split 45

Fuckin' stomp heavy rock'n'roll on both sides of this record. FORTY-FIVES swings through their track, "My Kind of Girl," with the most well-placed saxophone this side of X-RAY SPEX. That is a sax, right? Or a crazy distort on the guitar? Or, I've since grown that much crazier. Whatever the diagnosis, the FORTY-FIVES cure the jones for early MAKERS sounds. I've enjoyed repeated listens to the EVERYDAY SINNERS EP on Wantage and I'm sure to enjoy just as many listens to their song here. "Can't Tame Me" is a straight run-through with dual vocal "all right, all rights" a bit of guitar jangle and the meanest bass rumble I've heard from a garage-minded punk band. Singles still kill! (TH)
($3: 624 South Higgins Ave, Missoula, MT 59801)

FABULOUS DISASTER - "Put Out or Get Out" CD

I read something a while back about this band that led me to think I wouldn't like them. I couldn't have been more wrong. There is no ground being broken musically—this is melodic in the way GREEN DAY is melodic. The thing is the vocals—pure and harmonious and so perfectly blended. If you like the vocals of the FASTBACKS, you will like FABULOUS DISASTER. (DP)
(Pink & Black, PO Box 190516, San Francisco, CA 94119)

THE FACET - "Adult Comedy" CD

Man, sometimes I miss Colorado. When I lived there the scene was small, but involved, inspired, and connected. There were a number of great bands that most folks outside Colorado only heard of after the fact (as in ex-members of) if at all. Since moving to SF and doing reviews here, I'd figured there was still some sort of vital creative music coming out of there, I was just not hearing it. Well, here it is, in the form of FACET. They have an unbridled urgency to their sound that's infectious. Kinda anthemic, yet spinning out of control at the same time. I hear echoes of ARTICLES OF FAITH with their angular mature hardcore, and the positive energy of FUEL. There's hints of newer emo bands as well, like HOT WATER MUSIC, or even HEROIN. This is very good music for when you need a kick in the ass to get out your cynical rut. (BG)
(Not Bad, PO Box 2014, Arvada, CO 80001)

THE FAKES - "So Fashionable It Hurts" EP

Not to be confused with the Kathleen Hanna project from the early '90s, though looking at the cover I could see it happening. The consumers may be in for a surprise. This is lethargic, Johnny Thunders-style punk rock. One guy played drums for the STITCHES at one point and another guy played bass for US BOMBS at one point, and before reading those facts, I could tell that those were their influences. Singer G. Edward McCourt even sounds exactly like Mike from the STITCHES. (CK)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

FARTZ - "What's in a Name" CD

Whoa! I was stunned when I saw this come in for review. I have heard that the FARTZ had been contemplating getting back together to play a few shows, but I had no idea that there was going to be a CD with new tracks. I specifically requested to review this record, because their early material was so influential to me. I still remember being in high school and hearing the FARTZ for the first time and being completely blown away. They have always been one of my favorite bands and I was really nervous about hearing this CD. Well let me cast your fears away, because they haven't lost much over the years. Almost all

the songs on this release are rerecorded versions of tracks from the *Because This Fucking World Stinks* LP. If anything, this sounds more like the ACCUSED than the FARTZ. (In other words a little more metal) My main question behind this release is, why did they just rehash all their old material? They ripped hard enough on this that it is obvious that they could have pulled off recording a lot more new songs. Oh well, I guess we will have to wait for that. (RC)
(Fartz, zippy@w-link.net)

FATAL FLYING GUILLOTEENS - "The Now Hustle for New Diaboliks" LP

New Estrus Recs fare with a bunch of sullen lookin' young people pictured in the back. *Where are these guys from?* But no information was forthcoming from the silent record jacket. Perhaps to Estrus all these bands are interchangeable, *just add water and shake.* Music sorta straddles that nowhere zone between tweezy blues, swill-fueled pick-fuck and the yearning for heartland-based art-noise from better days.The band has that cheapo, not-quite-distorted-not-quite-tuned guitar sound last heard on a GAS HUFFER record many years ago. Still there's not a lot of retro here. Almost all of it is the lurchy-jerky stuff that was and still is in fashion with art students from major metropolitan areas. Still certain tunes create the ole Thomas/Herman UBU vibe but clearly this is done with 20 years of history to draw on. Moments here of true confusion and skree which is quite beautiful, but not all the time.Very endearing in their intent. (JY)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125 Bellingham, WA 98227)

FOR THE LAST TIME - "People Ruin Everything" CD

If you have to put a joke song on your record, please don't put it as the first track. Their better songs are the ones that stick to the mid-tempo, power, pop punk genre. These songs fit somewhere in-between the DESCENDENTS (especially in the bass line of the song "It's No Mistake") and NAKED RAYGUN and are really rather catchy. Their faster songs are a bit generic and aren't nearly as catchy. (PA)
($10 ppd., Ruined Music, 1206 Graham St., St. Louis, Mo 63139, Ruined69@aol.com)

THE FOUR EYES - "Hat Nerd" EP

I hate computers! Last month the computer ate my FOUR EYES review and ended up printing two sentences I threw in the trash. How embarrassing, especially since the original was so brilliant and witty I will never be able to reproduce it. The FOUR EYES are geeks, I tell ya. They wear floods, they wear glasses, they wear pocket protectors, they play Atari 2600, they watch videodiscs, they read "Lord of the Rings". Their music is very lo-fi, and let me warn you, very catchy. Many people have looked at me funny for roaming the halls of the hospital singing "hat nerd, he knows where his hat's at, he knows where his hat's at". (DP)
(Sacramento, 1114 21st Street, Sacramento, CA 95814, www.thefoureyes.com)

FRENZAL RHOMB - "Shut Your Mouth" CD

This Australian band has been around for a while, and I think they do a good job of playing somewhat catchy poppy punk rock. Yeah, it reminds me of NOFX at some points, but maybe it's because both bands can write really good songs. I'm a sucker for the Australian accents, too. The thing about Fat Wreck releases is that a lot of times I can imagine liking the band better if the recording wasn't so slick and produced...not that that is always a bad thing. Anyway, what I'm trying to say is that this is not a bad album, and a helluva lot better than NO USE FOR A NAME at this point. (WT)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

FUCK ON THE BEACH - "Endless Summer" LP

Man, I heard from people who had advance tapes of this LP that it destroys anything they've done, but I had no idea how good this was. While depending less on speed and focusing more on the straightforward brutal thrash, FOB speeds through twelve tracks that contain some of the raddest riffs I've heard. It almost has a hint of Scandinavian style thrash. This is fucking classic...if they were too fast for you the first time around, give this a spin, this will please even the most jaded punk collector. Plus, their anthem "Fuck Forever" could possibly be the new anthem for the new millennium. (MW)
(Slap A Ham, PO Box 420843, San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)

THE GENERATORS - "Dead at 16/I'm an Upstart"

Southern Californian street punk done decent, if this is your bag. Here you got heavy machine gun guitar with the classic sing-a-long choruses. I'm sure this really comes alive after a few pints, right? (DL)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

RECORDS

THE GIMMIES - "Get It Right Now" EP

Japanese rock that owes more to hard rock than to punk. "Get It Right Now" is a fast punky tune that wrecks it by throwing in macho man lyrics and a wanky guitar solo. The other two songs are slower. I'm waiting for something, but it isn't happening. (CK)
(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr. 14.50.939 Köln, GERMANY)

GORE GORE GIRLS - "Strange Girls" LP

Costumed Midwestern femmes doing their take on a modern version of the STRANGELOVES/BILLY CHILDISH thing. Despite their cheesy take-off of the TRASHWOMEN, most of the tunes are pretty damn faithful to their idols, which is any number of obscuro sixties pop-garage things which I'm too removed to remember. Does the big stomp-pop stuff like "Star Struck" to the classic-sounding sixties girlpop of "I'm Gonna Get You Yet" and so forth all the way to the end. Makes good use of the shouted "yeah, yeah yeah"'s which I KNOW you yearn for (at least I do)! Throws every trick in the book at ya' and you're left turned into a salivating thankful pulp. (JY)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, 15317)

GRAND PRIXX - "In Your Room" EP

Hey all of the basics are here, words like "punk rock show", "all messed up" "stupid jerk" etc...it's not bad but not what I'm in the mood for today. It's very post-Lookout! pop punk (ya' know after the kids grow out of their Lookout! phase they start checking out bands like ADRENALIN OD, and the DESCENDENTS and come up with this bastard hybrid). I've reviewed these guys several times so I don't feel the need to kiss ass. (BM)
(Out of Step, PO Box 509, Vineburg, CA 95487,
punkmusic.com/oos/, outofsteprecord@aol.com)

THE GRAVES BROTHERS DELUXE - "Little Love Things" LP

.....I dunno 'bout this one.....first song kinda bites....how the hell did this get into the review bucket??????....this is some weak-ass white-boy college kinda pop....produced, clear, a little arty, intellectual and boring....LIVE 105 all the way....white kids with educations and good jobs ruined rock 'n' roll....you be the judge, asshole..... (SW)
(Munster, PO Box 18107 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, munster-records.com)

GRIFFIN – "Know the Score" CD

You know, this band has been around for a while now and they just keep getting worse. Now getting worse with each release isn't something that is all that uncommon in the punk world, but the problem with GRIFFIN is that they were never any good to begin with. Weak guitars, lousy vocals, and all around bad songwriting characterize this bad oi unit. I won't get into the lyrics, but they do appear to have a xenophobic bent; I'm praying its just in the bad translation. Normally I expect better from MCR, but I guess everything can't be good. (JF)
(MCR, 137 Kamiagu Mazuru, Kyoto, 621, JAPAN)

GUYANA PUNCH LINE - "Youth for Smashism" EP

It seems that *Maximum* decided to keep the limited to 200 red vinyl edition, that takes a clever stab at the resurgence of bandana thrash, and give me the cheap copy but whatever. This band apparently features members of IN/HUMANITY and ANTISCHISM and that really makes this record no surprise. Machinegun fast hardcore with vocals that are pretty much generic grindcore, but at least they don't use the cliche dual vocals (you know, one annoyingly high, the other annoyingly low). At their better moments they throw in some quick changes in tempo that make me fondly reminisce about MOHINDER (except for the vocals) but the bulk of the songs are pretty strait forward, grinding punk rock. (PA)
(Coalition, Hugo De Grootstraat 25, 2518 EB, Den Haag, Holland)

H.K.K. - "Damned!" EP

This record just drips with '80s hardcore influences. That's a good thing. I haven't yet decided whether the lyrics are funny on purpose or because of the translation, but "is our crew the place to be?/we're gentle nice and take no drugs/we want you for unity" has me won over in an instant. The music is sloppy and fun as hell, with catchy breakdowns and a great raw recording. Fucking great, although I'm left wondering why they included the lyrics for all of their songs except "Pin-down Girl." (WN)
(Janny Burger, Palmerscheimerstr. 64, 53881 Euskirchen, GERMANY)

HAVE-NOTS - "I Hate Music Star!!" CD

Sounds like the 'NOTS have all grown up, sprouted hair on their knuckles, bought big ol' Marshall stacks,and upped their fuzz/aggro quotient considerably. *I Hate Music Star!!* (brilliant title, that, regardless of lyrical content) is a mere four-track CDEP,a brutal tease for their next full-length. If you're utterly in the dark as to the simple majesty of the

band, think REGISTRATORS, think TEENGENERATE, think hormonal explosions, think meter-high leaps and bounds, think *thin!* Check out their debut LP on Repent for further enlightenment. (JH)
(Star Jets)

HAWG JAW/MANCHURIAN CANDIDATES - split EP

MANCHURIAN CANDIDATES is one of those bands who may sound like a few others, but still manages to impress consistently. This release had me thinking a little more of HIS HERO IS GONE than previous MANCHURIAN recordings (i.e. the vocal sound/delivery and the way the guitar bangs right up against the drums on the high riffs), but still, the songs offer their moments of originality. I was a little disappointed with the HAWG JAW side. Don't you hate it when it says "33 RPM" but it isn't? Fuck! HAWG JAW lean more towards a mid-tempo riff oriented head-bopper style, and I could totally picture this being good live, but here the production here is really what wounds this release. (SP)
(Deep Six)

THE HEATS - "Smoke" LP

....'79 Northwest power-pop re-ish.....hooks, crystal clear guitar sound, three-part harmonies.....this album is fabulous.....yeah, these guys sound and look like a bunch of fags, but pussy is on their minds!!!!!!!!....if you dig the FAB-FOUR, RASPBERRIES, PLIMSOULS, BEAT, SCRUFFS, REAL KIDS etc.,then this re-ish will inspire you to wear a tight t-shirt with stripes, yellow Jeans and sock in yer pocket.....what a great record....but then again, my taste in music is better than any of yous limp-dicked readers....so there!!!!!! (SW)
(Backstreet, Via Gaetano Casati 38, 00154, Rome, ITALY)

HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE - "Hits Mot Folkgrupp" EP

Wow, seven songs on a 45; I haven't seen this much music crammed onto a 7" since SCHLONG's *Tumours*. Visually they seem to be going for a DWARVES effect, with the underwear and wrestling masks, so now I'm playing the record. Yeah, they sound kinda like the DWARVES, too. (DP)
(Kenrock, Fabriksgatan 39b, 412 51 Goteberg, SWEDEN, kensplastic@hotmail.com)

HIGH SCORE - "New Fuel" LP

I got a little nervous when I pulled the insert out and saw that the drummer was wearing a 411 shirt (You remember them, don't you?). But as soon as I dropped the needle on the record all my worries were dashed by some blazing fast youth crew hardcore that reminds me of MAINSTRIKE. This is well- produced and tears right along with lots of ripping guitar work and shouted back-up vocals. The lyrical content is strong as well, with a mix of personal and political statements. Solid! (RC)
(Bushido, Soester Str. 66, 48155, Munster, GERMANY)

THE HIVES - "AKA I-D-I-O-T" LP

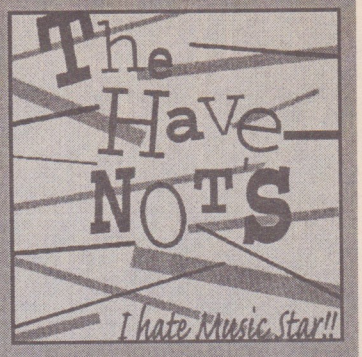
Poppy punk from Sweden. Tinny guitars, fast songs and lyrics spit out before the singer loses his breath. (CK)
(Gearhead, PO Box 421219, San Francisco, CA 94142)

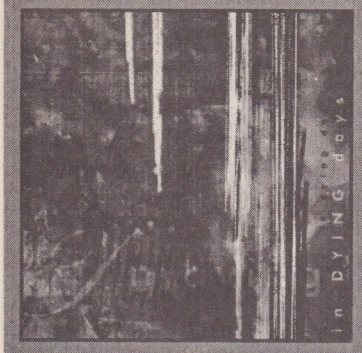
HOMOPLASTIK - "Livin' Bondage" 10"

This Italian band's first two singles dragged the listener through the mud with slow twisting guitar damage that made you think of a certain SF '70s punk band, ah, who was it again? Released the first US punk 7"...oh well, anyway, they're over that phase and have moved into the let's-play-faster realm. They're still damn good in my book, but those original 7" were fenn-testic. Buy this and get a taste of what non-core Italian rock has to offer! (RW)
(Ken Rock, Fabriksgatan 39B, 3tr, 41251, Goteborg, SWEDEN,kensplastic@hotmail.com)

HOTBOX - "Lickity Split" CD

Hey, y'know, there's a ton of people's pictures here. And they all can't be in the band, can they? There's the creepy lookin' Italian-looking guys, the skateboarder-jock dude and the chix in bondage clothing. WHO ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE?? Maybe there's really three bands here. Anyways, produced by Fat Mike, this is standard pro punk rock with a chick singer. Singer has that strange KIM WILDE "Kids In America" catch in her voice. Moments of cool *on target* pop-punk ("Get Out") along with moments of so-so pop punk.Rocks harder than TILT and even has moments of QUEEN-like guitar parts. And speaking of Ms. Wilde, what's with "Superspa", is that a total KW rip or what? Also can't overlook the version of "Johnny Are You Queer" here. Anyways the ghost of KIM WILDE hovers near and dear here. Fuckin' weird dude. (JY)
(The Telegraph Company, PO Box 2553, New York, NY 10009)





THE HOT POCKETS - 'Mess Of Fire" LP

Packaged with a picture of a pair of tight denim pockets, THE HOT POCKETS are back with a full length and get straight to the heart of it. You really can't help but shake your shit to this stuff. Scorin' close to the MULLENS, THE HOT POCKETS' Sixties-glazed punkn'roll really rocks good The songs are mostly about love, sex, and hot pants. You know, all the important stuff. They even manage a boy vocal version of BLONDIE's "Hanging on the Telephone." Don't know about you, but my pocket is pretty hot. (DL)
(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr, 14 50939 Köln, GERMANY)

DUANE PETERS AND THE HUNNS - "Unite" LP

I believe this is what Bruce and the kids are calling "Street Rock" or "Street Punk". Whatever you want to call it—I personally would call it "Oi!"—this is some high quality shit. Extremely catchy, sing-a-long oi delivered with a purpose. And these dudes don't seem like the typical meat heads that usually play this sort of thing. I gotta admit, they're a cool looking bunch. Three of the five have got some serious tattoos—one dude even looks to have a FANG skull on his neck and what's left of his hair is dyed pink and blue. Another guy has a patch over his left eye. Yikes! Anyway, if you're into the "Street Punk" ("Oi!"), this is much more than your typical, "Let's get drunk. I can't find a job. Oi, oi, oi!!!". (I am still against the naming of an individual in a band name, incidentally.) (KK)
(Disaster, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA, 91510, alive-totalenergy.com)

DUANE PETERS AND THE HUNNS - "Tickets to Heaven" LP

Duane Peters is a complete rock 'n' roller by every definition. The HUNNS are simply another vehicle for the wild combination of singing, sweating and unique skate-style strutting that Mr. Peters practices. When the HUNNS speed up the punk-rock to a good clip, this record is pure fun. Some of the good songs on this slab are: "Hate 'n' Love," "Hymn of Atilla," "Amity Village," "Sideway Heroes," "Read All About It," and "Union Yanks." Some of the slower tunes go on for a little bit too long. Mr. Peters gets an "A" for effort in his attempt to cover Mr. Tom Waits' song "Cold Ground." The best news of all is that live, this band is quite animated and thoroughly entertaining. Long live Duane Peters! He is the real shit—all rocker from his hair down to his creepers! (BR)
(Disaster, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510, alive-totalenergy.com)

IN DYING DAYS - "To Forget Yesterday" CDEP

It seems that this CD is about a year old but who am I to complain. A meager three songs of "new breed" straight edge. Vocals that are a mix of screaming and talking, one guitar does the chuga parts while the other is all over the high notes. The drummer is all over the place with a lot of tempo changes (probably too many). Maybe I'm just crazy but straight edge lyrics are really tired. (PA)
(Re-define, 11 Lady Stewart Blvd., Brampton, Ontario, L6S 3Y2, Canada, noemail@re-define.com)

INFEST - "Live on KXLU" LP

Ever wonder where LACK OF INTEREST got that killer high end no distortion guitar sound? Ever wonder who Dan sounds like when he delivers those guttural growls on the SPAZZ records? It's INFEST, kids. 18 songs recorded live on the radio with excellent sound quality, even if you already have these songs, this is well worth your time. Their influence is still great 10 years later. (WN)
(Draw Blank/Deep Six, no address)

THE (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY - "How Are We Going to Corrupt the Dominant Culture? In Two Ways—Gradually at First, Then Suddenly." EP

These fools had me hooked from the beginning; the bleating, whining synth sounds like it escaped from a '60s spy film. Possibly the most brilliant fuzzed out, damaged art-wave/punk since LE SHOK, or a slightly sedate POLYTHENE, with a chaser of a more cynical SONICS—and all on snowy white vinyl. Don't be scared off by the quasi-major label tag; lie, cheat and steal to find this amazing EP. (RD)
(Big Wheel Recreation, 325 Huntington Ave. #24, Boston, MA 02115)

THE IRVING KLAWS - "Pajama Party" CD

Nobody's gonna Get Hip with this one. Dirty JAN AND DEAN you ain't! Packaging themselves as panty sniffin' peep show goin' BUDDY HOLLY's, this is anti-amusement to me. Fortunately somewhat adept with a guitar and stand up bass, or I might lose it all over their bowling shirts. Make like the STRAY CATS and try your luck in England maybe, but you just bring out the biker-bitch in me. (RY)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666 Canaonsburg, PA 15317)

JAM - "Celluloid Heroes" LP

I thought myself an odd person to give this to for review, but I've certainly spent some time on the poppier side of punk (many years ago, but y'know) so I was pretty intrigued to give this a spin. Compiled from some BBC tracks, some Polydor EPs and a live set from 1977 at the 100 Club in London, I was prepared for marginal sound quality and performances only the diehard fans would really need. Pleasant surprise—this was a good listen, even for a diehard thrasher like myself. The BBC tracks had a great sound quality, the EPs were exemplary, and it didn't even start to go downhill 'til I go to the disposable live tracks. Not bad. Their brand of sugary punk certainly benefits from production—man, those live tracks were somethin' else! (TM)
(Parka Haze, 28 via Stromboli, I-50100 Firenze, ITALY)

JED WHITEY - "Superfly Bigmuff" 12" EP

It was only a matter of time before Australia contributed to the '70s rock worship/tribute that's been going around for a few years. This definitely has a HELLACOPTERS and TURBONEGRO sound, with more dumbed-down lyrics. After reading the twenty or so show reviews included in this package, I would like to see them live, not only 'cause they rock hard and loud, but they have quite an amazing collection of vintage equipment to slobber over. (DP)
(Brain Defect, PO Box 616, Mount Lawley WA 6929, AUSTRALIA, jedwhitey@hotmail.com)

JERK CIRCUS - "Never Mind the Suburbs" CD

Fuck me. I hate my ears today. The packaging looked like it would be emo-art-indie rock but noooooooo! Generic skate rock. Shoot me. Please. Here's my problem with this genre, the drumming is so annoying it's the same beat every song and it's just riding the snare, a snare that sounds like shit. Then there's the lyrics, *yawn!*, and vocals which giving the craze will sound anything from Fat Mike, to Tom and Mark , to those guys in PENNYWISE. Fuck this. I want to go home. (BM)
(Re-Define, 11 Ladt Stewart Blvd, Brampton, Ontarion, L6S 3Y2, CANADA)

JERRY SPIDER GANG - "Kinky Pussy" EP

The JERRY SPIDER GANG stomp around the not-so-mean back streets of Toulouse, tossing bottles at passing cars, uprooting flower beds, and flipping the finger at genteel European respectability. This is loose and raucous stuff that reminds one of countrymates the TV KILLERS, with the addition of harmonica and decadent/androgynous cross-dressing schtick. Note the ROKY ERIKSON cover ("Bermuda"), the eyeliner, the tattoo of Edward Munch's *The Scream* on Jerry Spider himself. Fun. Hate to run into these guys half-cocked on bathtub absinthe, but I'm sure they'd deliver more than their share of surprises. (JH)
(Aaargh, 16 rue de l'Union, 31100 Toulouse, FRANCE, laurent.bruzy@accesinter.com)

JIM JACOBI - "Crap Circles" CD

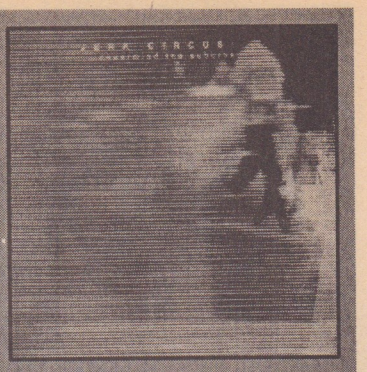
CRAP DETECTORS, let's get that out there front and center, that long-running KBD band being the early vehicle for this here Mr. Jacobi's art-dry MX-80-styled songs. This comp covers the early DETECTOR's stuff from '78 to the late 90's (when the band officially ended) and his solo stuff thereafter. The 70's/ early 80's CRAP is going to hold the most interest for art-punkers, and there isn't enough of it, frankly. The later stuff is fine enough, it just lacks the creepy garage quality of the first LP and 7". (RW)
(no address, but jim-lisa@inebraska.com)

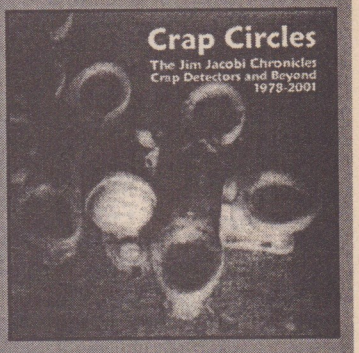
JILTED - "Follia Omicida" EP

Political hardcore in the vein of a slightly slower CRUDOS. Three originals (and a NEGATIVE APPROACH cover) sung in Italian with English translations. All of the songs are fast and furious, and the lyrics deal with standard punk topics, but are well thought out. Looks great, sounds great, I can smash the state to it...I give it an 8. (WN)
(Angry, c/o Fulvio Dogliotti, C.P. 280, 15100 Alessandria, ITALY, angryrec@iol.it)

JOCKS - "The Top Three Answers on the Board" CD

As I type this review, the JOCKS are gearing up for their last show ever. Will it stick, will they get back together, will their ever be a bad episode of *Sabrina the Teenage Witch?* The answers to these questions are of no concern because we all know how wonderful *Sabrina the Teenage Witch* is and the CD I am supposed to be reviewing here makes for a good tombstone. Eleven songs that build a good deal of introspection and everyday pain on top of old time religion East Bay stylings. What does that mean? There's a wee bit of the drawn-out songs with vocal focus of early JAWBREAKER, other times the music has the melodic punch, quicker vocal spits, and slight gloom of the VAGRANTS. More is sure to come from the enthusiastic punks in this band.(TH)
(New Disorder, 115 Bartlett St, San Francisco, CA 94110, newdisorder.com)





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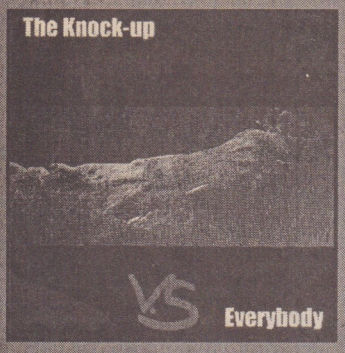


KILLDEADS - "Stay Angry" CD

Super fast sloppy punk/thrash...which (unfortunately for my tastes) utilizes a drum machine and some other weird sample machines. I don't know what to compare this to. Proof that I don't like anything that goes fast (see Tom!) (MW)
(Per Soovik, Vaktmästaregången 3, 413 18 Gothenburg, SWEDEN)

THE KNOCK UP - "Vs Everybody" EP

It's ironic that this is on a label called Pure Vinyl, since the damn thing skipped all through every song. Well, from what I could hear between skips and pops, this is a very good aggressive raw rock band, serving up molten lava riffs in the best caveman fashion. The singer sometimes sounds like the reincarnation of Iggy circa '72 (never mind that Iggy's still alive). They do a better job than MUDHONEY and other pretenders to the throne. Throw in some MC5 (of course), early DAMNED and MAKEUP, and you get the gist. I can't emphasize enough, that these guys do it with all the requisite desperate abandon and none of the glam pretense. Five songs that all crawl, roll, howl, and bash. Besides my copy's annoyingly-marred vinyl, I highly recommend this record. (BG)
(Pure Vinyl, c/o Gerhard Fluch, Sandgasse 8th, A 4020 Linz, AUSTRIA)

KNOXVILLE GIRLS - "In a Paper Suit" LP

The most commonly cited antecedent to the KNOXVILLE GIRLS is the *Exile on Main St.*-era ROLLING STONES, which, unfair as all such reductions are, is at least in the right general swamp. Most of the bands who try to turn this type of hat trick on our Blues and Country Heritage don't do much for me, but the K. GIRLS are pretty consistently inspired (and at times as hypnotic as SLIM HARPO without sounding anything like him). Much of this LP suffers slightly—slightly!—from prominent and overly-produced drums, but it's still at least three-and-a-quarter stars out of four. (DD)
(In The Red, 118 W. Magnolia Blvd, PO Box 208, Burbank, CA 91506, intheredrecords.com)

LAST MATCH - "1997-1999" LP

Contains the complete recorded output of this Swedish band's two years of existence. Up to this point, I had only heard their amazing split 7" with SWITCHBLADE. That stuff is on here, along with their first EP, various comp tracks, and a few songs that never saw the light of day. Their sound varies between out and out thrash to more emo-riffic noodlings, but the angst is never far from the surface. The newer, previously unreleased tracks demonstrate a definite move towards even more power and intensity. If they'd made it onto an EP it would definitely have caused a stir. Too bad they didn't stick around long enough to record an album, but the 23 tracks on here will serve as an excellent legacy. (AM)
(Sound Virus, PO Box 55783, Valencia, CA 91385)

LES DRAGUEURS - "Un Disque Roman—Photo Tout En Noir Et Blanc" 45

In French punk circles this is a super band. Shit, in American punk circles this is a super band. Comprised of Jon Von ex-RIP OFFS/MR. T EXPERIENCE and Gregoire of the 1977-era Paris band ASPHAULT JUNGLE. Two snotty french songs on this platter that have a contagiously bad attitude. Attention punks of the world! The RIP OFFS have been cloned in France, the RIP OFFS have been cloned in France, I tell you! Put down your Oui magazine and get the real deal,the LES DRAGUERS 45. (AS)
(WILD WILD, BP 55, 92123, Montrouge Cedex, FRANCE)

LIVE FROM DEATHROW/DARTBOARD - split EP

I started with what I thought was LIVE FROM...but soon found out the labels were reversed on the pressing. DARTBOARD play straightforward, simple yet solid hardcore. Mid-paced, rough, and with the occasional breakdown. LIVE FROM DEATHROW offer their last recorded tracks which kick ass. Good, fast hardcore that has a nice crossover feel to it. I think there are some members from LAST IN LINE in this band as well. Good shit. (MW)
(Boiling Point, 25 Hyde St, Winchendon, MA 01475)

LOST SOUNDS - "Memphis Is Dead" CD

Weird ass, creepy surfy soundtrack music with gurgling electronic sounds. First song sounds like a psycho-surf take on the soundtrack for *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* or something. Other tunes have this low-keyed creepoid vocals which turns into a huge echoed bellow. In other words, this shit rocks! Defies all expectations of surf/soundtracks/psych which its part of yet not really. Man, this is indescribable and excellent. Gets the creepiness thing fully in a way I HAVE NOT FELT in a long time! Alternates always between put-your-arm-down the throat queasiness to sheer fucked-up rage (listen to "Satan Bought Me" and tell me it DOES NOT FREAK YOU OUT). Check out the fuckin' weird vocals in "Inside My Head". Some of this stuff truly has that psycho-ward, church-organ goes surf

vibe. I kid you not. There's some strange shit going on in Memphis. Best thing I've heard in many months, hands down. Moody and fucked-up, I like that. (JY)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195)

MENSEN - "Man From Outer Space/Kicked In, Kicked Out"

Wow! This sounds like GLUCIFER with tough female vocals. "Man" is much better tune even though "Kicked" is a DEAD MOON cover. A good one. (HM)
(Nomad, PO Box 34829, West Bethesda, MD 20817-4829, mensenpost@hotmail.com)

MILK MAN - "Fresh Fruit for Rotten Aliens" CD

Dutch fans of pissed off early '80s hardcore (NEGATIVE APPROACH, URBAN WASTE, ANTIDOTE) fashion a 15-track opera about an alien visit turned invasion. The ultimate execution of the concept is average. The songs don't really stand out as free-standing songs or as individual chapters of a larger story. The vision, however, is terrific. I happen to think the possibility of allegory-heavy operas exists in the three chords of punk. Will such an opus ever arrive? (TH)
(Kangaroo, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA, Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

MONARCHS - "2001/This Is All I Can Do" 45

NOT the Estrus/Pinup garage outfit of a few years ago. Hard to tell where these MONARCHS hail from, I suspect Australia, though the label is Spanish. No pretensions, Rock 'n' roll pure and simple. Tough, without any chip on their collective shoulder. Wish they'd given me more than 2 songs, I was just getting into it. A full length, please? (RY)
(Pennimann, PO Box 32142 - 08080, Barcelona, SPAIN)

MULLETS - "Fork, Knife, Spoon, Shut Up" CD

Great cover art of some sorta hesher picnic, but the band photo shows these twerps without mullets! What's up with that? The wanna have MULLET boys divvy up 22 tracks of silly, popish music along the DEAD MILKMEN lines. They incorporate lots of multi vocal harmonies and dual vocal intertwining thingies that don't do a lot for me. I guess these guys are too soft for the mullet image I imagine when I think of mullets. Got that? (HM)
(Higher Step, PO Box 5403, Evansville, IN 47715)

MURDOCK/SUTEK CONSPIRACY - split EP

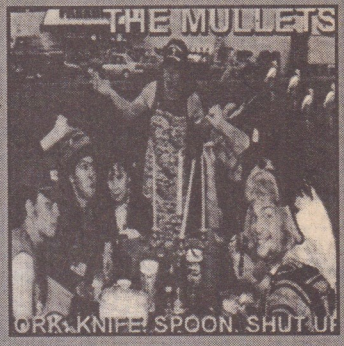
Ok, so before today I had never heard MURDOCK, though I had seen the name around a quite a bit. Well, let me tell you that after hearing this, their latest offering, I will be seeking out the previous items in their catalog immediately. Total passionate, craziness with just the right mix of polish and roughness. They put time changes in just the right places and have a chemistry that most bands only wished they had. SUTEK CONSPIRACY were almost as impressive with their excellent well-planned guitar onslaught overlapping drums reaching breakneck speeds (Its called a "blast beat", kids). The lyrics are intelligent but still conveyed with a sense of urgency that really brings the songs to life. This is probably the best split I've reviewed this year, so "fuck you" to whoever didn't send a copy for me. Oh, and by the way, I can't wait for the YAPHET KOTTO/MURDOCK split—no doubt it will be just as good. (SP)
(Ed Walters, 606 North St. Apt. #1, Lafayette, IN 47904, edwalters@hotmail.com)

THE MUSHUGANAS – CD

Did these guys take a five year break or something? OK, maybe three? I liked this Chicago band's early pop punky stuff (Harmless label I believe) but this rocks more. Almost the roots rock metal of ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT or many a STOOGES-influenced punk band. Hey I'm down with the rock! But I'm just kind of surprised by the KISS-like riffs at times. By the way, KISS really sucks. They weren't cool like, let's say, AC/DC. I hate it when punks latch onto those overindulgent pigs as vintage rock. This CD is just OK. I guess it's not the MUSHUGANAS' fault I hate KISS. (RL)
(mushuganas.com)

9 SHOCKS TERROR/KILLERS - split EP

Sometimes I wonder why I even need to review records like this. Everybody already knows the bands and these things are selling faster than a pair of Traci Lords' panties on eBay. Nevertheless let's get things started with one of my favorite bands of the moment. 9 SHOCKS TERROR fuck your shit up with a black eye and a broken jaw of brute force punk rock. Three songs of ripping thrash that bleeds with rage. The KILLERS, who contains ex-members of....(keep you guessing on that one), bark out four fast-as-shit tracks. Blast beat insanity with squeaky-ass vocals that will shred your eardrums. Oh yeah, and how can I forget the wicked Pushead cover art and the lime-green vinyl? Essential! (RC)
(Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)



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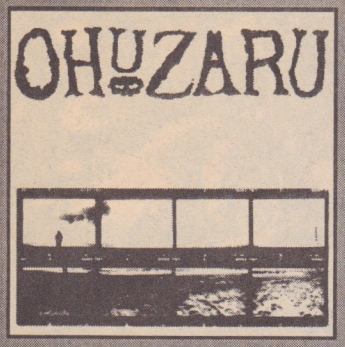


NOW TIME DELEGATION - "Watch for Today" LP

The NOW TIME DELEGATION consists of a solid and soulful quartet fronted by Lisa Kekaula (she of BELL-RAYS fame) that features an ex-BIG BOY and at least one member of BLACKTO. All told, these solid citizens turn in an eminently listenable goulash of '60s soul, blues, R & B and attitudinal rock 'n' roll...a fine mix of period covers (CURTIS MAYFIELD, EDDIE FLOYD, etc.) and bottom-heavy originals. The perfect tonic for my jangled nerves, a fine make-out record, and the best thing most of these folks have had a hand in for quite a while. A real pleasure. (JH)
(In the Red, 2627 E. Strong Pl, Anaheim, CA 92806)

NUGGETS - "Crystalline Creations...and Pop Sensations" LP

.....power-pop from Norway....lord-o-mighty!!!!!!!!!.....what a powerful up-beat record!!!!!!!!!....three songs into this and I got such a terrific boner going that I can see my reflection in its nice polished purple head and the blue veins look like earthworms crawling up an ivory totem pole.....fabulous hook-ridden pop done like true pros!!!!!!!!!!....I can't believe how well crafted this record is!!!!!!!!!.....hey people, we gotta bring this outfit to the States and suck the living shit outta their dicks.....they deserve it..... (SW)
(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr.14,50939 Köln, GERMANY, screamapp@aol.com)

THE OFFS - "Live At The Mabuhay Gardens 11/7/80" CD

The OFFS never did much for me but sure, I'll grant that they were early proponents of reggae/ska-flavored punk and therefore historically important for better or worse. Their 45s (especially the third and last) were (still are, last I checked, which was five minutes ago) rather New Wavey, but this live recording is considerably more raw and energetic (although I could use a lot less saxophone). And the chutzpah of doing a breakneck version of "Johnny Too Bad" despite a lack of vocal prowess but not caring still comes across as pretty...well, punk. Includes a pretty remark version of the VELVETS' "Heroin" which clocks in at just over two minutes. (DD)
(Vampir, PO Box 1098, Mansfield, OH 44901-1098, vampirrecs@hotmail.com)

OHUZARU - "Anyone Can Trick You" EP

OHUZARU offers ten tracks of totally bad-ass hardcore from Venice, Italy; musically screamy, fast, and somehow light (not *lite*). Though the production is decidedly rougher, this steers toward HAIL MARY or PAGE NINETYNINE, both in syncopation and verbally: the English lyrics are introspective without being "emo," and are in fact *lyrical*. If this EP—the first from this new label—is a good example of things to come, we should all keep our eyes trained on Marco. (His next project will be a 7" comp of Italian and Swedish bands.) If there were bands like this in Venice when I lived there a few years back, I sure as hell didn't know it, but it definitely would have made my day. Keep on rockin' the Centro Sociale! (AC)
(Sly Actions c/o Marco Rapisarda, via Tommaseo 41, 30030 Scaltenigo (VE) ITALY, sly-actions@hotmail.com)

OUTTALINE - "EP" CD

I would really not like this band if it weren't for a few elements. First of all, their singer has a really cool voice which is almost hypnotizing. Second of all, they've got a song that's anti-fashion punk, which is always ok in my book. But these kids just seem like skaters. They probably wouldn't know a punk rock if it was thrown through the window of their Saturn. Otherwise, though, this is pop punk that sounds similar to the GET UP KIDS, and could be considered catchy by some. But the chord progressions and lyrics are all so predictable. At least they're representing the youth (unless they are older but still singing about being in high school for whatever reason). Ok? Ok! (WT)
(Cameltoe, 6371 Firefly Dr., San Jose, CA 95120)

OVER MY DEAD BODY - "No Runners" EP

Good, formula youth crew from SoCal. And while I prefer the more DIY thrash approach to the youth crew style, this is a breath of fresh air next to all that crappy mosh metal or face paint crap. (MW)
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

PARADE OF THE LIFELESS - "The Anatomy of a People's Bondage" CD

Super crazy tech grind from Buffalo. This shit is out of control....and to think only three guys made this shit. Serious, if you dig ultra-crazy math grindcore without any pretentious metal dudes doing it, then get this. For those keeping track, features ex-AVULSION members. Yet another awesome release from... (MW)
(Dead Alive, PO Box 97, Caldwell, NJ 07006)

PATTERN - "Wet Circuit City" 45

Well, Did you like the PEECHEES? Did you like Chris Applegren's whiny fingernails-on-the-chalkboard-esque vocal stylings? Then maybe you'll like this record. I think this actually might be one of my favorite new local bands...if it wasn't for the vocals, yuck. The music is fucking great, a blend of late-'60s garage, a little early-'70s Detroit rock 'n' roll, and a dash of trash a la the NEW YORK DOLLS thrown in. There's something else weird about this band, the Bay Area bands the other members used to be in: NUISANCE and TALK IS POISON (strange huh?). Is this good, is this bad? I don't know, but I probably wouldn't buy it. (AS)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141, alternativetentacles.com)

THE PHUZZ – "American Pop" CD

The bio/review on the back of this CD pretty much tells it all. This is the newly reformed PHUZZ. Gone is the recklessness and under-production of the early stuff. Now we have the new power pop direction and it's 1980 sound. I liked the early PHUZZ and I like this, but when you leave punk for pop you are rated on a whole new scale in my book. The RASPBERRIES, MATERIAL ISSUE, and even the band I love to hate, the BEATLES, are name-dropped. This is OK. but it's no TOMMY KEENE. Again, I do like this, but in comparison to this genre's alumni, it's just OK. (RL)
(Beach, 1230 Market St, PMB 135, San Francisco, CA 94102)

PITS - "Introducing My New High/National Anthem"

.....buncha old English dudes....with beer.....old style, slower punk rock with loud guitars.....not bad, not bad at all.....singer has got a nice clear voice....in the same ballpark as COCKSPARRER...punk with a slight pop edge....totally.....something I can slip my cock into.... (SW)
Rapid Pulse, PO Box 5075, Milford, CT 06460, thepits-paranoia.co.uk)

QUALM - "Preventing Explosion" CD EP

This seems like some sorta label shopping project with only six tunes. QUALM do some well arranged, well played, melodic hardcore with no fat , no frills, and nothing that stands out or excites me too much. Mmm... not bad. (HM)
(Mmm...Not Bad, PO Box 2014 Arvada, CO 80001, angelfire.com/co2/qualm)

THE REAL SWINGER - "Back From Nowhere" CD

This is not a bad album. There's nothing special here, though. It features twelve songs of pop punk from this Italian band that plays mid-tempo songs about all sorts of things. I'm sure that this is influenced by MR. T EXPERIENCE and RAMONES and maybe some blues, too. There are a few typical love songs, but I had more fun reading the lyrics to "My Life's So Dumb I'll Reincarnate in A Bumper Sticker, Oh Yeah!" and the song about meeting Dr. Frank. It is all lighthearted, just the music doesn't really impress me. (WT)
(I'm Not A Doctor c/o Paolo Merolla, Via Andrea d'Isernia 20, 80122, Napoli, ITALY)

RED MONKEY - "Hitting City/Fifty-Hour Week"

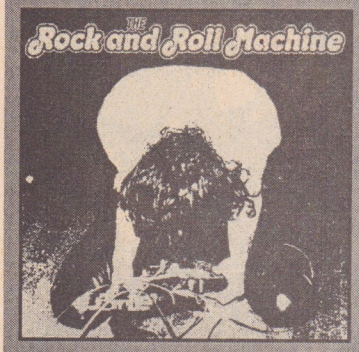
This is sort of slowed down, dissonant, spaced out, jaded-yet-idealistic music, with lyrics dealing with the horrors of modern society, such as working and life in the city: "in the city we are bereft of feeling or thought. fragmented, truncated, isolated, broken, self-absorbed, ah ah only me..." The vibe is reflective, which to me is boring but it brings to mind the FALL, the BUSH TETRAS, early TALKING HEADS and ELASTICA. (JT)
(Troubleman, 16 Willow St, Bayonne, NJ 07002)

RELIGOUS WAR - "Asylum" EP

Production?! We don't need no stinkin' production!! Raw, lo-fi (I mean it sounds like a fucking boom box recording!) pissed off garage (!) crust. Perhaps a not quite so crazy LIP CREAM or STALIN would be a good comparison. Good stuff—though it is limited to 200 copies so good luck! (MT)
(After The Bomb, no address)

REVERSAL OF MAN - "Discography" CD

27 songs culled from all of the non-CD releases, in a jewel case, with a sharp lyric and photo booklet. The best tracks here, and from REVERSAL OF MAN generally, speed up the Canadian-style anthemic guitars. The vocals punch through the blitz as hoarse screams. A fantastic pile-up of violence on a southern interstate. REVERSAL OF MAN has a fancy for expanding portions of their songs with introspective emo-violence jams that I'm not a fan of. Overall, a good collection. The skip button will find a number of mix tape possibilities. (TH)
(Schematics, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)



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RIVETHEAD - "City Sound Number Five" EP

Here are six good, simple, and catchy power pop tunes. Definitely for fans of DILLINGER FOUR and PINHEAD GUNPOWDER. I liked it so much that I'm ordering one for myself right now because the cheap bastards didn't send two copies to *Maximum* for review! Really, it's good.(SR)
($3ppd: PO Box 8995, Minneapolis, MN 55408, rivethead@chickmail.com)

THE ROCK AND ROLL MACHINE - "Rock 'n' Roll Disease" EP

Wow—these vocals remind me of something/somebody/some band. But who is it? Stiv Bators? The USERS guy? I don't know, but this is amazing punk rock. Maybe it's the SATANS RATS guy? Richard Hell? Fuck, it really is bugging me. Mid-tempo, punk 'n' roll that just doesn't quit. Three tracks and all are solid. Catchy rhythm section, mesmerizing guitar and vocals that bring a sense of urgency that really pushes it over the edge. The web address leads me to believe that these cats are from New Zealand. Wow. Find this record. If you find two, send one to me. (KK)
(Action, records.co.nz)

SOMEONE ELSE'S PROBLEM - "Everything Just Needs to Stop" CD

Positive-minded hardcore from Albuquerque, New Mexico that looks to the east for inspiration. No, not Krishna, the East Coast of the U.S. of A! LIFETIME and AVAIL-like melodies and punch polish off the '88 youth crew redundancies. West Coast hardcore freaks might enjoy the INSTED (without the whine) styled vocals. There's a GORILLA BISCUITS cover, done well, and who doesn't love GORILLA BISCUITS? (TH)
(One Inch Punch, PO Box 30842, Albuquerque, NM 87190)

SONNY VINCENT & THE SAFETY PINS - "Power Ride" EP

Sonny Vincent reminds me of Jeff Dahl—not that their music is similar, but their stories are almost identical. One day they are nobodies and the next day they've been around for years and everybody knows who they are. By the way, I don't think it's very punk rock to have a person's name in a band, unless they are the only member of the band. SONNY VINCENT & THE SAFETY PINS should just be the SAFETY PINS. I don't want to harp on this too much, though, as Sonny Vincent looks like the kind of guy that could kick my ass and not even lose too much sleep over it. On to the record: these songs kick some serious ass. Four cuts, all mid- to faster-paced, straightforward, rock 'n' roll first and punk rock second. In fact the thing that makes these songs punk rock is that they are SO rock 'n' roll. Great record. (KK)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

THE SHRINKS - "Nowhere to Live" EP

It gladdens my heart to know that punk rock, make that Punk Rock, is still alive (even if it's hiding out in podunk/suburban/whatever it is Milford, CT). Snotty but not annoying vocals, fast, catchy, repetitive songs that don't go on a second too long, just about perfect (guitar could be a bit more prominent in the mix, but what the hey). Credo! (DD)
(Rapid Pulse, PO Box 5075, Milford, CT 06460)

SELF DESTRUCT - "Violent Affair" EP

I'm thinking this is the same band that put out a 4 song LP in 1991 on Retch, but I could be wrong. These mohawked boys are for fans of the CASUALTIES and such, but they've definitely got a more intensely aggressive edge to them which makes them way better. (SR)
(Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY, 11953)

THE SICK THINGS - "Bondage Boy" EP

Recorded in 1977 for the great Raw Records, this wouldn't see the light of day until 1983 under a different label; this yellow vinyl re-release does it justice. Imagine the stinging guitars of the VILETONES with SIOUXSIE-like vocals, and you have an idea of what this sounds like. All of the tunes are eminently listenable, but "Street Kids" is the classic tune, a crisp, snappy burst of rude '77 punk that beats VICE SQUAD at its own game. (SS)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London E17 9GH, UK)

SILVER TONGUED DEVIL - "Red Eyed and Tongue-Tied" LP

This band sounds like they really wanted to be on the Vegas Shake Down... they have the big licks and hoarse vocals but to be honest bore me to tears. Excuse me while I go

shave my side burns just to ensure I have nothing in common with these guys... (BM)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666 Canonsburg, PA 15317)

SISSIES – "Look Back And Laugh" CD

The second full length from this charming Indiana band. Fun amateurish stuff in the K Records or even the UK's Slampt Records vein. Great duel gal vocals interplay over jangly but sometimes rocking music. Somewhere in between TIGER TRAP, the RAINCOATS, and a pop punk garage band. No overproduction problems here. I really liked this. (RL)
(New Disorder, 115 Bartlett St, San Francisco, CA 94110)

SIXER - "Saving Grace" CD

This isn't half bad—energetic punk with catchy hooks and that clean, almost-gritty TKO production. The choruses are 100% two fingers in the air punk rock, but something's missing. Nothing monumental, mind you, but the songs could have been a little shorter, and maybe a bit dirtier production. Still, I'll bet they tear shit up live. Kickin' stuff. (RD)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

SMOGTOWN - "Audiophile" EP

Ahhh, Huntington Beach...broken glass, beachfront strip malls, rusting oil derricks. BLACK FLAG. Punk rock abandon. SMOGTOWN. HB's self-proclaimed avatars of Switchblade New Wave emerge from retirement and make lots of fast and loud noise in the process. *Audiophile* is real grubby stuff, punk rock without the airbrushed band photos and studied poses. Good, yes. (JH)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

SMUT PEDDLERS - "Bipolar Girl" EP

The SMUT PEDDLERS are one of "OC punk's dying breeds" with super simple chord progressions, mediocre solos and lyrics with as much impact as a cotton ball. And they're delusional—they think what they're doing is on a par with what the DEAD KENNEDYs were doing in the '80s. "Let's Get Fucked Up" and "Let's Lynch the Landlord" are not the same. (DP)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

SPAZBOY- "Alright, Tokyo!" CD

This isn't bad...not exactly good, but compared to the shit I've had today it's not bad. It's kinda Lookout! with a little bit of alternative. I'm going to say SPIN DOCTORS meets GREEN DAY. If you diggit, you dig. If not no loss. (BM)
($8 ppd: PO Box 2130 El Cajon, CA 92021, spazboy.net)

SPITZZ - "I Am Not Alive" 45

I am very impressed with this debut single, a cross between the MISFITS and DEAD KENNEDYS, excellent punk rock, write the label and demand they record a full length record. (EC)
(Tario, P O Box 501, Cambridge, MA 02238)

STANDFAST - "Kill the Spirit of Gravity" CD

These days, looks can be deceiving (hell, that's probably why I got stuck with this record). What looks like a well-produced "emo" record (cliché yes, but you know what I'm talking about), ends up being a slab of regurgitated generic, predictable hardcore. So is the case with STANDFAST. Though I do like their lyrics at times and, to their credit, some songs do have their shining moments, I get the feeling I've heard this band before (many times, actually) but they were playing under a different name each time. (SP)
(Blatherskyte, PO Box 41375, Rochester, NY 14604)

STEEL TOE SOLUTION - "Dick in the Dirt" EP

This is one hard-nosed, pissed-off chunk of hardcore bile! These guys are not the sort of men you would ever want to double-cross or betray! The songs lash out at you! There are songs about vengeance, power- drunk cops, wage slaves, and wannabe Brits. There is a good quote in "Wrong Side of the Pond": "I got a lot of rage, and people like you trigger it." The music is medium fast hardcore punk with just the right amount of metallic guitar leads laced in with the pounding bass and drums. If you like old school NY/NJ hardcore with lots of attitude, get this now! (BR)
(Headache, PO Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432, headrecords@aol.com)

STRAP-ONS/BALLBUSTERS - split 45

A split release by two bands playing solid late '70s Los Angeles style punk rock. The STRAP-ONS have a definite US BOMBS feel, especially with the Duane Petersesque

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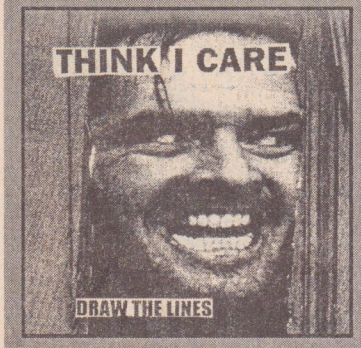
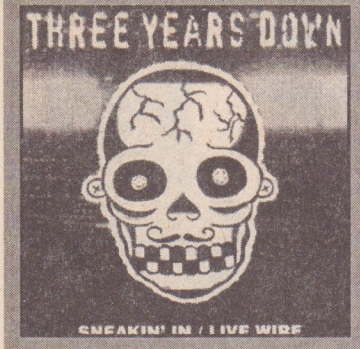




vocals styling. The BALLBUSTERS play a little faster and with a bit more recklessness and manic energy. Definitely a solid release. (JF)
(CNF, PO Box 9152, Virginia Beach, VA 23450)

TEAR IT UP - "Just Can't Stand It" LP

So you missed out on the demo. That's cool, cuz it's all here and it sounds like fucking thunder! Four of these guys used to be in this other totally rad band, but TEAR IT UP is so much fucking better, I can't even make the comparison. It's better than just hardcore, and it's got way too many hooks to be just thrash...this just completely destroys me. 11 songs to hate by. Get this. (WN)
(Deranged, order through Ebullition)

LES TECKELS - "Change Your Mind" EP

Iwan NO TALENT and three of his friends have an excellent punk 'n' Oi! sound on this EP. For those of you lucky enough to have the LES TECKELS LP, you already know that these Frenchmen kick ass! Right from the start when these guys surge into "Change Your Mind", you know you're in for some great Oi! flavored punk. The lead singing is gruff and authoritative, the guitar parts are pointed and laid down in just the right amount. LES TECKELS rip through "Who's Next," a fast Oi! number that will have the boots tapping out the beat on the barroom floor." For their final number, LES TECKELS do a passionate cover of the VELVET UNDERGROUND's "We're Gonna Have a Real Good Time Together". If you like the punk-meets Oi! sound of HARDSKIN you will like this. (BR)
(Wild Wild Wild, BP 55 92123, Montrouge, Cedex, FRANCE)

TEEN COOL - "Adolessons" CD

Here you got TEEN COOL spitting up heavy doses of snotty motherfuckin' vocals and I don't give a flying fuck attitude. Here you got a firey six-song quickie full of sweat, blood, and beer just like a good r 'n'r record should. Fans of SMOGTOWN take heed. (DL)
(Pelado, 5203 Martin Ave, Austin, TX 78751)

THINK I CARE - "Draw the Lines" EP

Some frenzied East Coast straightedge hardcore—notable for its authentic old school flavor—there's no fancy computer layout, no sleigh of hand graphics...just the basics. The singer struggles to keep up with the music, something that's always done me well. Great hoarse vocals, quick delivery, ten songs. Some good stuff— they manage to break it up with some awesome breaks that keep things interesting—this is some good stuff. Even has those spiteful personal lyrics—hatred of those who have lost the edge etc. etc. The lyrics might be a bit juvenile, but it hits hard enough for me not to care. (TM)
(Boiling Point, 25 Hyde Street, Winchendon, MA 01475)

THREE YEARS DOWN - "Sneakin' In" 45

Let me start off by saying that I know I am in trouble when I only see two songs on a record and one of them is an AC/DC cover. Still, I was willing to put aside my doubts for THREE YEARS DOWN, but unfortunately it doesn't do any good. This record is just bad '70s inspired rock, and I don't mean of the punk variety. (JF)
(702, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504, stickerguy.com)

THE TIMEOUTS - "Over the Top" CD EP

A six song let's-shop-ourselves-to-record-labels CD. Featuring the TIMEOUTS' popish GREEN DAY style modern rock with very little musical back bone. A terrible, heartfelt acoustic number, "The One I Lost", closes the CD making you glad it's over. A well edited, cute lil' video is included for you computer punks. They're set on MTV or some crappy new rock radio. Excellent package and idea, but I don't like any of the content. (HM)
(Let's Go!, letsgorecords.com, dmduncan.com/timeouts)

TOMMY AND THE TERRORS - "Mass Hysteria" CD

Boston boot boys who don't mind spilling Guinness on their Fred Perry. Except for their drummer A-bomb, each member of the band's last name is Terror and their logo has an upside down dagger piercing the heart of a soccer ball! They're a mix of aggressive Oi and SLAPSHOT-like hardcore. (SR)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA, 02134, bostonassholes@yahoo.com)

TOTAL FURY/THE OATH - split EP

A live bootleg from TOTAL FURY and the OATH on a cool little EP. The TOTAL FURY stuff kicks ass, while Mark McCoy's bantering is humorous. Damned if I know where you can get this... (MW)
(Full Circle, no address)

TREASON - "Moral Authority" EP

These Pacific Northwestern punks rock out with a FILTH-y pace and tendency toward strict prose in the lyrics. This does not mean they can't write a peace punk anthem, however, as they do successfully with the side-long song "Disarm." The three songs here appreared on a demo tape, and have improved with the transition. (AC)
(Common Senseless, PO Box 87253, Vancouver, WA 98687)

THE UNWANTED - "1984/Bleak Outlook"

UNWANTED was a late '70s band on Raw Records, whose basic limey shoutalong slightly tuneless punk was typical of the period. I'm not familiar with these tracks, so they might have been previously unreleased. The B-side's the better rant of the pair, a less arty WIRE workout. Essential, no. Tear-evoking nostalgia, yes. And no solos, natch. Liner notes woulda been nice. (HY)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London, E17 9GH UK)

VARUKERS – "The Retch Files. Vol.1" CD

You get the *One Struggle, One Fight* and *Live in Leeds 1984* LPs on one disc. I bought the *One Struggle...* album when it came out and sold it some time later, finding it too metal. Actually, it doesn't sound too bad listening to it now, but it still doesn't stand up to *Bloodsuckers*. It's similar to DISCHARGE in a lot of respects, especially in that both bands went way overboard in the guitar-wanking around 1983/84. The live album is exactly what you would expect. I can't believe they just recently played at Gilman. Let it go guys... (Incidentally, for you Yankee doodles—a "varuker" and a Planter's wart is one and the same. Now you know.) (AD)
(Retch, 49 Rose Crescent, Woodvale, Southport, Merseyside, PR8 3RZ, UK)

SONNY VINCENT - "Hell's Kitchen" LP

From the kitchen of steaming SONNY VINCENT comes that brand of maniacal rock n' roll served fast and piping hot. This big, loud production full R 'n' R NYC attitude will sure make a lot of skinny-legged boys in pegged black jeans happy rock babes. Unfortunately this also includes a predictable cover of "Search & Destroy." (DL)
(Munster, PO Box 18107 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

WEIRDOS - "We Got the Neutron Bomb/Shining Silver Light"

No, it's not a misprint and I haven't been drinking vanilla extract while composing my reviews...ever-noble Munster Records have chosen to re-release one half of the WEIRDOS' 1977 Dangerhouse single and replace its B-side "Solitary Confinement" (one of the undisputable, indispensable and untouchable punk rock classics of this or any other era) with a track off the band's 1990 reunion LP *Condor.* Why, exactly? Are there legal issues at play here? "Shining Silver Light" isn't as bad of a track as the title might suggest, but it ain't up to the scratch of their earlier material from when they were the primo Hollywood punk rock combo and it was still a daring move to wear novelty sunglasses and backwards tuxedo shirts outdoors. "We Got the Neutron Bomb" still kicks arse, though, so all is forgiven. Could this (hopefully) be a sign that more and unreleased WEIRDOS material is on the boards from Munster? (JH)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, Madrid 28080, SPAIN)

WIDOWS - Balls 'n' Bollocks LP

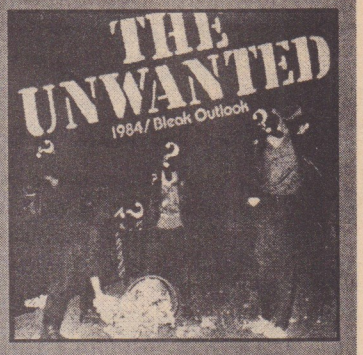
Real thick platter, 180 gram probably, though virgin vinyl'd be a bit of a waste on this 1980 aggro, much of the output of these Finns career, including three 45s (the well-known-at-least-by-killed-by-deathers "Wall of Berlin" included), an LP and some live shit.These chumps were a little heavy on the reverb and guitar wanking that'd make Hans Christian way too proud, but there's some decent pop punkiness, goofy anthems ("Be Yourself"), and mostly half-baked hoo ha. Not quite beer swillin' music, but "I Wanna Be Your Friend" kicks enough ass for a swig. Their cover of "Anarchy in the UK" sounds like a watered-down CLASH. (HY)
(Banbo, PO Box 919, SF-39602 Helsinki, FINLAND)

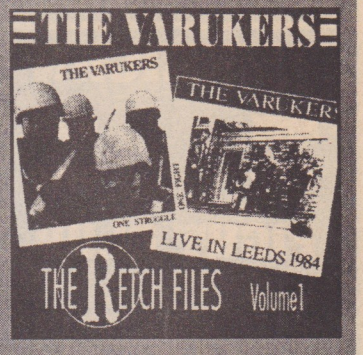
YOUNG ONES – "Era of Hopeful Monsters" EP

Very raw, snappy sounding four-track from these NY State kids. Almost practice tape quality production works in its favor in a fucked-up fuzzy kind of way. Very DIY cover and rebellious lyrics make it grade-A punk. (AD)
(Punks Before Profits, PO Box 57, Olean, NY 14760)

THE ZERO TOLERANCE TASK FORCE - "Corporate Scum" EP

Wow, this is a cross between BLACK FLAG and INFLATABLE BOY CLAMS, out of their fucking skull lyrics, must be the desert, xeroxed sleeve, punk rock. (EC)
(Bandwagon, P O Box 44338, Tucson AZ 85733)





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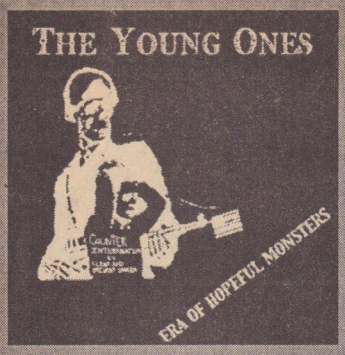
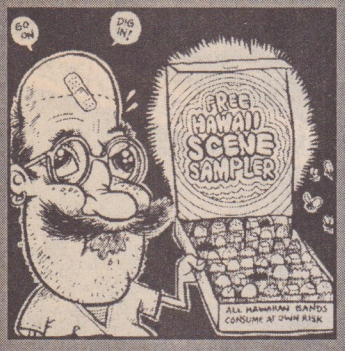




V/A - "Algo de Musica de un Pais con Nombre de Aji" EP

What a scorching boot to the head! Not only is this the first Chilean compilation I've ever heard (or, for that matter, Chilean band), but it totally kicks my ass. The first band, DON FANGO was hit-or-miss with their effects-laden instrumental hardcore (props for trying new things, though), but the second and third bands, ALTERNOCIDIO and S.N.D. totally went off, playing guttural, bass-heavy punk that reminds me a lot of SOLUCION MORTAL, due not only to the rapid-fire Spanish, but also the muddy recording that actually adds strength to the distinctive D-beat sound (yes folks, I'm serious). The rest carries on from there, with a bit of burly, melodic hardcore, and some more stuff that sounds like something Pushead or Katz from Flipside would go batty over. Highest praise goes out for promoting such an overlooked scene. And did I mention the clear, limited to 500 vinyl? (RD)
(Fredj Brahim, 17 Rue de la Foret, 67340 Menchhoffen, FRANCE)

V/A - "American Fight Club No.1" CD

Each of the 4 bands on this have at least 6 tracks so it makes for a good sampler. The AUTHORITY are ruff 'n' tuff and sing like Phil Anselmo (PANTERA); CALLAGHAN is good punk n' roll for greasy rockers; HUDSON FALCONS definitely win the fight sounding like GC5 and a less produced the STRIKE (without the socialist lyrics); and the TRENDS are for fans of NEW BOMB TURKS. (SR)
(Outsider, PO Box 92708, Long Beach, CA, 90809, outsiderrecords.com)

V/A - "Boston Punk 2000" CD

There are a lot of really good punk rock bands from Boston, and this compilation does a good job of showing them off. This comp consists of twenty three tracks from lots of "punk" punk rock bands. No pop punk, none of the E word, just hardcore punk rock and a wide variety of spikes. I had kind of dismissed a lot of these bands, but I was impressed by the energy in a lot of these songs. Good tracks from SHOOT the HOSTAGES, the PROFITS, INDIGNATION, and TOXIC NARCOTIC, among others. I would check this out. (WT)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

V/A – "Fat Music Volume 5: Live Fat Die Young" CD

Unreleased tracks by Fat's latest roster, including PROPAGANDHI, SNUFF, SWINGIN UTTERS, and NOFX, to name just a few of twenty. I'm guessing a low list price as well. You can't complain. (RL)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

V/A - "First Belgian Punk Contest: Punk Live Volume 2" LP

A boot of what's probably the rest (or at least second best) of that infamous punk showdown back in 1978. First vol was a semi-legit release that came out heaps of years ago and was very fucking rare, only to be booted in the last handful of years, then properly released again by who-the-fuck-remembers-or-cares. This one sports two more bands, the RAZORS and MODERN WORLD, both Belgian bands. The RAZORS sport one twisted fuck of a vocalist and a tuneless plodding band that owes more to FLIPPER or early GERMS (or the other way around) than the KIDS. "Rotten Power" is awesome. MODERN WORLD have a more classic heavy guitar garage hero feel that the frogs seem to love. I love 'em both, so buy and stop complaining that euro shit sucks. (HY)
(Gnome, no address)

V/A - "Free Hawaii Scene Sampler" CD

A great cover for a mediocre comp. This comp has more direction than many comps these days (being Hawaiian and all), but unfortunately, less than half of the twenty tunes stand out. the ASIAN CRACKWHORES is one of the best band names I've heard this year, and they have the worst song on the comp. The PETTY FORDS have this funny Lyric "...perfect body for a 13 year old..." on their pop punk ditty. Other decent tunes are by the KNUMBSKULLS, LOSE MONEY, DAY/WEEKS/MONTHS, SPOONER, NATIONAL PRODUCT, BUCKSHOT SHORTY, and EXTRA STOUT. The hidden tracks include a live track by ??? and a cool radio show ad. (HM)
($2 ppd: Wet Noodle, geocities.com/wetnoodle.geo)

V/A – "History of Portland Punk Vol. 1" CD

A great disc of early Portland punk here! This includes early singles by the WIPERS, STIPHNOYDS, NEO BOYS, as well one of the West Coast's best

releases, by SADONATION. All tracks are included and the live 10/29/79 LP is included. This is as important as a Dangerhouse Records comp and those don't include all the tracks. A collector's no-brainer. (RL)
(Zeno, PO 97281, Phoenix, AZ 85060, zenorecords.com)

V/A - "I Thrash, Therefore I am!" CD

So I guess the story is that all 27 of the famous BCT tapes will be released on 18 CDs in the next couple of years, and this is the first. Start scrounging now, because if you weren't around during "the day" then this is essential stuff. This features mostly Swedish bands like ANTI CIMEX, MOB 47, EXISTENZ, but also TERVEET KADET (Finland), RAW POWER (Italy), and 10 others. The stinkers from the original tapes, either due to sound or song quality have been removed, so this blazes all the way through, with hardly a bad song in 73 minutes if you can believe it. My only complaints are that it is limited to 500 (why?) and the atrocious computer generated cover art. Never in a million years would I look at this and think that it is a vital piece of international hardcore history. But that is exactly what it is. (WN)
(BCT, PO Box 16205, San Diego, CA, 92116)

V/A - "Monster Party 2000" CD

Every time I start to why wonder why no one likes garage rock anymore, I get something like this to review and it reminds me. The same old boring bands (SATAN'S PILGRIMS, BOSS MARTIANS, SPACE COSACKS, WOGGLES, TIKI TONES, HYPNOMEN, ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN) doing the same old boring songs on the same old boring comp with the same old boring title and the same old boring cartoon drawing cover. When is someone going to pump a little life into this scene? I'm waiting. (CK)
(MuSick, PO Box 1296, Redondo Beach, CA 90278)

V/A - "Rock 'N Roll War" CD

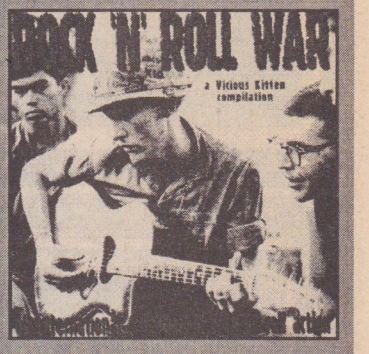
24 track rock 'n roll comp (duh). Another of those recent records screamin' about the "End of Rock" and how we have to buy into tired schlock and soulless freeze-dried shit in order to "save" it from the terrifying techno-dance hordes. Uh, guys, that train left the station about a quarter century ago. Real rock 'n roll (please don't talk about 80's metal, I said REAL rock) hasn't been anything but an oldies staple on radio since the purge of American FM radio in the mid 70's. All the action's been in the underground since then (hi there!), so I guess what we're really trying to save is lucrative tours for hack rock bands. Sorry for the sermon. The good bands on here: ASTEROID B-612, GOLDEN ARMS, DICTATORS, PIRATE LOVE and ROADKILL 66. (RW)
(Vicious Kitten, GPO Box 20, Canberra, ACT, 2601, AUSTRALIA, www.viciouskitten.com.au)

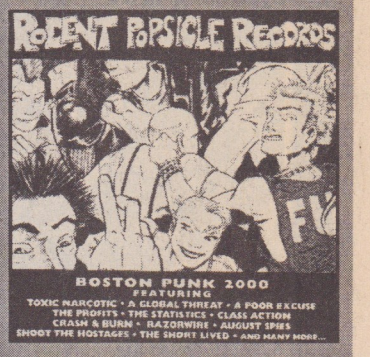
V/A – "Rodent Popsicle Records Compilation" CD

Four previously released EPs on one disc for your convenience. In order: TOXIC NARCOTIC spew out some super-pissed brutal thrash. I had no idea they were that hard. The UNSEEN are cool, like street-punk way sped up with nice snotty vocals. Best band in Boston? A GLOBAL THREAT keep the beat and deliver more relentless thrashy punk. They slow it down a little here and there and even get quite catchy. The STATISTICS are more screechy but equally as fast. They kinda remind me of later EXPLOITED, but don't let that put you off. I'm sure I have reviewed A POOR EXCUSE before. Old School Boston skinhead hardcore resurrected to kick your butt. This is a sweet package from a label that has crept up to be pretty damn cool. (AD)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

V/A - "Yokohama Thrasher" CD

Seems like a lot of work to put out a three band CD with only two songs from each band! It's (predictably) fast hardcore—with the six songs here only taking up seven minutes and change. All three bands from the Yokohama area, with REALSHIT, RAWHIDE and ROBO AFRICA doing the honors. REALSHIT are impressive—quick, full structured hardcore with all the speed and hooks that you could hope for—awesome stuff. They were the standouts here—RAWHIDE had somewhat pedestrian Japanese hardcore, and ROBO AFRICA employed a pseudo TOY DOLLS feel that worked, but without the same overall impact as REALSHIT. Good stuff, not much of it though. (TM)
(2 Hard, 11-2-505 Kusunoki-cho, Nishi, Yokohama, JAPAN)





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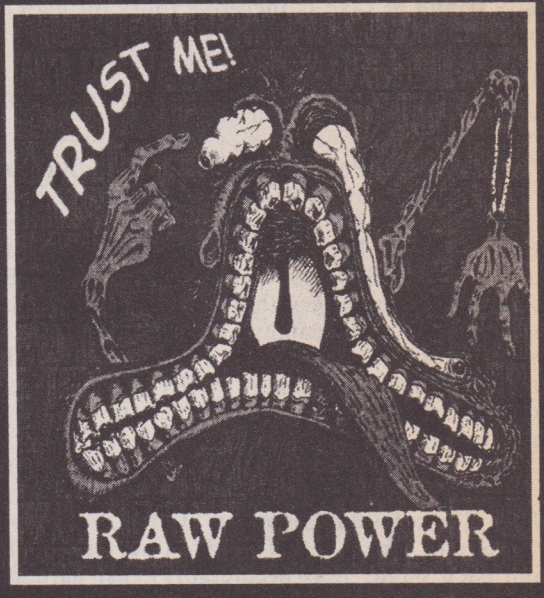

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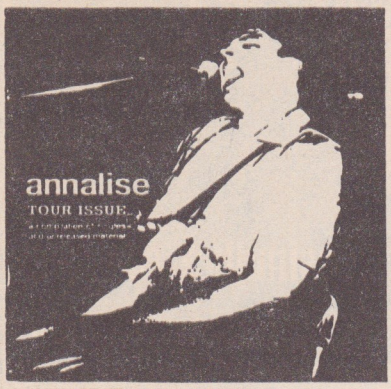

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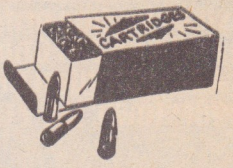

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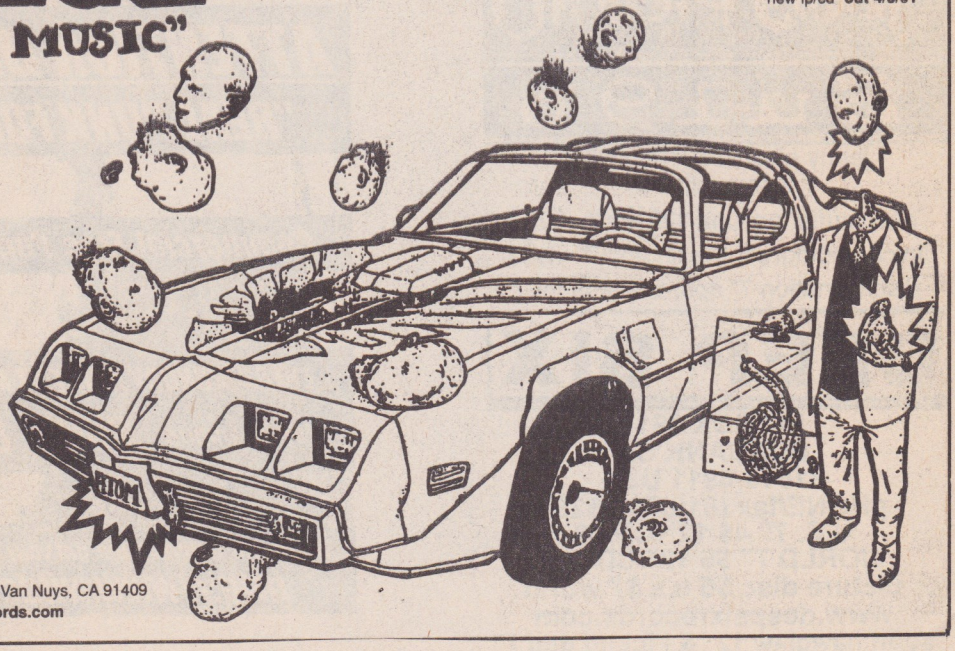

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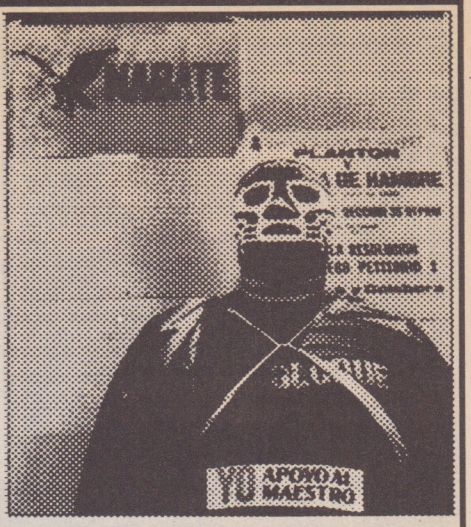

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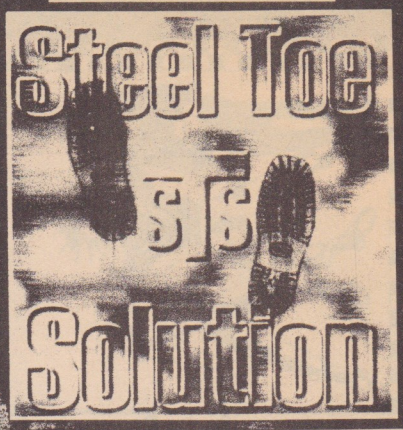

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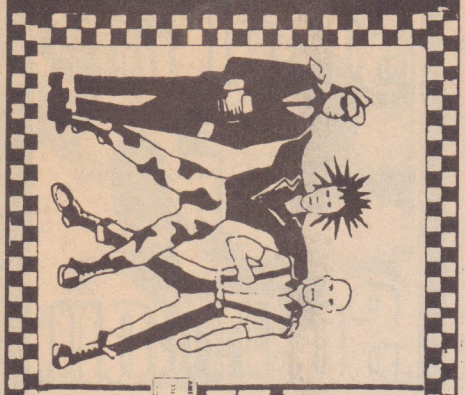

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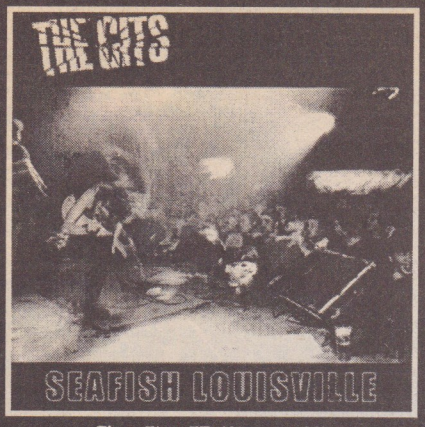

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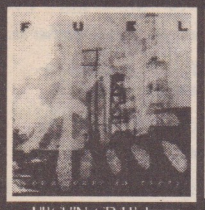

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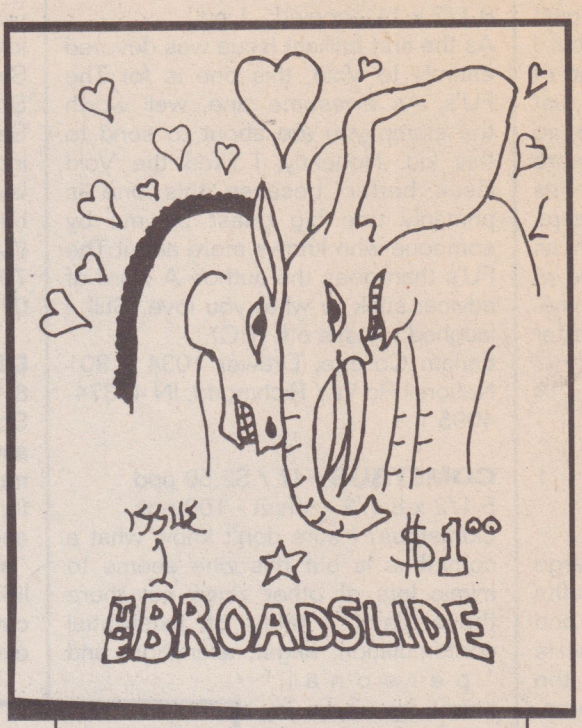
Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you

AMBER THE ARSONIST #2-5 / 1 stamp or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 2 pgs
This is a newsletter from the same person who does *Ducky* zine, dealing with everyday angst of college life, memorable, "funny" quotes and anecdotes, as well as some reviews in issue four. The format of this "zine" (one page, with writing on front and back) reminds me of the long running *Chumpire* zine and has some of the same drawbacks and benefits. Almost everything is reduced to cute little tidbits that conveniently fit into the limited space, potentially coming off as really superficial. Yet this is a good thing because much of what I read in zines could, in my opinion, be more readable if it was condensed into a format like that of this little number. (JL)
PO Box 1582 / Piscataway, NJ 08855



ALARM #8 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 76 pgs
Alarm hails from Boston and its main focus is on music-related aspects of punk and hardcore. Along with music reviews and regular columns, issue number eight features interviews with At the Drive-In, Cave In, and Drowning Man, all of which were pretty generic. The interview with Ron Sakolsky, author of *Seize the Airwaves*, is by far the most interesting part of this issue. The discussion was very thoughtful and engaging. Overall, I was not very excited about the bands featured in *Alarm*. Despite this, I appreciated the fancy-yet-straightforward layout, presentation, and commitment of the authors to putting the thing out. (JL)
PO Box 200069 / Boston, MA 02120

BARRED FROM SOCIETY #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
This is a travel journal from a two-week trip to see Screeching Weasel in Las Vegas. It's not all that interesting: long on small detail ("I called So-and-so and slept on her couch, it was okay...") and low on insight. The writing is mediocre and I couldn't get through the rest of the zine; I think you'd probably have to know Phrank to want to read this. I'll take this opportunity to offer a hint to all would-be writers: be self-reflexive. At one point Phrank derides television (and I would guess pop culture writ large, since he's one of *those* kinds of punks) as so much empty air; but he doesn't recognize that "the masses" are not just duped into "being sedated" but that they often attach meanings to, say, Christina Aguilera tunes, in the same way he ascribes so much emotional power to Screeching Weasel songs. Songs which, I should point out, might as well be Aguilera— pop and pointless—to others (uh, including myself). This isn't to invalidate Weasel as much as it is a suggestion for how to approach writing more thoughtfully. That is, why believe that the ways in which we make meaning from punk rock are significantly different than the rest of the population? "Songs immortalized" in memory because of their personal, circumstantial importance—because a friend killed herself with the tape in the deck, etc.—can apply to what punk rockers dismiss outright as teen pop crap, but which are rife with that same kind of individual significance for others. Think about it. (MN)
252 Grand Ave Apt 1 / Johnson City, NY 13790

BASH THE FASH #1 / $2
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
Not a zine but an interesting recollection of experiences in the anti-fascist movement. Everything that is creepy, militaristic, vanguardist, and overly macho about skinheads is evident in these first person accounts of battling "Nazis". Don't bother looking for a clear, intelligent, or unique insight into race issues, this zine is heavy on the action and weak on the analysis. Still, this is an interesting archive and worth taking a look at. (CR)
Kate Sharpley Library / PMB 820 / Channing Way / Berkeley, CA 94704

BIONDO'S GHOST #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
I really want to like this zine. It falls into the category of personal, and it's got a clean, typed lay-out with neatly handwritten titles for each story, but it just doesn't grab me. My theory for why, is that Jason is writing for an audience while his stories would come off as more interesting and worth-reading if he wrote them first for himself. He does have a lot of skill with descriptive writing, but too many of his tales lead nowhere except maybe excessive reveling in excessive drinking and smoking (past times which I love, by the way, but I don't consider them events in and of themselves.) I think maybe Jason just needs to get the hell out of Iowa, so that his life can get a little more interesting, giving him some stories worth telling. I do like that he keeps his poetry section separate though, as a little copied insert in the middle of the zine. Not a total waste of my time, but I do hope this zine gets better with time. (AW)
PO Box 9876 / Cedar Rapids, IA 52409

THE BROADSLIDE #1 / $1 + 1 stamp
11 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
While on the very thin side (the large font doesn't help), this zine benefits from the clear and articulate social and political writing by editor Boone. While I really could have done without the imagined conversation with Charon, the Greek gatekeeper to Hades (which was a contribution), Boone offers concise analyses of the election (though a bit outdated at this point), punk rock, and Valentine's Day. The layout is boring as hell (too much empty space, and not for intentional design purposes) but if Boone saw fit to pack this zine with more writing, I wouldn't care. (MN)
POB 329 / Columbia, MO 65205-0329

CAUSTIC TRUTHS #77 / $?
8 1/2 - x 11 - offset - 32 pgs
How do you get to issue #77 without figuring out how to put the price on the cover? I liked the interview with Vaginal Davis, but thought the ones with Aaron Probe and Winston Smith were boring. This zine felt very light, as in it didn't really seem to have much content. It's decent and all and I would have been kinder, but for the fact sheet accompanying it, which announces they are going glossy next issue, in an attempt to "give it more visibility in the marketplace across North America" (in bold type). I still need to know what the current saturation is and how are we on shifting units? (GF)
PO Box 92548 / 152 Carlton St / Toronto, ONT / M5A 2KO / Canada
www.caustictruths.com

CLENCH #2 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 1 pg
As the first brilliant issue was devoted entirely to Void, this one is for The FU's. An awesome zine, well worth the stamp you are about to send to this kid. Honestly, I liked the Void issue better, because this one is primarily one big guest column by someone who knows more about The FU's than does the author. A word of advice: stick to what you love. Still, I laughed my ass off. (RC)
Earlam College, Drawer 1034 / 801 National Rd W / Richmond, IN 47374-4095

COMETBUS #47 / $2.50 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 100 pgs
Cometbus? I sure don't know what a cometbus is but this zine seems to mimic lots of other zines out there these days - tales of existential contemplation, angst, alienation, and "personal" narratives where joy can be found in the seemingly pedestrian and mundane musings of everyday life. "*Cometbus*" has been going strong for forty-seven issues now and I wanna know, is this "Aaron" character trying to pull one over on us or what? If this zine is so great, how come I've never heard of it before? Huh? Anyway, this issue claims to be both a zine and a book conveying how all the important elements of Aaron's life converged around his relationship with his girlfriend, Lanky. Sure, some of it is sappy, romantic, and painfully sentimental but a lot of the stories show the ways that the momentum of the author's life seemed to be both entirely related and unrelated to the presence and departure of various people, including Lanky. (JL)
PO Box 4279 / Berkeley, CA 94704

DESTROYED BY YOU #3 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
Lots of interviews with bands that look really cute in a safe co-opted punk kind of way. This issue has them with Saves the Day, Whippersnapper, Five Star Day, and Random Task. Sandwiched in between are a few introspective, emotional articles. The layout is nice, the interviewing is OK, but somehow it remains a bland zine. (CR)
705 Woodland Ave / Westfield, NJ 07090

DISTRESS SIGNALS #1? / ?
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 26 pgs
Sort of interesting, but creepy and annoying at the same time. That pretty much sums up this zine—a medium for the author to express his thoughts and feelings about "child abuse" and "alcoholism" and inspire healing and liberation in an addiction-laden culture.Through excerpted written exchanges with former lovers, poetry, quotes, and other personal anecdotes, Billy's writing aims to incite anger and action. I feel weird even criticizing this zine because it is born out of the author's experiences of emotional, psychic, and physical pain, and I don't want to invalidate his response to his life. However, I was struck by his need to draw everyone else (the reader) into his homogenizing analysis of "addiction" and "recovery." There are far too many assumptions made in

this zine about other people's experiences, and the writing comes off as oddly dogmatic in its tone. In his attempts to make himself feel better, the author encourages us to bond on the basis of how damaged we are, a tendency in radical politics and punk, in general, that has always irritated me. Read it for yourself if any of this sounds interesting. (JL)
902 Arnette Ave / Durham, NC 27701

DOLL Feb 2001 / $10
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 152 pgs - Japanese
Glossy mag from Japan featuring the Circle Jerks, Slight Slappers, Corrupted, Slang, and many others. As my Japanese is still a little rusty, I am limited to enjoying this magazine for the pictures, but I can still lose myself for hours in these pages. Completely professional as always, with the focus not just on punk, but metal and rock also. Tons of interviews, loads of photos, and they stick all the ads together in the back. Hooray! (RC)

DORIS #17 / $1.50 or $1 and 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 68 pgs
This issue of *Doris* is made up of reprints that have appeared in other zines or in earlier issues.
I have been a fan of *Doris* for a while now but some of the stuff in this issue is hit or miss. But it has more hits then misses. If you haven't ever read *Doris* , it is the top personal zine by a woman. It talks of her travels, dog, and life experiences. While this issues isn't as great as the others, it is still worth reading. (DS)
PO Box 1734 / Asheville, NC 28802

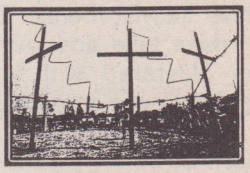
EARQUAKE #74 / $2
8 x 6 - copied - 28 pgs - French
Another consistent zine from Europe, this issue has interviews with the bands Romeo Is Bleeding and Hiljainen Kevat, plus an interview with Stewart Home. Also in this issue there is a wide variety of punk zine and record reviews. This small zine has also attracted the French censors and the current editor has been charged with clandestine printing. We hope he makes out ok and lets the world punk scene know about his struggle. (HH)
Frederic Leca / Le Menil / 88160 Le Thillot / France
Xearquake@aol.com

EUROBOTTLE #2 / $2
8 x 6 - copied - 60 pgs - Russian
This zine isn't hard to read, but nearly impossible because of the language barrier. Nevertheless it's totally punk and underground. The zine is a compilation of four zines including *Utopia/Aspirin Won't Help* from Moscow, *Knives And Forks* from St. Petersburg, *Panic* from Minsk, and *Xerotika* from Gusev. In this single copy there are band interviews, scene reports and articles from on anarchistpolitics with some pretty cool graphics. (HH)
Dmitrij Ivanov / POB 30 St. Petersburg 9 / Russia
ziloni@newmail.ru

FWTMCB/OVERBOARD split issue / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Overboard is the more punk/music side, with interviews with Orchid and Submerge. The layout is pretty scattered and hard to read, but hey, I guess it looks punk. There's also a lot of personal writing about traveling, work and consumerism, depression, as well as some vegetarian recipes and graffiti photos. *Fear Why The Mouse Can't Breathe* is just straightforward stories. The layout is very dry and the stories are kind of uninspired—emo diary style about nothing in particular except everyday life. I can't say I did or didn't like this, it just didn't move me either way. (MD)
5258 Five Fingers Way / Columbia, MD 21045

FILL WITH PUNK ROCK #1 / stamp US or $1 world
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs
This is so much better than most of the zines I've been getting lately—short, concise, and full to the brim with love for the international punk and hardcore world. I loved the article about hunting down zines that focus on punk scenes outside of the norm (meaning like in places like South America, Eastern Europe, etc). This is mostly filled to the brim with reviews of punk records, zines and tapes (hurrah!) from around the world. Drop Craig a line and do yourself a favor. (MT)
PO Box 471 / Allston, Ma. 02134
fillwithpunkrock@yahoo.com

The Get In Touch-Step Forward Conspiracy...



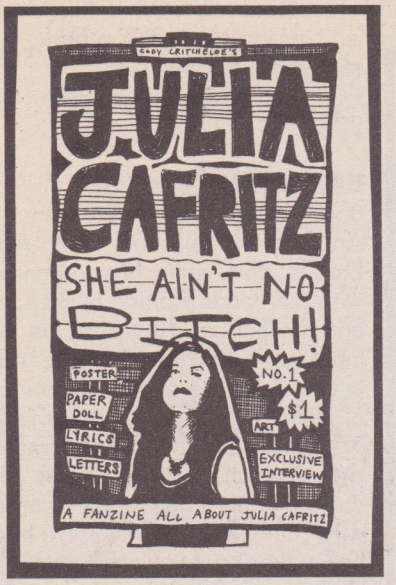
...counterculture, life, passion

FIXATION #4 / $1 or 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Right from the adorable mohawked baby on the cover I knew I was in for a treat. This is a great little political/perzine. Even though I fucking hate poetry, the glaring exception is sassy haikus, and I found some cute ones here. The rants are on friendships, road trips, romantic things, and feminist/political things. Also a few show and zine reviews. (NN)
5630 Rt 81 / Greenville, NY 12083
saintolostcauses@aol.com

FRACTURE #15 / $3 (world), 50p SAE (UK)
8 x 11 - offset -120 pgs
This is sort of a *Maximum*-lite, UK version. That's not the insult it could seem—I just mean that it's sectioned and structured similarly, and has a general coverage. It's very column heavy, though definitely not all columns are heavy on substance; a bit rambly sometimes. Also in here: an interview with In the Clear, an article on Iraqi sanctions, and tons of music reviews. Check this one out. (NN)
PO Box 623 / Cardiff CF3 4ZA / Wales / UK
fracturezine@hotmail.com

FREE SOCIETY #9 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
I want to appreciate the spirit of a project like this. Clearly inspired by the WTO, the author seems to see Ragnarok on the horizon, with black-clad freedom fighters running over the rainbow bridge. The cover is a pen drawing of a gas masked hero standing against a line of cops. The content is many reprints of online email list reprints (mostly of an anarchist activist bent). Oddly, the author does take ads and the inner leaf is plastered with quotes on pricing. There are some news bits, a punk "riot" in Lansing, a Code 13 interview. (AR)
Box 538 / Bright's Grove, ON / N0N 1C0 Canada

GET IN TOUCH / STEP FORWARD / $2 ppd Asia, $3 ppd world
8 1/2 - x 11 - offset - 54 pgs
One of those serious international community efforts. This has interviews with WHN, Synthesis distro, Refuse Records, Catharsis, and tons of scene reports. Also lots of columns and reviews, this is a very impressive collection of dedicated individuals and



it means tons of in depth reading for you about the international hardcore scene, although I have to admit, my favorite parts were learning about the Phillipines. (GF)
PO Box 3900 / CPO, Manila 1000 / Phillipines

GUILLIBLE 22/CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #15 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
This is a split zine by Chris from VA and Giovanni from WA. And it's good. Really good. First thing that struck me was that I was forced to rethink my notion that zine intros are stupid. I formed that opinion because I've read so many that seem too forced and meaningless. Chris' intro comes without the title of intro and reads like he's talking to an old friend. In fact, that's how all of *Guillible* reads, and Chris delves into a few topics I've been thinking and talking a lot about lately too, like how people's jobs become the basis of their identity far too easily. Yeah, I'd hang out with Chris (and I think I already have because he used to be in that band, Flesh Eating Creeps , who stayed at my house once or twice I think; I wish I'd gotten to know him then.) What stands out as wonderful about the *Cryptic Slaughter* part of this split is the layout- simple and pretty and yet unique and interesting, as well. Giovanni's writing is worth reading to say the least. Snapshots into another's life which are bitter and funny at times, smart, and complete with footnotes that don't read with the academic distance I usually expect from footnotes. They just explain the stories better, giving useful background without having to stray from the linear progression of the events being described. According to Giovanni's intro, this zine is about (among other things) "d.i.y., punk rock, anarchy, ecology, feminism, and all that wonderful stuff." If you agree with Giovanni and me, also, that those things are wonderful, GET THIS! It's worth more than a dollar, but lucky for you, that's all this zine will cost you, so fucking order it. (AW)
PO Box 4909 / Richmond, VA 23220

GULK #5 / free
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
There are several short, strange comics in this quick read. The one about hunting made no sense to me and who cares about Ween? but the late, late term abortion one was very sick and trashy, making it my favorite. Some of the drawings are pretty

intricate. If you like fucked-up comics you can't beat the price at least. (JM)
RR3 Box 5760 / Skowhegan, ME 04976

IMPACT PRESS #31 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs
I remember liking past issues of this zine, but this one struck me as blah and liberal. I mean, there are some good things in here, about wage slavery, GMOs, and corporate welfare. At the same time, it's too pro-Democratic Party, and there's an article praising the likes of Jamba Juice while condemning fellow chain store Blockbuster—huh? There's nothing about the punk scene save a bunch of ads and reviews, which makes them seem out of place. Schizophrenic... (MD)
PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817

INFINITE MONKEY #2 / $2 plus postage
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
This is pretty cool, and the writers are enthusiastic and definitely put a lot of effort into this. Interviews with Knut, Dream Theatre, and Creation is Crucifixion are all well done, and the layout is easy on the eyes. I can't remember the last time I saw so much text for so little money, and if you're at all into the English punk or hardcore scene, by all means check this out. (RD)
PO Box 169 / Bradford, West Yorkshire / BD1 2UJ / UK

JULIA CAFRITZ, SHE AIN'T NO BITCH #1 / $1 and 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 36 pgs
This is a whole zine about Julia Cafritz of Pussy Galore and Free Kitten. Includes an odd interview with Julia, from which I think Julia will start looking over her shoulder to see if she has acquired a new stalker. Also has paper dolls of her and quotes from fans about her. I think this zine is only for the truly obsessive Julia fan. (DS)
2385 State Route 657 South / Lewisport, KY 42351

LOST CAUSE #2 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs
Oh shit kids, get ya fuck'n b-ball jerseys out and prepare ta fuck'n mosh! Interviews with Creep Division, Tiger Army, The Distillers, Powerhouse, and a Nerve Agents tour diary (the most boring tour diary ever). You want more—they got it! My favorite parts are the bloated pictures of Lars from Rancid and the fact they thank the U.S. Thugs... why do I keeping getting these zines? Good for what it is but once again I don't relate—see ya in the mall. (MT)
35 Lawton / San Ramon, CA 94583

MANGELSLAKT #3 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs
This is an excellent effort from MN. Clearly of the *PE* persuasion, this project focuses on the International scene with some success. The focus of this issue is on the Pacific Rim with much in the way of information. There are interviews with SkullThrusher, Specops, and Totuus. There are decent columns and a good effort at *MRR* quality of look and feel. (AR)
Box 580402 / Minneapolis, MN 55458-0402

OJ KILLED ELVIS #4 / $1 or 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
This issue mostly consists of stories about fucked up people and getting fucked up, That's the kind of material I can get into and I found it to be a funny, good read. Many of you will want this just because it features reprints from Mr. T's comic book, but I liked the tale of the profitability of blacking out and the character sketch of the editor's coworker, a third shift gas station clerk. If you share my lowbrow tastes you cannot go wrong here for the price. (JM)
123 Shady Hill Rd / Apalachin, NY 13732
craft_mike@hotmail.com

RECLUSE #1 / $1 plus a stamp
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Sometimes collaborative efforts are more successful in a zine. If you don't like one person's writing style or subject matter, a few pages later, there's something else to look at that you might like better. This zine starts off with some personal columns, which are mostly personal stories. I liked that there was lots of writing about pets and animal shelters and encouragement to volunteer at your local shelter (I do!), info on a local cat shelter, and also how to deal with ferals and strays. Anyhow, there's also some political bits and pieces in here as well as some fiction and music reviews. Overall, it's a good first effort. Hopefully this zine will grow and improve over time. (MD)
PO Box 09558 / Columbus, OH 4320

RED ALERT #1 / $?
5 1/2 x 81 /2 - copied - 20 pgs
This is a pretty simple and typical anarcho-crust zine. You get your vegetarian reprints, what is anarchism, Columbus Day sucks, Food Not Bombs, crust/metal reviews, etc. But also there are fliers from Des Moines shows, a town not known (to me) for its underground punk scene, so I was glad to learn a little about what the kids have got going on there. Also there is a decent interview with Despite. I bet this is radical as fuck for Des Moines but there are many better zines reviewed in this *MRR*. I hope the collective behind this keeps trying and whips up something a little more distinctive next time. (JM)
1315 Jefferson / Des Moines, IA 50314

RIPPED AND CLIPPED #1 / $?
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
Very strange. All this is, is clippings from *Trouser Press* and *Creem* (and a

few others) about the Sex Pistols, along with lesser amounts on the Jam and such. And, it's really great. Totally interesting to read about how this was all seen at the time, lots of reviews and pontifications about punk and new wave. I was really suprised to see that a lot of "rock journalists" seemed to understand that punk was bringing a much needed new energy into rock, yet those same people couldn't make it past their prejudiced idea that only when something has a major impact on the mainstream does it matter at all. When I first saw it I thought what a dumb idea, but it's actually fascinating. Also intriguing is that there is no "explanation" or intro type thing or info of any kind, not even an address, not even on the envelope. (GF)

SCANNER #9 / $3
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 80 pgs
Fortunately the "all cannibal issue" contains very little about cannibalism, for though I can find some humor in the eating of people, the creepy kitsch attached to serial killers is, well, a bit teenage for me. What is in this British zine are interviews with AFI, Anthem of the Century, The Generators, and the Movie Life, lots and lots of reviews, and lots of short columns. A decent zine, but nothing really incredible here. (CR)
6 Chatsworth Drive / Rushmere Park / Ipswich / Suffolk / IP4 5XA / UK

SICKNOISE #5 / donation
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 34 pgs
This magazine has a very sophisticated ear for noise, as in noise music. The reviews are a wonder to read due to the love and density of insight lavished on the vinyl received. Not much else is that interesting. The painful lesson of "just because the font is there doesn't mean you have to use it" hasn't been learned here. Interviews with SixTwoFive Thrashcore and Sean Hogan. (AR)
3208 Peppertree Place / Plano, TX 75074

SORE ZINE #11 / $1 ppd, trade
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 36 pgs
Mostly personal and fictional short writing, also reviews. Found this to be quite heavy and depressing. I didn't enjoy the writing much, but then that's not really my kind of thing. If you are into underground writers, this might be good, the editor has a lot of passion for this. (GF)
PO Box 68711 / Virginia Beach, VA 23471
SOREzine@aol.com

SO WHY WORRY? #4 / $1 US, $2 world
10 x 13 - offset - 28 pgs
I got the impression this issue was a year or two old. It is mostly interviews - Max 625 talks about skating and Be A Freak Records talks about a million noise bands I would try to avoid. A number of bands talk about their lyrics, music, towns, touring, etc. - From Ashes Rise, Boy Sets Fire, Tomsk-7, Murder-Suicide Pact, Godstomper, Deadbodieseverywhere, and a few others. I was unsurprised that some guy called "the Black Metal Monk" had dumb shit to say, and having such a loser write for *SWW?* does reflect poorly on the zine. There are also a bunch of reviews and d.i.y. music ads. There is a lot to read in here even if the material if not always the greatest. (JM)
PMB 774 / 160 N Coit Rd / Richardson, TX 75080

STRAINT #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
The carefully crafted introduction to the first issue of *Straint* had me poised between defensiveness and empathy; which means this attempt to put together a zine that asserts the editor Lane's feminist beliefs—while affirming his male identity—was successful. It doesn't hurt that he can write: "There's a time when you stop trying to fool yourself and others, or tire of giving explanations, inventing stories, and keeping secrets." What other contents Lane included were well-placed; an article on Valeska Gert, innovative cabaret performer in Weimar Germany, and a reprint of an article on what to do if your lover is sexually assaulted, harmonized as elements of *Straint*'s mission statement. Sadly, that's about it for this issue—but better to keep it short and clear-minded then to pack it with bullshit, I say. I truly hope to see more issues soon. (AC)
306 N Euclid / Tucson, AZ 85719

TOO MUCH INFORMATION #4 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
This is about "truth in advertising"—this zine is tedious, dull, and pointless, just as the title would suggest but does not *begin* to describe. Seriously, she includes an *email virus alert*. The kind (if you have a computer and/or email account) that get sent out almost every day. Full of flavorless musings like, "Does money desensitize one to cute furry animals?" and blatant space filler, i.e., (in big curvy handwriting) "I don't have anything specific to say right now, but I wish I did." Why do a goddamn zine if you know you have nothing—and I mean nothing—to say? Save me from the characteristic rambling: "I think I'll dye my hair black...and become famous for being me!" It's hard to believe she's in school for graphic design with all the bad cut and paste. This is one for the recycle bin. (MN)
Box 915 / Hyannis, MA 02601

TRASH FACTION #2 / $1 or trade
11 x 8 1/2 - copied - 30 pgs
Last time I had Mark Murrmann review

this for me, since I'm not a follower of the rock 'n' roll (i.e., the garage scene). Interviews with the High School Rockers, Teen Cool, Mr. California and the State Police, and The Peeps, whose schtick was tired before it even hit the ground. (Plus, they read *Hitlist*. C'mon. I thought only embittered, resentful white men read *Hitlist*.) There's not much content here—a badly laid out series of random observations about the New Year and *Temptation Island*, and an explanation of the editor's to-do lists. She knows (and clearly loves) her music but there's definite room for improvement, zine-wise. (MN)
1359 N Artesian Ave #1 / Chicago, IL 60622
trashfaction@hotmail.com

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #50 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Read this for the interviews, and little else. One summer many years ago, I was going to put out a zine chock full show reviews, and show reviews only—thank god I got sidetracked and never did it, because pretty much every show review I've read is boring as wood (and not just in this zine). I wish people would just leave it alone, or at least write ones that do not read like a bland journal entry. OK, the other non sucky part of this was the article/opinion on the recent US election—not breathtakingly original, but nonetheless well done. Interviews were with Mecca Normal (great!) and Vandemonium. Also included are a smattering of record and zine reviews. (NN)
PO Box 329 / Columbia , MO 65205-0329
ttwn@hotmail.com

TRUST #86 / $4
11 x 8 - offset - 68 pgs - German
As usual another great issue of *Trust* zine, one of Germany's longest running. In this issue are interviews with the bands Kill your Idols, J Church, Box Hamsters,, Pig Destroyer and my friend Lisa's favorite band, the Woggles. She thinks they are rock and roll sex gods! And as usual there are lots of record reviews, columns and of course the best guide to who is currently playing Germany. (HH)
dolf@is-bremen.de

UNSCENE #3 / ?
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - offset - 20 pgs
Good god. I almost yakked when I saw the dogmatic sloganeering on the cover of this Eugene-based toilet paper... err, *fanzine*, but it was the "Folk music gets a bad rap!" column that sent me reeling. Sure, sure, I'm close-minded; but unless I'm mistaken, this is punk rock, right? Isn't folk the enemy? You can have your Ani DiFrancos and your Bobby Dylans, but the idea of a bunch of sandal-wearing, seed-munching New Age trolls holding a folk jam session in Eugene, OR simply doesn't fly. Also includes a rant against the suits that are trying to keep the editor from BMXing in the local skate park. Gag me with a patchouli stick. (RD)
26 E 24th Ave #4 / Eugene, OR 97405

WERFUKT #3 / $1, trade, or free in person
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 48 pgs
This is quite a lot of content, and the price is right. Armistice, 7 Seconds, and Union 13 are all interviewed, and the interviewers obviously know their stuff. Neat layout and lots of good political information without being preachy or boring; done out of a town I've never even heard of. (RD)
3313 Jahon Ct / Rosamond, CA 93560

more listings

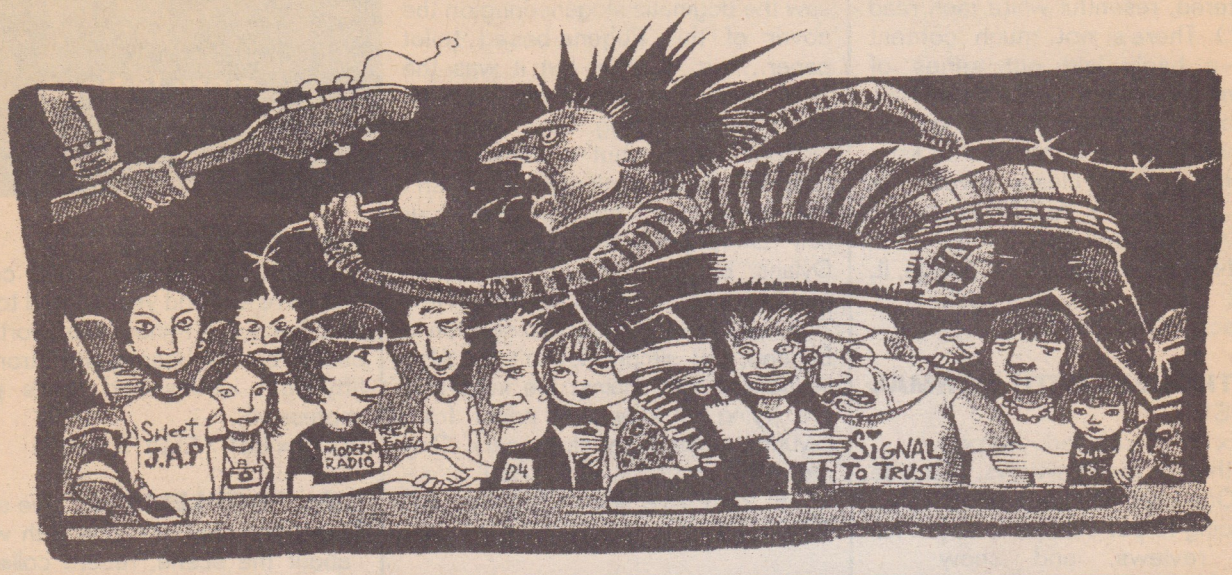
KING CAT #58 / $2
A brief zine featuring weird comics that were sad and yet seemed to have no point. I don't know if its worth two bucks, but its been going strong for fifty-eight issues and that's pretty impressive.
PO Box 881 / Elgin, IL 60121

GIRL PROBLEMS #2 / one stamp
Small, personal hXc zine with writing about the scene, record collecting, movies, going to see DRI, plus some reviews. Pretty good.
950 Main - Box 1881 / Worcester, MA 01610-1477

DUNK AND PISS #1 / 1 stamp or trade, free to prisoners
Short and sweet punk zine from a discontented suburban teen. Nice stories and musings.
11 Alger Rd / Rochester, NY 14624

ADMISSABLE DECAY NEWSLETTER #10 / $1
Four pages of listings, reviews, and short interviews covering the (mostly Scandinavian and Eastern European) underground punk and metal scenes. In English.
J-P Muikki / Apajakuja 1 D 14 / FIN-80140 Joensuu / Finland
jpmuikku@cc.joensuu.fi

TWIN CITIES HARDCORE JOURNAL



INTERVIEW WITH BEN CREW AND JOHN LOUNGE-CORE FROM TWIN CITIES HARDCORE JOURNAL NEW SCHOOL, OLD SCHOOL, FUCK SCHOOL, WHAT'S COOL - IT'S ALL HARDCORE TO THESE TWO FOOLS. I FIRST ENCOUNTERED BEN WHEN HIS BAND 612 CREW CAME TO MY HOMETOWN OF ST. CLOUD A COUPLE YEARS AGO, CONTINUING WHEN HE TOOK OVER BASS DUTIES IN MPLS. PUNK ROCK BAND REAL ESTATE FRAUD AND NOW WITH ENCROACH AND 1-2 GO! CREW. JOHN, ALSO INVOLVED IN ENCROACH AND THE GO! CREW, IS A TREAT - EVIDENT BY HIS SENSE OF HUMOR AND DEDICATION TO ALL THINGS HARDCORE. AS WELL AS DOING THE BAND THING THESE GUYS HAVE A ZINE CALLED TWIN CITIES HARDCORE JOURNAL WHERE THEY PROMOTE THE LOCAL AND NOT SO LOCAL SCENE. THE TCHCJ MAY BE A FLEDGLING ZINE, AS YET, BUT IT'S SHOWING THAT THERE ARE THOSE WHO LOVE WHERE THEY LIVE FOR ALL IT HAS TO OFFER AND WANT TO KEEP THAT FLAME BURNING FOR OTHERS TO SEE - EVEN IF THEY DON'T GET ALL THE CHICKS, SCENE POINTS AND PAYOLA THEY DESERVE. INTERVIEW CONDUCTED IN A SECRET LAIR SAFE FROM THE WINTER COLD BY XAKK G.

MRR: This might be an obvious and blatantly simple question to start with but what is Twin Cities Hardcore Journal?

Ben: The Twin Cities Hardcore Journal is a zine that does interviews, reviews, columns, and a lot of other stuff, that focuses on (but isn't limited to) the Twin Cities hardcore scene. Along with the actual zine, John runs the website (www.geocities.com/tchcj) that has zine content, a local show list, a band list, links, a radio station and a bunch of other junk.

John: Actually, it's just an attempt to make money and get laid.

MRR: What made you decide to start up TCHCJ?

John: To make money and get laid. (laughs)

Ben: A few years ago I use to do a zine called Starving Issues that focused on punk rock and political issues; it was kind of all over the board. One issue had a lot of writing the next had a lot of cartoons… what ever interested me at the time was what I wrote about. After a while it didn't seem like there was much reader interest in it. I felt I was just doing it for myself so it kind of faded out of existence. This time around I wanted to do something that involved more people and I wanted it to focus more on hardcore bands.

MRR: What made you decide to do a zine that focus primarily on the Twin Cities area?

Ben: Because hardcore is about representin' where you're from! There has been a lot happening here. I think the Twin Cities has a pretty tight hardcore scene.There have been some pretty good bands to come out of the area. Bands like Husker Du, Destroy, Blind Approach, Threadbare, Billingsgate (I'm not sure if they were actually from here but they featured Eric from D4 who is from Mpls. and D4 is fucking huge right now), State of Fear, Bloodline, Code 13 and more recently Harvest and Disembodied came from here and all of them gained some national attention.

John: You forgot about Prince. Prince is huge! We'd have an interview with him but he never returns my calls.

MRR: Doesn't Janet Jackson have some connection to MPLS?

Ben: Her producers, Jimmy Jam and Terry Louis, are based in Mpls. They actually grew up in St. Paul and went to Central High School which is where I went to school. Mint Condition who is an R&B band that made it on the Late Show in 93' are also from Central. So is Blind Approach who had members that went on to play with Agnostic Front and later Madball. Our school social worker was from Sounds of Blackness. He was really cool. He really supported kids who were into music. I'm not sure what this all has to do with Twin Cities Hardcore Journal but I guess this helped inspire me… let's get back to talking

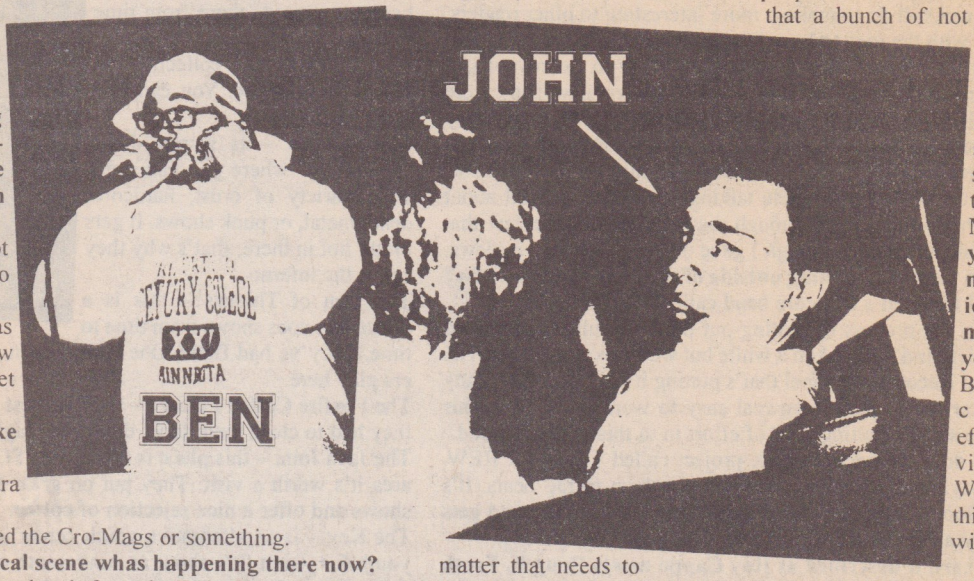
...I'M SURE MOST PEOPLE HAVE NEVER STOPPED TO THINK THAT A BUNCH OF HOT SWEATY BOYS JUMPING ON EACH OTHER WITH THEIR SHIRTS OFF HAS SOME PRETTY SEXUAL OVERTONES.

about hardcore.

John: Man... Janet IS hardcore!

MRR: So you're zine focuses more on the hardcore scene as opposed to let's say punk or R&B?

Ben: For the most part yes that's true and some criticize us for that but we cover a diverse range of hardcore styles. It's not like we just interview Victory style bands and that's it. We try to cover every one from sXe to crust from tough guy to emo-screamo. We might not cover everyone in every issue but why would you want to? We've also done stuff with punk and metal bands too. Stylistically hardcore is a mix of punk rock and metal so we're not going to ignore those genres but we wanted to do a zine where hardcore is the main focus. There are already a lot of zines out there that focus on the "punk scene". At least with a name like Twin Cities Hardcore Journal you know what to expect.



MRR: Are you having any struggles with finding enough stuff to write about since you focus on the Twin Cities?

Ben: Not really there's a lot going on here and we also do stuff with non-locals.

John: Well, at first there was a little struggle, but now people are lining up to get interviewed.

MRR: Sounds like Barbara Walters.

John: Who's Barbara Walters?

Ben: I think she interviewed the Cro-Mags or something.

MRR: What about the local scene whas happening there now?

John: There are a ton of great bands from the Twin Cities these days... Martyr A.D., Anamnesis, Holding On, Affinity, Encroach, Won't Be Stopped, Devilinside, The Real Enemy, Padre Karras... the list goes on and on... Members of Harvest have moved to Boston and formed a new band called The Hope Conspiracy and are on Equal Vision now. And the bass player in Snapcase, Dustin, is a local boy.... I'd better stop dropping names. The only real problem with the scene is the need for more quality all-age venues. We use to have the Foxfire. That was a great all age venue but that closed down. There are a lot of great touring bands that come through. Mpls. is a great place to see hardcore shows. The kids go fucking nuts. It's either that or ice fishing don't cha know, eh?

Ben: Just like any where, at least in bigger cities, you have little pockets within the scene like the moshmetal kids, the back to 88' kids, emo-screamo/math rock kids, crust is really big here too... there is a fair amount of cross over at shows at least with the kids who are really into music. Of course there are going to be people who are just into one style and that's it. But it's pretty cool here.

MRR: Have you...

Ben: Fuck, my foot! (Ben steps on a tack) I thinking I'm bleeding... "As I Bleed" hey that would be a great name for a hardcore band.

John: All you metal/screamo kids take note! (laughs)

MRR: I think there's already a band wit that name. Have you done any interviews that have been really memorable?

Ben: Meeting Kevin Seconds, Harley from the Cro-Mags and the guys from DRI was pretty cool. They are all really historical. They made hardcore what it is so it was an honor to talk with them. The Limp Wrist interview was fucking awesome. I've always really admired Los Crudos because they were a band that stood up for what they believed in and made a lot of people, at least in the punk community, question the way things were. When I found out that Martin started an all-gay straightedge hardcore band I was excited because that's an issue I feel strongly about and I had never heard of a hardcore band doing that before. Being able to talk to him about that was incredible. He had a lot of insightful things to say and I think the hardcore scene really needs to hear about that stuff because there isn't much dialog about it.

MRR: Like when he was talking about how the mosh pit can be homoerotic?

Ben: Exactly. Kids in the punk rock/hardcore scene have been moshing for years and I'm sure most people have never stopped to think that a bunch of hot sweaty boys jumping on each other with their shirts off has some pretty sexual overtones.

MRR: Do you hope to make a political statement with your zine?

Ben: I made a conscious effort to interview Limp Wrist because I think they deal with subject matter that needs to be talked about in the hardcore scene. If people who write for us or are interviewed by us want to make a political statement we're here as a resource for them to voice their ideas. TCHCJ doesn't have a political credo. As a zine that's not our main focus but it finds its way in there from time to time. Profane Existence is local based zine that does an excellent job of covering political/anarcho/crust issues. We'd really encourage you to check them out if you're looking for more politically oriented reading.

John: Politics suck. Don't any of you have the "Blood, Sweat, No Tears" album by Sick of it All? Watch TV.

MRR: How have you handled distribution?

Ben: We give them out at shows and if bigger touring bands are coming through we try to pawn some off on them. Usually that has worked pretty well. Bands like Bane, Boy Sets Fire, Reach The Sky, The Cro-Mags, and The Misfits have all taken copies with them on the road to hand out at their merch table. I got a letter from some kid who picked up a Twin Cities Hardcore Journal at a show out in Boston. That was pretty cool. Then of course we do mailings and sell them at local stores like Eclipse and Extreme Noise Records.

John: I put a lot of the content on the website. All our back issues are up there as well a few interviews, reviews and articles that didn't make it into print. So really it's available to anyone anywhere in the world as long as they have internet access. The internet is cool and stuff. (www.geocities.com/tchcj)

MRR: Are you guys hoping this will catch on a larger level or do you want to keep your main focus on the local scene?

Ben: We'll probably stay local cuz that's what we're about but we've

done stuff with Straight-Up Records in Japan, Triple Crown in New York and others who aren't from the Twin Cities. There are people in Poland and France who have written us because they read a review in MRR or Heartattack and we've sent them copies. So in a small way I guess it already transcended the boundaries of Minneapolis and St. Paul. We're still a small zine. This is still just a hobby for us. It's not like it's a full time responsibility. But if we can get the zine out there we definitely want to let people know what's going on here in the Twin Cities.

MRR: It seems that Heartattack has consistently given you bad reviews. One review said "it's not interesting unless you're from the area".

Ben: Yeah… they fucking hate us! (laughs) But I don't care. MRR has given us pretty good reviews so it evens out. Besides Heartattack lost scene points in my book because Felix Havoc doesn't write for them anymore.

John: They apparently missed the point of the zine… And I think that review was on issue #3, which had no Twin Cities bands interviewed in it. Maybe they were just confused by the lack of 200,000 ads and didn't know what these crazy interview things were all about.

Ben: TCHCJ #3 actually got a good review as far as Heartattack goes. They liked the Limp Wrist interview and I'm not trying to say they don't have a point. I think there are a lot of things we do well and there are things we can still do to make it more interesting to other readers. John came up with the idea to have "theme issues". But seriously bad reviews build your credibility. I remember I use to do reviews in Starving Issues and I gave this band a really bad review. They were called the Underwear Tribe. It was a live recording of a show that they did. It was recorded with a boom box and it sounded like crap, the band and the recording. The only redeeming quality of that tape was the fact that you could hear people talking in the background about how terrible they were. Oddly enough that was the only review that people wrote me about even though I gave others really rave reviews.

MRR: Do you guys do anything outside of the Journal scene wise?

Ben: John and I play in a hardcore band called ENCROACH.

John: We're in the process of putting out our first full length called "life in the quicksand". It's taken a while but we're working on it. The guy at Medical Records, the label that's putting it out, has been really cool about everything. He's been real easy to work with. We're his second release so he's putting a lot of effort in to this which is good.

Ben: We also do a XhardcoreXrapX project called 1-2-GO! CREW. We take 88' style straightedge lyrics and put them to rap beats. It's kind of like Good Clean Fun meets Adam and His Package and gets beat up by Flava Flav or something.

MRR: I've heard it described as Ray Cappo meets Doug E. Fresh and the Get Fresh Crew.

John: Yeah something like that… it's pretty shitty though, more like Ray Cappo. Doug E. Fresh was good!

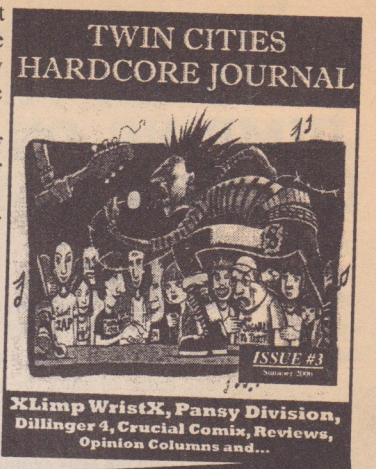
MRR: What are your favorite local releases of all times?

Ben: Prince- Purple Rain
Code 13 – Discography
Blind Approach – New Age 7"
Libido Boys – It's all so obvious 7"
Shampoop – self titled tape (featuring a rock-a-billy version of "Cop Killer")
The Carebears - demo tape (featuring the song "Sweatshirt Mofia")

John: I hate everything except for the 1-2-GO! Crew demo... (laughs)

MRR: Are there any good zines from the Twin cities that you would like to talk about?

Ben: Yeah. Profane Existence but everybody knows about them. XaskwhyX is a great personal hardcore zine put out by the singer for Won't Be Stopped. X-Up is a BMX/hardcore zine put out by Jay Schlie. That's been around for a couple years now. He takes a lot of photos of bands and bikers doing tricks and stuff. It's pretty good. Fairly close to TCHCJ layout too. The MN Punk Page website does an E-zine that's pretty good. Those would probably be my favorites.



MRR: Give us a run down of some of the hot places to go if you're in the Twin Cities.

Eclipse Records – This is one of the Twin Cities newest record stores. They have a big local section and have free all age shows every night of the week.

Extreme Noise Records – This is the punk rock/hardcore Mecca of Minnesota. They have pretty much every thing a good punk rocker would need.

Root Cellar Records – the biggest collection of vinyl in St. Paul. They specialize in metal. You can also find some good cheap used hardcore records there from time to time.

Arise Book Store – collective run political bookstore. You can find great stuff here.

The Inferno – is a run down "apartment" where you can see a wide variety of crust, hardcore, death metal, or punk shows. It gets pretty hot in there; that's why they call it the inferno.

The Den of Thieves – this is a house that does shows from time to time. They've had Bane, One King Down, Good Clean Fun and others play here.

The Foxfire Coffee Lounge – was the best all age venue in Mpls. but they had to close their doors due to the high cost of rent.

The Java Joint – this place is actually in St. Cloud but if you're in the area it's worth a visit. They put on great all age punk/hardcore/emo shows and offer a nice selection of coffee.

The Key – is an alternative youth center in Northfield that is run by youth for youth. It's about an hour south of the Twin Cities but they do some good things for the community and they through some pretty good hardcore shows from time to time.

The Mud Pie – way over priced vegetarian food. If you're vegetarian I recommend one of the many Vietnamese restaurants in the area. Most serve great mock duck and you get bigger portions for a lot less $$.

Pizza Luce – the best pizza joint in the Twin Cities they offer a great selection vegetarian pizza as well as non-vegetarian food.

The Triple Rock Social Club – The Triple Rock is a bar run by some of the guys in D4. It's a fairly trendy place to hang out if you are a punk rock scenester.

MRR: Anything else either of you would like to add?

John: If anybody would like to write for Twin Cities Hardcore Journal contact us. If you visit our web-site you can e-mail us and send us articles right from the contact page. We're always looking for things to review and bands to talk to so get in touch!

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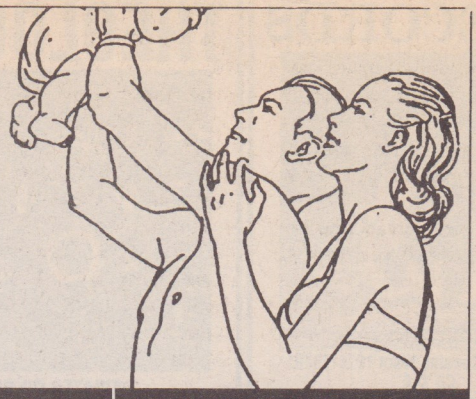

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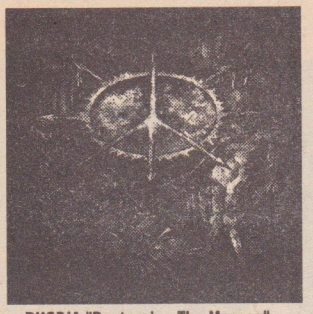

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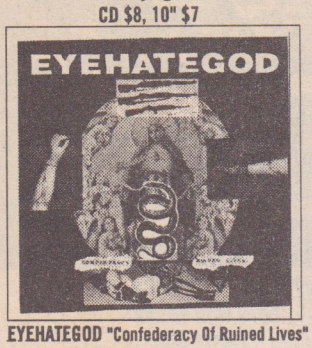

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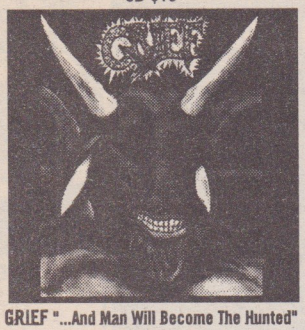

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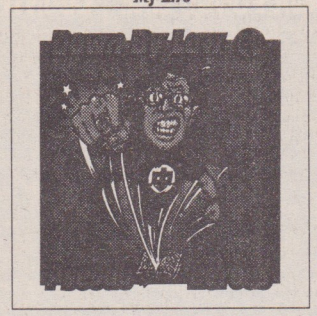

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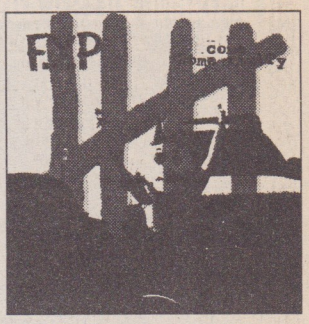

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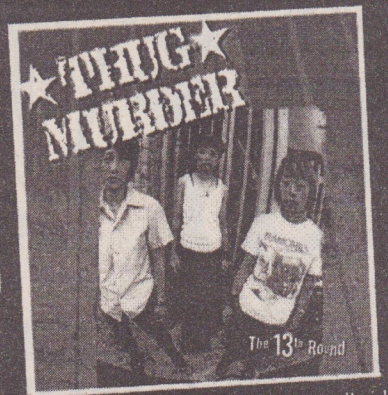

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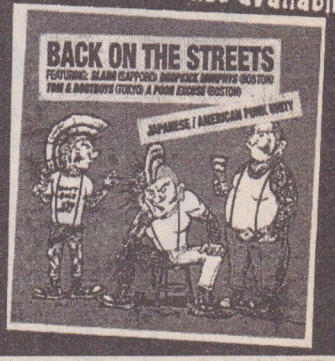

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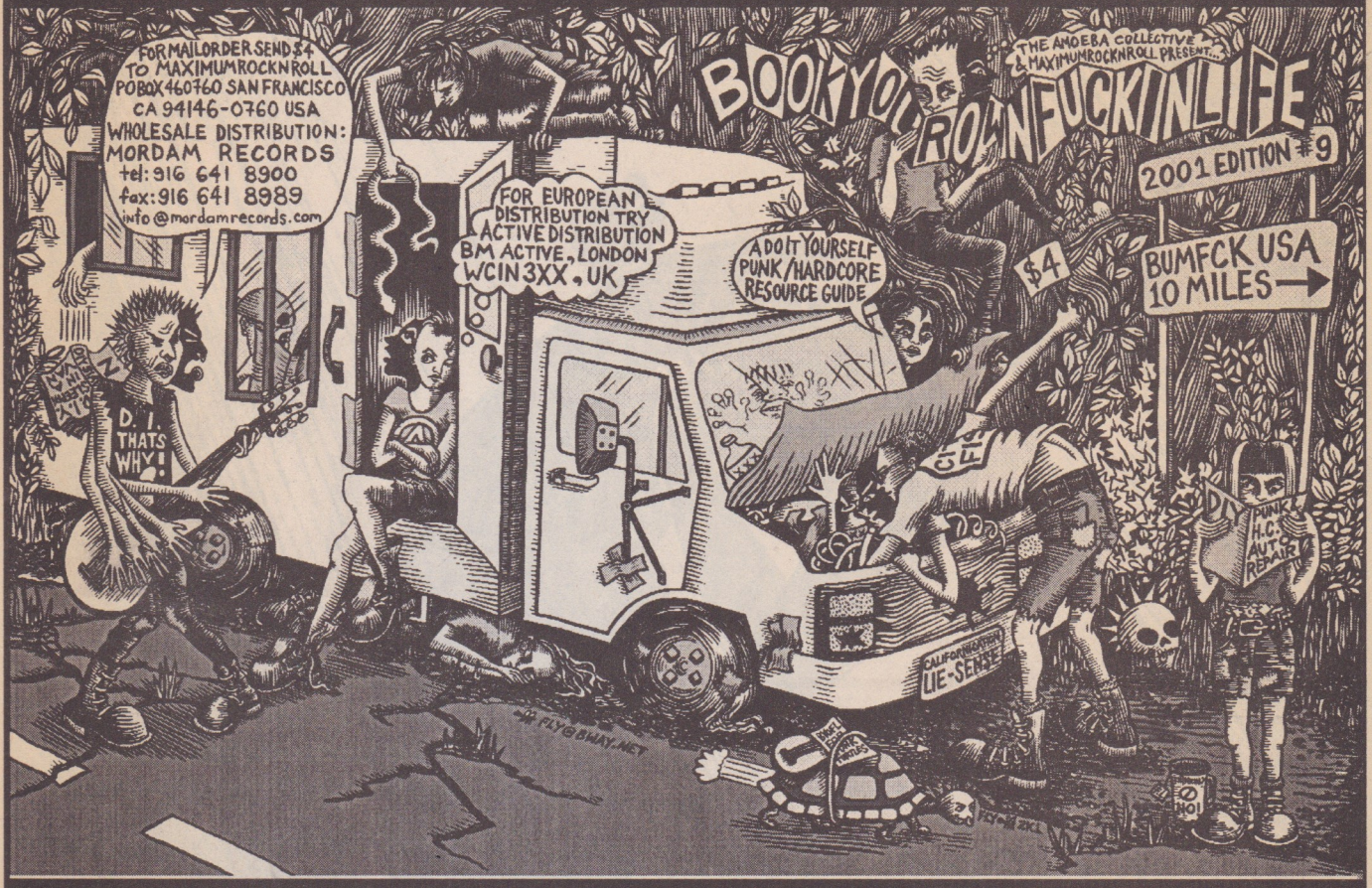

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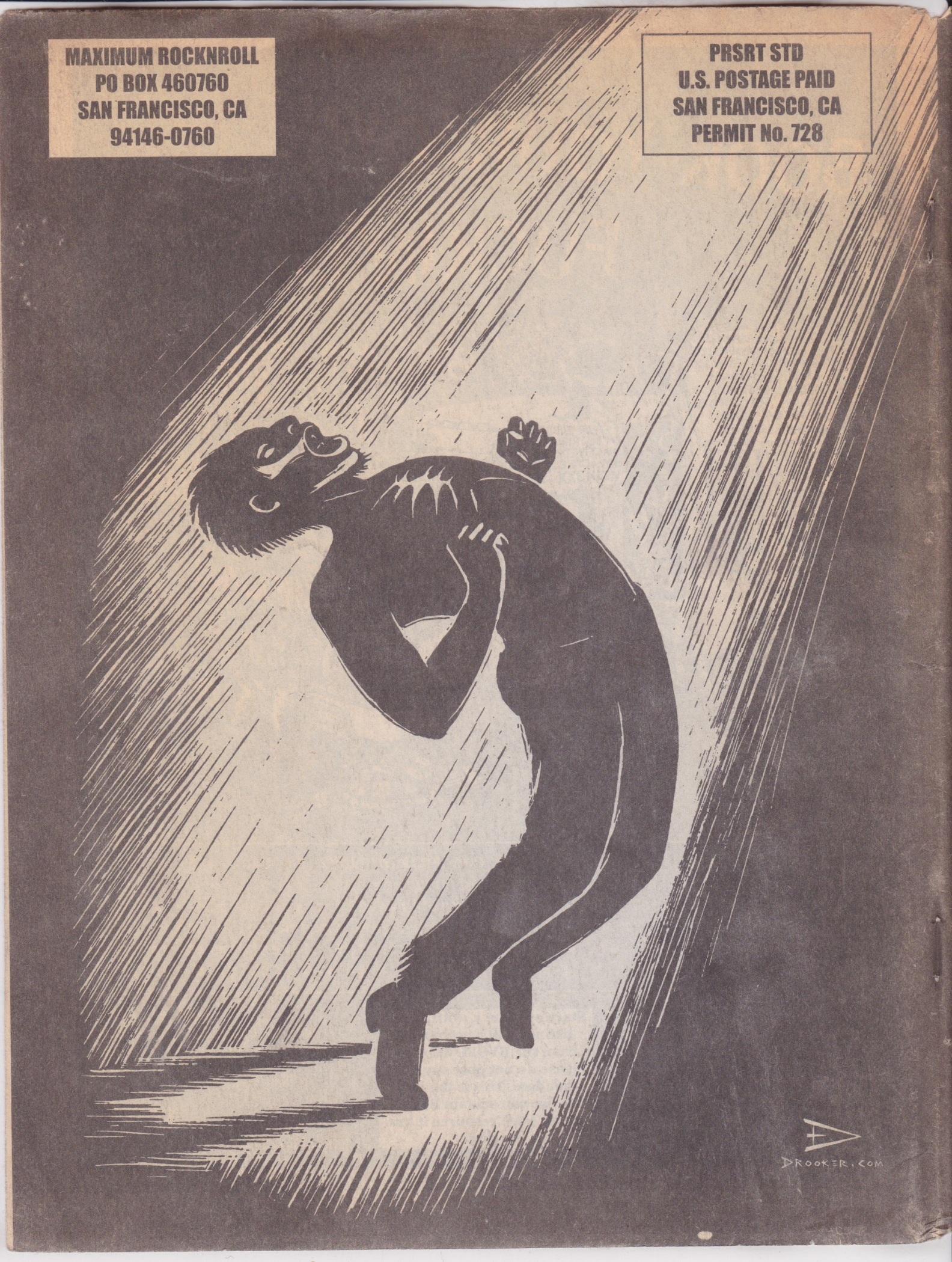
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